

July 12, 1961

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*The Australian*

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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE

1/-

**How  
Jackie  
Kennedy  
got to the White House**  
**Pages 24-28**



# HOW LOVELY YOU LOOK TOMORROW



depends on how well you clean your face TONIGHT

How lovely you look tomorrow will depend on the success of your make-up — and that will depend on how thoroughly you cleanse your skin tonight.

Soap and water alone will not completely remove superfine, modern make-up. But Pond's Cold Cream will cleanse your face thoroughly.

Tonight, cream-cleanse your old make-up away with Pond's — the fluffy, light cream that penetrates deep down.

Pond's cream cleansing leaves your skin delightfully soft, smooth and clean — ready to display tomorrow's make-up to perfection.

Tubes 2/11, Jars 5/3, 8/11.

Hat by Fiona Hats, South Yarra. Complexion by Pond's.



## POND'S COLD CREAM

Cleanses, cools your skin — relaxes you

Another beauty product of Chesebrough-Pond's.

## The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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JULY 12, 1961

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## THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Canadian photographer Yousuf Karsh, who took our cover picture of Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy, has photographed many of the world's best-known people.

**A**MONG his sitters have been the Royal family, including Queen Elizabeth and her father, the late King George VI, George Bernard Shaw, and newspaper magnate Lord Beaverbrook.

Perhaps his most-talked-about photograph was that of Sir (then Mr.) Winston Churchill, taken in 1941.

And the reason was that Karsh dared to take a cigar out of Sir Winston's mouth after the Prime Minister had refused to do so.

Karsh said: "For the picture I wanted, the cigar was ruinous. I said, 'Please excuse me, sir,' and took the cigar out of his mouth. He glared at me. When I opened the shutter, I think the explosion was very, very close."

The picture taken, Sir Winston relaxed and said, "Well, you can make even the raging lion obey you. You may take another."

After Sir Winston left, Karsh was reported to be "as green as an olive."

The Karsh photograph of Sir Winston — showing the smouldering anger of the Prime Minister — has been called one of the most inspirational ever taken.

### Our cover

● Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy, photographed by famous Canadian photographer Yousuf Karsh. For "The Jacqueline Kennedy Story" turn to page 24.

**W**E'RE well into the space age in this issue. On page 18 is a preview of the new Kenneth More comedy, "Man In The Moon," in which the actor is moonbound.

Also on the journey-to-the-moon theme is the short story "The End of The Beginning," by American author Ray Bradbury (page 29).

Our Fiction Department says:

Ray Bradbury, well known to connoisseurs of science and space fiction for his disturbing yet poetic stories, lives a most down-to-earth life in Los Angeles.

While his mind is busy with brilliant theorising on such subjects as the first space station, he is probably washing-up.

He says that in his home he is a "small island surrounded by women." He and his wife have four daughters, the youngest aged two.

**NEXT WEEK:** Lucille Rivers, our New York dressmaker, who arrives here this month, pictured in color in some of the outfits she has made for her Australian tour... Second instalment of The Jacqueline Kennedy Story — "The Courting of a Career Girl."



# A surgeon brought sight to blind Paddy



● The terrier (he's always grinning) with his mistress.

● All the "regulars" on the beach at the Sydney harborside suburb of Double Bay knew Prince Paddy, a caramel-colored Yorkshire terrier, and his mistress, Miss Rita Boulton.



● Paddy cocks a jaunty ear. He sees now out of one eye. Incidentally, he likes the scent of some flowers, a trait, perhaps, that survives from his days of darkness.

THEY were conspicuous because of their reversal of a well-known poignant role of dogs and owners.

For Prince Paddy was blind, and people were used to seeing little Miss Boulton, in her red jacket and the jaunty hat which exactly matched the color of Paddy's coat, leading him to the beach and gently seating him close to her.

Now when Miss Boulton and Prince Paddy go to the beach they create an even greater stir. "Surely he's a different dog," people say as Paddy frisks and chases around, snapping at the heels of bigger dogs and following the movements of seagulls.

## Frightened

But it is the same Paddy. Thanks to the compassion and skill of one of Australia's leading ophthalmic surgeons, the little Yorkie can see again. "Or at least," says the surgeon, Arthur D'Ombrian, "he can see well enough."

Paddy has been the subject of an article in the "Australian Medical Journal." His case is described under the imposing title, "Canine Cataract."

But in plain, non-medical language Paddy has had two operations for the removal of a cataract in one eye, and now has peripheral vision; that is, he can see all round the edges of things, though he cannot clearly see the centre of them.

Miss Boulton got Paddy when he was three months old. He became a Grand Champion, and she was very proud of the lowboy containing his 68 trophies.

"He is everything I have, and I became very worried about 18 months ago. He started bumping into the furniture or would miss his footing when we went along the wharf at the beach," said Miss Boulton as we walked Paddy in the park.

"He would whine or howl and seemed to be frightened. He would cringe under the

chairs at home, and seemed afraid to leave my side when we sat on the beach. I couldn't understand it because he had always been so full of courage and would never be afraid of any large dogs—or cats.

"One day I was entertaining a friend at tea when she remarked, 'Hasn't Paddy got

By

Winifred Munday,  
staff reporter

lovely eyes! I noticed for the first time they were misty and frosted.

"I took him to three vets. They all diagnosed cataract, but said that nothing could be done for him. Even if they were able to operate, they explained, Paddy would scratch off the bandages.

"Then, on one of our trips to the beach, a lady was admiring him and I told her

about his blindness. She suggested I take him to see Mr. D'Ombrian.

"I didn't expect him to be able to do anything, and I didn't think he would be interested in a dog."

At first the surgeon said "No." He didn't want to encroach on the domain of the veterinary surgeons, and he shared their view that in any case Paddy would tear off the bandages.

However, he had second thoughts and last October, in a kennels at Bondi with a veterinary surgeon administering sodium pentothal to put Paddy to sleep, the dog was operated on in much the same way as if he had been a human.

"Cataract is not," Mr. D'Ombrian explained, "a skin over the front of the eye, as is popularly supposed. That is, a much less serious matter. Cataract is an opacity in the lens—a small oval object behind the iris.

"It's what you might call an inside job.

"If I had been operating on a human, of course, the cataract would have been removed completely. But in Paddy's case a partial removal of the edge of the cataract has restored at least partial vision. Enough, anyway, to satisfy the curiosity of a dog."

## Favorite

This peripheral operation did not require post-operative bandages as a full removal would have done.

Within a couple of days Paddy's eyesight had improved. Last February the surgeon performed a second operation to improve it further.

He decided not to operate on the other eye because Paddy has a weak heart and might not survive too many operations.

(His eight years are equivalent to about 55 in a human, so he is no youngster.)

Every fortnight patients in a Macquarie Street waiting-room are amazed to see Paddy perched on a chair waiting for his turn to see the surgeon, for, naturally, Mr. D'Ombrian is still interested in the progress of his unique patient.

"Paddy's thoroughly spoiled," laughed Miss Boulton. "He always gets a saucer of milk before he goes in to see the surgeon, and everyone asks after him.

"It's lovely to see him now on the beach chasing his ball and the neighborhood dogs. But he still goes everywhere with me. He whines and gets very cross if he thinks I'm going out without him.

"He's a great joy to me. He's all I have."



# The Jackie Kennedy Look



## That hat (you can make) it yourself

**BY** wearing it often, Jackie Kennedy has set her seal of approval on the pillbox hat.

The pillbox is youthful, chic, and very pretty — and it's a hat that anyone can make.

You'll need  $\frac{3}{4}$ yd. velvet,  $\frac{3}{4}$ yd. vilene or leno for the interlining,  $\frac{3}{4}$ yd. soft taffeta for the lining, and 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. of 1in. peter-sham ribbon for the headband.

The diagrams below are your pattern guides.

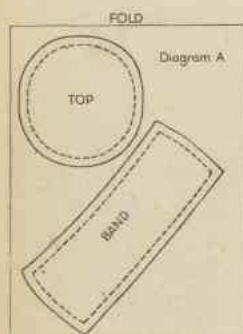
To cut the pattern pieces, place the velvet, the interlining, and the taffeta exactly on top of one another, tack them carefully together, and fold in half, as shown in diagram A.

Then place your patterns (cut from paper using the measurements on the diagrams) on to the materials as shown in diagram A.

Pin band pattern in position, on crosswise material, and carefully cut out the two bands first. Then unfold material, pin the top pattern in position, and cut out one top.

Unpin the patterns and tack the interlining for the bands and top to the wrong side of the velvet pieces.

Seam the short edges of the bands together.



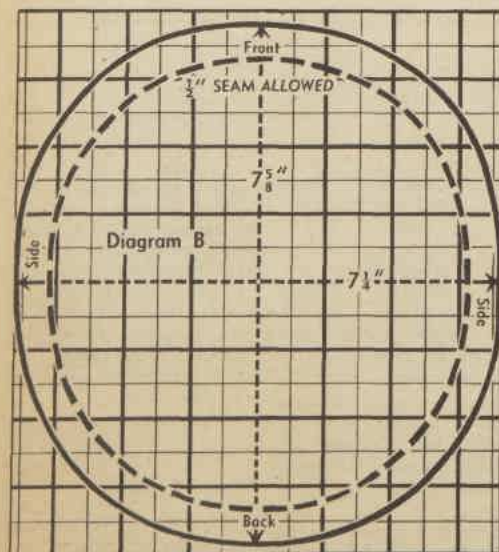
● How to lay out pattern pieces.

Pin the top of the bands (now a circle) round the top (the velvet and interlining pieces), allowing a  $\frac{1}{4}$ in. seam. Ease into place and machine. Press seam edges away from crown.

Now sew the lining pieces together in the same way.

With right side of the hat outside, ease the lining into the hat with the seams facing the hat seams, and catch together at intervals along the side and top seams. Tack lining to hat along lower edge.

To finish off, sew the peter-sham ribbon on the outside of the hat just where the lining joins the velvet (see diagram C). Turn under and catch to the lining, for a firm finish round head.



● Squared diagram B shows hat top; squared diagram C shows band. Each small square represents half an inch.



## ...and the "double"

**T**HE girl who looks so uncannily like Jacqueline Kennedy—a rather younger Jackie—is in fact Ruth Hindmarsh, a sport-loving 17-year-old Australian.

She lives in Randwick, N.S.W., and does clerical work for a Sydney assurance firm. A member of The Australian Women's Weekly staff noticed her in the street and arranged for her to get a Jackie Kennedy hairdo before these two pictures (at left and below) were taken.

Ruth's hair is dark brown. She is 5ft. 3in., and would love to be a policewoman if only she were a little taller. She likes skating, swimming, basketball, and knitting.

She would love to visit Canada. Her father is a truck-driver, and she has four sisters, Lynette, 20, Rhonda, 14, Glenda, 7, and Joan, 4 (the three youngest have red hair).

Ruth Hindmarsh looks rather carefully now at all the pictures that are published of the American President's wife—but she says she wouldn't really like to be Jacqueline Kennedy. Ruth would hate being so much in the spotlight; and she isn't greatly interested in fashion.



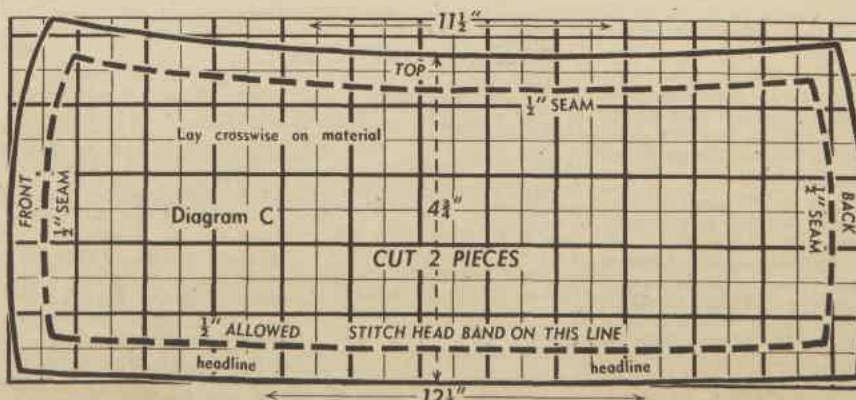
● Ruth's hair-set. Below: The method.

## That hairdo

**H**ERE are the setting instructions for the Jackie Kennedy hairstyle. It is done entirely on jumbo rollers (3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. long by 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide), which give a full and smooth effect.

First, section the hair into four neat clumps—one for the top, two on either side, one on the back of the head—and clip each clump firmly before you start rolling. Set hair while it's still wet after shampooing.

Start (as did Sydney hairdresser Mr. Claude on a young model) by rolling three curls across the top of the head at a slight angle. Angle the fourth roller down over the hairline as shown. Two rollers placed immediately behind this group are rolled down at a slight angle to complete the top section. Next do the back section in downward-turning rollers. Side hair is rolled in three jumbo rollers, two down and the last up.



For Jacqueline Kennedy's life story, turn to page 24



# 'Happy Birthday' - eight times - to the quads

● It's birthday time for the Sara quads, of N.S.W., and Queensland's Lucke quads. The Luckes will be six on July 12; the Saras 11 next month, ranging from August 17 to 19.



THEY'LL BE 6 on July 12. Luckes, of Cooburum, near Bundaberg, with parents Arthur and Agnes Lucke. From left: Kevin, Jennifer, Veronica, Eric. They're in the same school grade.

THE Saras—Alison, Judy, Phillip, and Mark, who live at Punchbowl, N.S.W., are Australia's first surviving quads.

Alison, the eldest by one day, was born on August 17, Phillip on August 18, and Mark and Judy on August 19.

Since August, 1950, mothers all over the country have followed the Sara quads' growth, wondering how their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Sara, have handled the job of bringing them up, wondering what the children are really like at home.

Now that the four are nearly past childhood, Betty Sara answered these questions.

"I've never thought of the children as quads," she said. "They've always been entirely different, and we've treated them as individuals. They're not much trouble now, as they are obedient children, and all have their own little chores round the house."

Alison, she said, had always been the leader. She is an easy, placid child, perhaps the quickest at school.

"She is in A grade, the others in B," said Mrs. Sara. "English seems her best subject."

Alison is also the tallest and heaviest. She is 4ft. 5in. tall and weighs 5st.

Judy (she is 4ft. 2½in., weighs 4st. 10lb.) is the most thoughtful.

"She does things without 'being asked,'" said her mother. "If there's a pile of washing to be folded, she sees it and does it. The others are willing once I've asked them."

Judy is a diligent worker at school, and a good all-rounder.

## Growing up

The girls are starting to take an interest in their clothes and hairstyles. Both have short blond hair. Judy has blue eyes; Alison's are hazel-green.

Phillip, second-born and second-tallest at nearly 4ft. 5in., is a plodder, and the most affectionate of the four.

"He's the only one with any musical talent," said his mother. "He's just started Soccer, but thinks it's a 'bit dangerous' after seeing a couple of boys knocked out."

Phillip's latest hobby is photography. He has a box camera, and snaps anything and everything.

Mark is the shortest, at 4ft. 2in., and lightest, at 4st. 5lb.

"He's the charmer of the family," said Mrs. Sara. "The smile he turns on after he's done something wrong would melt anybody's heart."

Mark has ability at school, but he talks too much and doesn't worry enough about his work. He is mad on Soccer, and plays with the Punchbowl District Junior team.

Both boys are blue-eyed and fair.

The quads are not at all spoilt. Their father gives them each 2/- a week pocket-money. It's spent mostly on sweets.

"Judy is the saver," said Mrs. Sara. "The others are always borrowing from her, and she keeps a little book listing their debts."

They are obedient and well-controlled, although sometimes, like all other 11-year-olds, they get a bit excited and show off.

"The children don't hang together as a group, although they can play quite happily together on a rainy day," said Mrs. Sara.

"Each has his or her own friends."



THEY'LL BE 11 next month, August 17-19 — the Sara quads. In the foreground from left, Mark, Phillip, Judy, and Alison; their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Sara, and big brother Geoffrey in the background. They are Australia's first surviving quads. Picture by staff photographer Ron Berg ("Uncle Ron" to them).







# Margaret's gay social round

● Princess Margaret, for so long the "problem child" of the Royal family, is now the "problem mother-to-be."

SHE'S the prettiest, liveliest, and the happiest expectant mother in a stork race that included Peter Townsend and his wife—they've just had a daughter—and still includes other royalty.

And even, it is rumored, the new Viscountess Astor and—if rumor be true—Princess Grace.

Princess Margaret's high spirits and her determination to have her baby while denying herself nothing of the social pleasures is worrying the Queen Mother and the Queen.

The Queen Mother, a friend assures me, has tried to counsel Princess Margaret from the wheelchair in which she had to move at Windsor Castle during Ascot Week because she had a foot injury.

The Queen is concerned because of protocol.

Princess Margaret cancelled her official engagements because she was expecting a baby and went on a round of social engagements that would make any official programme look like a quiet weekend.

## Modern view

Since cancelling her official programme on May 26, the Princess has been racing five times. She has toured television studios, had every eye trained on her through TV cameras at the Duke of Kent's wedding.

She has enjoyed the theatre, the opera, and, at the wonderful reception for the Russian Ballet visiting London, been the "hostess with the mostest," as she handed around drinks and caviare and said, "A simply fabulous evening."

She has gone on till dawn and danced to the liquid notes of a steel band, jiving in a crowd of 400.

None of her companions thinks it is odd.

"She's one of us," they say.

"The idea that having a baby means the end of fun is so old fashioned," said one of the jivers.

While Princess Margaret is living it up there are some plans for the new baby.

One is for the nanny. Neither Margaret nor Tony will agree to having one of the Royal family nannies.

There is a nanny grapevine—it operates most afternoons among the select pram-pushers in Kensington Gardens.

Through the cavalcade of

prams the Princess walks frequently.

In fact, Princess Margaret and her husband have had a secret escape route opened from Kensington Palace so that it takes in the highway known as "Pram Path."

They walk through the uniformed barriers to the end of the path, where there is an exit for nannies and prams into "Millionaires' Row."

Outside there is an arrangement for them to drive off unnoticed. But as every parent-to-be well knows, their real joy is looking into other people's prams. Only the nannies know how often Princess Margaret and her husband stop and coo over the babies.

The nanny for Princess Margaret's baby will be very special. Most likely choice

But times have changed medically, and the Princess has asked Sir John Peel, leading obstetrician and the Queen's gynaecologist, to confine her. He may not be able to fly up and down to Deeside to see his Royal patient every week as he would like to in the weeks preceding the birth of her baby.

As a member of his team said, "Sir John has many babies arriving about the same time. The mothers booked him up long before Princess Margaret announced her pregnancy. He cannot isolate himself in the remote Highlands and pass his patients on to someone else."

This may alter the whole of the Princess' autumn holiday plans. Her husband probably does not feel disappointed about Balmoral. He is known



THE new baby is expected to have a bassinet like this one, of tiers of embroidered organdie, 90-odd yards of frills, with even the handles covered in ruching.

will be one from a Sussex family—a family known to both Princess Margaret and Tony. Lord Rupert Nevill and his wife, Lady Camilla, have a growing family and it may be that their nanny will be the one.

While this problem is being solved, there is an immediate problem for the Princess and her husband. That is the Balmoral holiday.

Traditionally, Royalty goes to the Royal family stronghold on Deeside for the month of August, stays through September and often into October. Princess Margaret herself was born in the Highlands—in the middle of the shooting season.

not to have enjoyed these Highland sojourns.

But Princess Margaret has never missed the holiday in the Highlands and the celebration of her birthday on August 21. If Princess Margaret and Tony do holiday nearer to their doctor and to London it will be one of several breaks with tradition they will make with their baby.

The Princess' nurseries and baby clothes will be trend-setters in London.

It is likely that a bassinet, frothy and frilly and trimmed with about 90 yards of organdie and picot frills, will be the choice.

From ANNE MATHESON, in London

A friend of the Princess—Lady Norwich, daughter-in-law of the lovely Lady Diana Duff-Cooper—said, "I think the Princess will have a cradle just as traditional as ours."

For their baby, Artemis, the young Norwicks had a cot in rose petals of organdie, each curling up. "It takes months to make because every petal is hand rolled," said Lady Norwich.

But those who think Princess Margaret is dashing ahead with plans for her baby's clothes and nurseries are all wrong.

"Until Margaret cancelled her official engagements she had to take things very quietly. But now she is enjoying herself," said a member of her household.

With no dull engagements and a summer season more exciting than most, Princess Margaret is thoroughly relaxed and happy in her months of waiting for her first baby.

## Baby clothes

She is quietly collecting a maternity wardrobe. Most garments will be designed and made by silver-haired John Driscoll, who lives and works on the south coast of England at the seaside town filled with sunshine, Eastbourne. He is the Royal equivalent of the "Little dressmaker."

He has little to do as yet. The loose coats which are so fashionable this season are ideal for the mother-to-be. Mr. Driscoll's maternity clothes will be wanted later.

Clothes for Princess Margaret's baby will not be dull traditional styles from Sloane Street baby shops, I was told. "The Princess and her husband would not have these rather shapeless little garments in their home."

Another said, "And that goes for baby clothes, knitted by friends. They may be of great sentimental value, but they rarely fit."

Instead, the Princess is known to have been visiting a very exclusive shop in Belgravia called "Petite Caroline."

Most of its clothes come from Spain. They are the perfection of convent handwork.

From the tiny nighties, all frilled and handworked at the top, to a sleeping-bag with closed ends at the bottom to save the chilling of baby feet, all are exquisite at well under £2 stg.

"And practical, too," said the shop-owner, "because the sleeping-bag hides the nappies."

SHE GOES TO—



**THEATRE:** Margaret and Tony went to "The Sound of Music" at the Palace Theatre in London's Shaftesbury Avenue . . . just another late night in their lives.



**RACES:** She and Tony were at Royal Ascot last month on the second day of the big meeting . . . one of five recent visits to the races that have focused all eyes on them.



**BALLET:** After the sparkling premiere of the Russian Ballet in London, Margaret handed round drinks and caviare at the reception; said it was a fabulous evening.





**FILTER RIGHT!  
FLAVOUR RIGHT!  
A RIGHT CLEAN CIGARETTE!**



# A million to spend . . .



MR. THEO KELLY

## Chain store's dramatic bid against depression

● An Australia-wide chain store made an imaginative move last week to get money circulating. The firm, Woolworths, spent £1,000,000 buying Australian goods. Its object: To clear the merchandise that has stock-piled in factories because of the credit squeeze. Staff reporter Winifred Munday went along to see what happened.

Here is her story:



MR. RALPH FLEMING

It looked like a doctor's waiting-room. Every chair lining the walls was taken, and it was standing room only inside. Outside more people were queuing to get in.

The crowds on the fourth floor of Woolworths' offices in Market Street, Sydney, included mostly men with briefcases and suitcases, but there was an occasional woman clutching a plastic shopper.

And all were waiting to see the man with a million pounds to spend—Mr. Ralph Fleming, the firm's merchandising manager.

By midday Mrs. Lois Frost, the firm's only woman buyer, had interviewed 60 large and small manufacturers of fashion goods with varying quantities of skirts, blouses, dresses, and underwear clogging up their production lines.

In other cubicles in the buying department 39 buyers were inspecting samples of goods from toy novelties to menswear, gardening tools to hula beach-skirts.

The rush had started the

weekend before when Mr. Theo Kelly, the chain's managing director, announced that the firm would spend a million pounds to set the wheels of industry going again.

This move, he said, was to set a national example following the Government's announcement that credit would shortly be eased.

### Low prices

The money was to buy up manufacturers' stocks which had stockpiled in their premises, and to pass the goods on to the public at special low prices.

The publicity and advertising departments, the buyers and their secretaries worked through the weekend preparing advertisements for newspapers in Sydney, Melbourne, and Brisbane, and sending telegrams informing all chiefs-of-staff of the plan.

From the moment the announcements appeared in Tuesday morning's Press the chain's telephones in the three capital cities didn't stop ringing.

Manufacturers were offering goods of every description.

"Though we'd said we'd start buying at 9 o'clock on Thursday morning, we had 160 callers and uncounted telephone calls by midday on Wednesday," Mr. Fleming told me on Thursday.

"And we started interviewing this morning at 8 a.m. instead of nine.

"The majority of the manufacturers are those we know and usually deal from, but we are taking more stocks than usual from them to help them clear the blockages in their production lines.

"Where new manufacturers have brought something in worth buying we have not knocked them back, but we are not so much aiming to put new ones on their feet as to help established ones, who, through credit problems, find themselves in difficulties.

"By the same token, although we haven't knocked back agents with samples of overseas goods, we want this effort to be mainly for Australian-made goods."

As we discussed the Big Buy, Mr. Fleming received long-distance telephone reports of progress in Melbourne and Brisbane.

In those cities, too, the firm's buying offices were overwhelmed with offers from manufacturers.

The Deputy Premier of Western Australia, Mr. A. F. Watts, then phoned from Perth, wanting to know why they'd been left out of the scheme.

"There was no special reason why Perth and Adelaide were left out. We just concentrated on the most populated areas," Mr. Fleming explained.

Much of the merchandise bought over the telephone was delivered the same afternoon and throughout Friday to Woolworths' Glebe warehouse.

### Fast delivery

"We will again be working throughout the weekend to get the stuff shifted to our shops throughout N.S.W., Victoria, and Queensland," said Mr. Fleming.

"With the fastest possible organisation, we hope to advertise the special bargains by Wednesday."

And what will shoppers find advertised today at their local Woolworths store?

Mr. Fleming couldn't tell

me of specific bargains for specific areas, but here are a few typical ones which may be in your area in the next few days or weeks.

Donegal tweed skirts, in good-quality material, will sell for 10/- each. Men's gay-striped towelling beach shirts, normally selling at 19/11, will be 9/11 — and there are about a hundred dozen of those. And there'll be nylon blouses at 7/11 and small-change purses (usually 8/11) for 2/11.

Well-known brand-names, not normally sold by the firm, will be available at special prices. For instance, a nationwide brand-name in men's white shirts will be on sale in quantity.

Talking to some of the buyers, I discovered that many manufacturers had tried to sell the firm their own mistakes—quantities of manufactured goods which they had been unable to sell themselves — and stores closing down had tried to offload their unsalable goods.

"We've turned them all down," said Mrs. Lois Frost.

"Out of about 50 lines I looked at on Thursday morn-

ing I accepted only eight. Frankly, many of the fashion goods I was offered were in poor-quality materials or had poor workmanship."

Two thousand dozen ties are among the "acceptable" lines taken up by the firm.

Many other lines which were acceptable for price and quality had to be turned down because the Woolworths branches have not adequate facilities for handling them.

"For instance," said Mr. Fleming, "we were offered some very good men's suits and overcoats which we'd like to have handled, but none of our stores have fitting rooms, and no man will buy a suit or an overcoat — no matter how good a bargain—unless he is able to try it on."

Most of the goods offered were in the fashion line. Another reason for turning down many women's fashion goods was that, though good value for money, they were still above the price people expect to pay in Woolworths.

### "Ten-bob" sales

Most of the firm's customers are "impulse" buyers.

They wander round the stores "just looking," and will often spend an odd ten shillings or a pound on something they don't really need. But they are not prepared to spend four or five pounds on an "impulse" purchase.

And, while women will buy an inexpensive dress, blouse, or skirt without trying it on, they will not make an expensive purchase without fitting-room facilities.

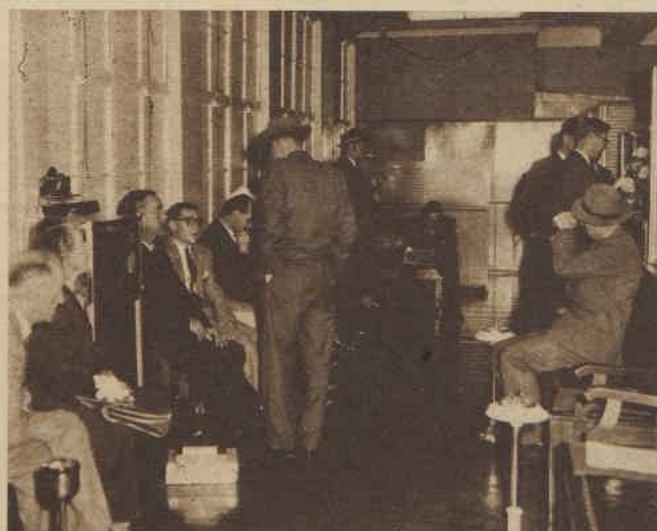
"We hope," said Mr. Fleming, "that other firms will follow our example."

"We have offered fair prices to manufacturers anxious to clear their surplus stocks. We have enabled them to get into production again, and in many cases helped them to avoid putting off workers."

"Through our vast selling organisation we are passing on the special bulk prices to the public. Our aim was not to make a profit, but to get the money circulating again, and to alleviate the gloomy talk of depression and unemployment."



MRS. LOIS FROST, the chain store's only woman buyer, and Mr. Ralph Fleming, the merchandising manager, examine a sample of a Donegal tweed skirt which was among the many hundreds of fashion items offered by manufacturers.



IN THE BUYING OFFICES. These are some of the hundreds of manufacturers' representatives who called at Woolworths on the two days following the firm's announcement that it would spend £1,000,000 on extra stock.



"HOMEDEN," in Melbourne's fashionable suburb of Toorak, near the River Yarra end of Lansell Rd. Set in more than two acres of land, it was built about 1900. Before the Nicholas family lived there it was owned by Mr. Henry Rosenthal.



## Sold for £91,500 . . .

By FRED A IRVING

● "Homeden," the Toorak mansion recently sold in Melbourne by Mrs. G. R. Nicholas for £91,500, could well be called the "House of Clocks."



IN each of its 23 rooms is at least one clock, and usually two. And there's a four-faced one in a round tower over the six-car garage.

This is all because the late Mr. G. R. Nicholas, founder of the world-wide Nicholas Aspro empire, insisted on the clocks to remind those round him of his favorite axiom:

"Time is flying. Get busy."

The final bidder for this luxury home was Victorian company director and grazier Mr. A. A. Lord, who has figured in many large property transactions in recent years.

There was one fascinating condition of sale. Mrs. Nicholas stipulated that a six-year-old, eight-foot-high lemon tree in the vegetable garden could not be included in any bid — no matter how high.

She regards the growth of this young tree as a symbol of the many happy years she spent at "Homeden," and plans to have it replanted in the land she has bought for a small house in the Melbourne suburb of Kew.

It was the first lemon tree she had any success in growing after years of trying, and she is determined that it will grow to a ripe old age in its new home — and hers.

"Homeden," which stands in two acres and 26 and eight-tenths perches of land in Toorak's Lansell Road — the River Yarra end — is a two-storey brick, slate-roofed mansion built round the turn of the century by the late Judge Joseph Henry Hood.

**THE LEMON TREE** which could have stopped the £91,500 sale of "Homeden." Mrs. G. R. Nicholas stipulated that however high the top bid for the mansion it would not be accepted unless the six-year-old lemon tree remained her property.

Later it was owned by the late Judge Henry Hodges. "Homeden" then passed to Mr. Henry Rosenthal, who lived there with his family till Mr. Nicholas bought it in 1929.

When Mr. Nicholas made his home there he had a family of two sons and two daughters. Later he had another son and another daughter.

Two of his first family, Nola and Lindsay, married world-famous musicians Yehudi Menuhin and his sister Hephzibah, but both are divorced. Nola, now Mrs. William Hawthorn, lives in Nassau.

Other members of the Nicholas family are Hil-ton, who lives at Lower Plenty, Victoria; Betty, now Mrs. Shaw Wickens and living at The Hague; Michael, an Honors Arts student at Melbourne University; and Jennifer, who is doing her matriculation at Melbourne Church of England Grammar School and will go to a finishing school, the Chateau D'Oex, in Switzerland next year.

### Lavish hospitality

At one stage of "Homeden's" always lavish hospitality, Lindsay and Hephzibah and their two children, along with Yehudi and Nola and their three — plus attendant nannies and governesses — were all house guests there.

But even that large-scale family invasion did not strain the seams at "Homeden," which has 23 rooms, including ballroom, billiard-room, music-room, and a glass-enclosed, filtered, and heated swimming-pool.

It was increased to this mansion size by Mr. Nicholas, who spent £80,000 in 1929 on rebuilding parts of the house.

He installed an additional five bedrooms — each with its own bathroom — turned the old stables into the swimming-pool with an enclosed fernery surround, and built the ballroom and six-





**THE SWIMMING-POOL** (above left) is one of the unusual features of "Homeden." It is glass-enclosed, filtrated, and heated, and water flows into it continuously through the mouths of ornate dolphins.

**THE BILLIARD-ROOM**, with its large landscape window built into an alcove, has a lovely outlook to the enclosed fernery flanking the swimming-pool. This room was often used as the supper-room for big functions.

## ... minus one lemon tree

car garage with a four-room, self-contained flat on top.

"Homeden" is rich in superb wood panelling, magnificent antique furniture, and a vast collection of crystal, silver, and china, yet one of the most interesting things about it is the swimming-pool.

Apart from its appointments and surroundings, it is unusual in that 300 children, from two-and-a-half upwards, have learnt to swim in it during the past three years.

This was made possible through a generous thought of Mrs. Nicholas. She had never learnt to swim as a child, and when she did, some years after her marriage, she realised what she had missed.

So she made the pool available for six weeks each winter for the instructor who taught her — Neville Brough, of Broadbeach, Queensland — to teach Melbourne children to swim.

### Real success story

Her late husband — the man who initially made this generosity possible, had one of Australia's greatest success stories.

Born at Majorca, near Maryborough, in Victoria, G. R. Nicholas started his business career 46 years ago in a small single-storey weatherboard chemist shop in Windsor, near St. Kilda Junction.

Soon after the start of World War I he spent eight months working day and night to find the formula of the German product of Bayer's aspirin, which had then become unavailable to world head-aches.

Finally his work yielded the first Nicholas Aspro — the prototype of today's tablets.

And from that one pill made by hand-machine have come millions-a-day descendants whirling from fast-moving machinery in Australian-inspired and Australian-directed factories all over the world. There also came an ever-widening array of products and research in the House of Nicholas.

Today these interests include not only pharmaceuticals of various kinds but also agricultural and veterinary products.

With this vast empire to control, G. R. Nicholas still found time for many other interests right up to his death last September.

He played bowls regularly, took an active interest in his stud farm, Shirley Park, Woodend, Victoria, (named after his second wife, who was Shirley

Alcock before her marriage), was a member of the V.R.C. committee, and read extensively.

His study — the smallest living-room in the house — is walled to the ceiling with books, and beside his well-used desk the blue budgerigar he taught to talk still chats away in its cage on the window-sill.

Like Mr. Nicholas, Mr. A. A. Lord, the top bidder for "Homeden," started his big-money career in business.

Now 58, he founded the firm of A. A. Lord, Builders and Plumbers Supplies, of Flemington. He's still a director of this firm, but though it is still listed under its original title he no longer owns it.

Mr. Lord first came into the news as a big property buyer when he bought the late Mr. Alister Clark's 1035-acre property "Glenara," at Bulla, for a reputed £50,000.

Then three years ago he bought the late Mr. Les Aldridge's thoroughbred stud property "Kismet Park," at Sunbury, for about £80,000, which is thought to be one of the highest prices paid for a Victorian stud.

Another land purchase of Mr. Lord's in recent years was 800 acres at Tullamarine. This will become part of Melbourne's international jetport. Early this year the Federal Government bought it from Mr. Lord for £267,320.

Like Mr. Nicholas, too, Mr. Lord is a keen racing man and is a member of the V.R.C., the V.A.T.C., and the M.V.R.C., but his strongest interest has been in trotting.

He was a member of the Trotting Control Board for six years and chairman of the Metropolitan and Country Trotting Association for seven years.

His wife was private secretary for some years to Lady Dugan, wife of the Governor of Victoria, from 1939 to 1949, and before that was a typist at Government House during the office of the two previous Governors, Lord Huntingfield and Lord Somers.

The Lords now live in Carson Street, Kew, but Mrs. Nicholas expects they will move into "Homeden" soon after she leaves it on August 30.

It will be a switch of suburbs for the two families, for Mrs. Nicholas has bought land not far from the present Lord home.

There she will build a smaller house for herself, her son Michael, and daughter Jennifer when she returns from abroad after Jennifer's year at finishing school.



**THE BALLROOM** at "Homeden" has been the scene of lavish entertainment since the late Mr. G. R. Nicholas bought the mansion in 1929. That year he spent £80,000 rebuilding and making additions, including the ballroom. Pictures by staff photographer Jim Ellard.



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KK 467

FATHER



MOTHER



ELISABETH MACINTYRE  
"Mum, would you hear my spelling and mend my trousers while you're having a rest?"

## It seems to me

By



Dorothy Dean

THE death of American millionaire George Vanderbilt (aged 47, four times married) reminded me that it was a Vanderbilt who gave me my first glimpse of how the other two per cent. lived.

It may have been the same George Vanderbilt on his first honeymoon, but because I cannot remember the exact year I can't be sure.

I was seeing off a member of the family on the Townsville Mail from Brisbane's Central Station. In those days, the early nineteen-thirties, a journey on the Townsville Mail (two nights of coal dust) was no light undertaking.

In any case I was brought up to regard a long train journey as a serious matter. You got to the station in good time, booked through the heavy suitcases (and kept an eye on the porter to make sure they went safely into the van). That left long enough to settle all the paraphernalia into the sleeper — the light luggage, the vacuum-flask and sandwiches, the rugs—to buy the magazines, and to settle down to the farewells.

When word went round the train that an American millionaire and his wife had a reserved carriage, I ran along the platform to have a look.

A maid and a manservant were arranging luggage and supervising the making up of the sleeping-berths. There was no sign of the two star characters.

Then, just as the bell rang and the cry "All seats, please," resounded, the young couple strolled, yes, strolled, on to the station.

The girl wore no hat—uncommon enough in those days when a hat was as necessary for a train journey as for a church service—but what impressed me even more was that she carried only a tiny vanity-bag dangling from her wrist.

How glorious to be rich, I thought. No need to fuss about tickets. A maid to look after the make-up case. Other people to do all the worrying.

It impressed me as a remote and wonderful world.

For that matter, it still does.

IT was in those days that I formed a preference for upper berths in sleeping-cars.

In the old-fashioned carriages I still like the upper berth. There is, or was, an extra bit of space under the roof for small baggage. But that wasn't the cause of my preference.

It stems from the times when, having booked a lower berth and finding that an older woman had the upper one, I was conscious of a family conference.

There would be whispers, the words unheard. But I knew what they were: "Go on, you ask her, mother." When young I found it so nerve-racking to wait for the approach to swop that I decided it was easier to settle for the upper berth and be done with it.

Never mind, I'll get my own back on a moon rocket. "Excuse me," I shall say to some luckless teenager. "You're younger than I am, so no doubt you won't mind giving me the window seat."

WHEN I told a friend about the Jackie Kennedy features in this issue, she asked: "Do you LIKE Jackie Kennedy?"

"I think so," I replied, a bit puzzled. "She's very pretty, rather doll-like."

"Exactly," said my friend vehemently. "I don't care for people who resemble dolls. I'd much rather have Grace Kelly."

I explained that when you work on a newspaper you tend to have an impartial attitude toward celebrities, rather favoring those who make

pretty pictures, whether blonde or brunette. But I could see that my friend was dissatisfied with this unimpassioned approach, so I changed the subject.

Still, I brooded about it afterwards, thinking of the hazards of being a President's wife. Jackie, having been hailed as the prettiest First Lady ever, now has to stand a fair amount of criticism from her own countrywomen, as the pages of some American papers show.

One letter-writer to "Time" magazine went so far as to say that Mrs. Khrushchev, homely in her unsmart dress, was an image nearer to the heart of the average woman.

Which poses the problem. If you were a President's wife, would you rather be criticised because you were too attractive or not attractive enough? Assuredly, you would cop it either way, and I think that if you're feminine you'd prefer the first risk.

A DREAM house of the future, on show at the Paris Fair, features drawers that spring open when anyone approaches.

What a horror these would be in small flats, where all sorts of pieces do double duty as storage. You would be biffed amidstships whenever you put on a record, have your shins barked when you poured a drink.

Tell you what I would like, though—drawers that closed automatically when I turned away.

AFTER the Reserve Bank Governor, Dr. Coombs, conferred with general managers of the trading banks last week, the Treasurer, Mr. Holt, met them for an informal tea.

"Oh, thank you, give me two lumps, please.

Some lemon? yes, a little squeeze.

Not credit—no. You just misheard.

Let us forget that dreadful word.

Why thanks, I will—a piece of cake.

One shouldn't for one's waistline's sake."

(And then another twinge they felt,

Reminded of a tightened belt.)

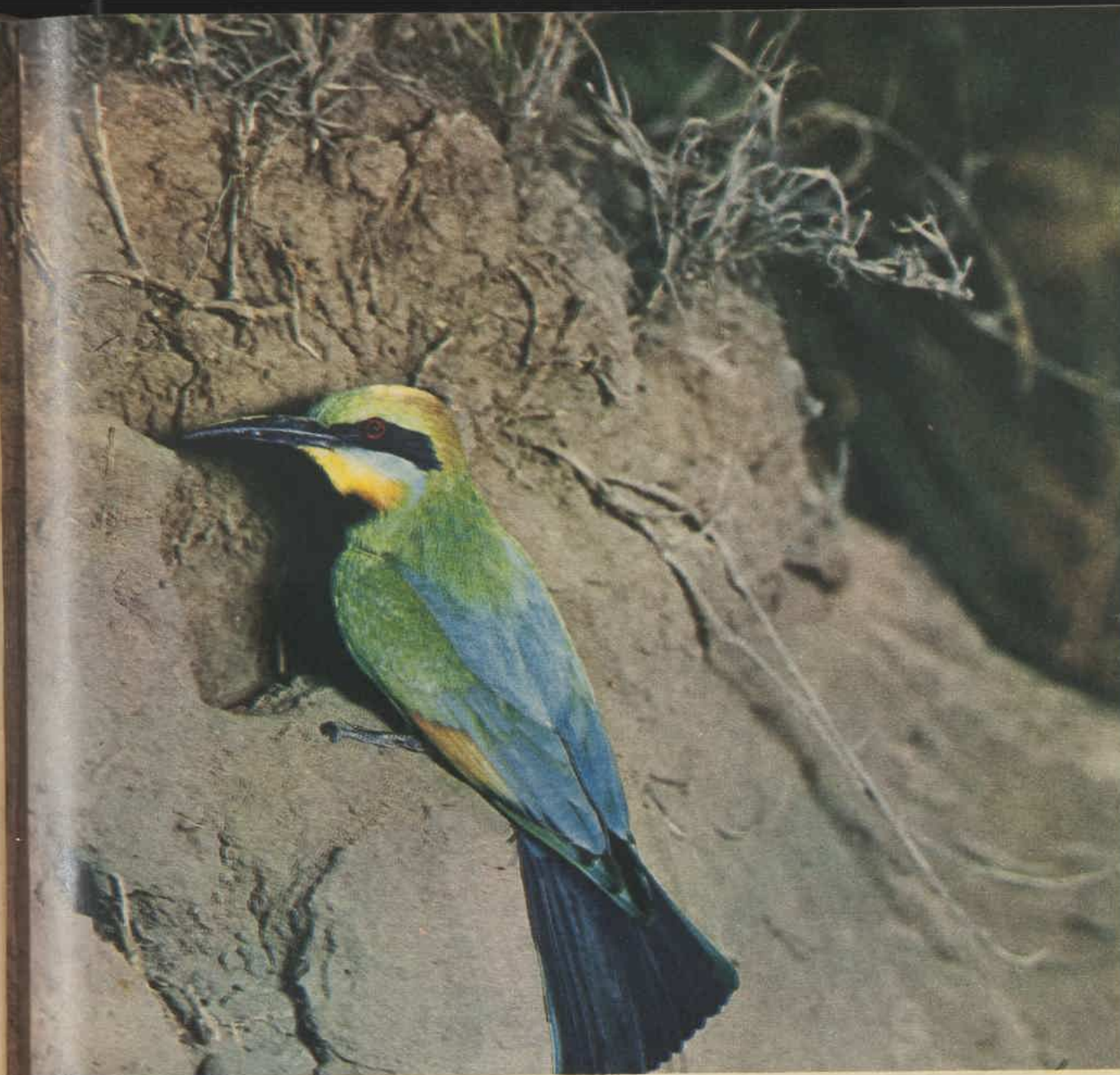
We mustn't grudge the Treasurer tea.

He needs a cup, like you and me,

And yet one, apprehensive, toils

While watching how that billy boils.





LEFT: The Rainbow-bird or Bee-eater (*Merops ornatus*) is widely distributed in Australia, mainly in drier parts. After nesting it migrates for the winter to islands north of the continent, though some birds may remain in parts of the mainland.

BELOW: The Forest Kingfisher (*Halcyon macleayi*) is found in northern and eastern Australia, and usually nests in a hollow excavated in a termite's nest in a tree. Its scientific name honors Mr. W. Macleay, a naturalist of the 19th century.

## AUSTRALIAN NATURE

● The bright Rainbow-bird, or Bee-eater, pictured above, is often seen perching on a fence or an exposed branch, and then sallying forth after passing insects. Its lovely colors are seen to full advantage as it twists and glides in flight. It swoops on bees and other insects, catching them in mid-air, for it feeds only when on the wing. Its nest is at the end of a tunnel cut either into a sandy river-bank or at an angle into level ground. The Forest Kingfisher, at right, although a member of the kingfisher family, catches fish only occasionally. It lives mainly on lizards and insects, including beetles.

Pictures by Mr. N. Chaffer, Roseville, N.S.W.

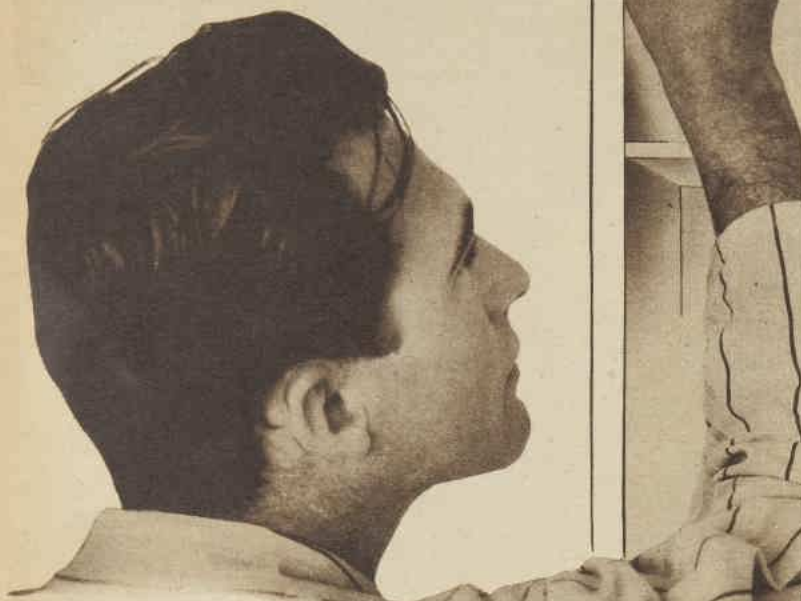




# Do you work against Nature?

Check these questions carefully for your own sake!

- (1) Am I naturally regular? (Yes/no)
- (2) Do I take purgatives? (Yes/no)
- (3) Am I sure I get sufficient bulk in my diet? (Yes/no)



These are the penalties you pay when you work against nature in this natural function

Irregularity need never occur! But if it does, look for its cause—not just for immediate temporary relief. The cause is usually lack of bulk in your diet.

**The penalties for ignoring Nature.** Purgatives may bring quick relief from constipation, but in doing so, they make your system increasingly lazy. Very shortly you will find that your system won't work by itself! It needs a crutch! This is Penalty Number One. Penalty Number Two is that your whole system is being drained of vitality and essential elements every time you resort to purgatives.

**The Third Penalty,** is that all this shows—it shows in the aging of your face; it shows in lack of vitality; worst of all, it must have its effect on your relationship with others!

**Enjoy natural regularity!** The natural way to ensure healthful regularity is to make sure that your system gets sufficient bulk.

**What better time than breakfast?** All-Bran, made by Kellogg's is specially made from Bran and it is this Bran which is Nature's best source of health-ensuring bulk. All-Bran is a delicious

nut-sweet food—not a medicine so why not try a plateful tomorrow! You will be making sure that you get sufficient natural bulk to enjoy better health through natural regularity.

**Make this simple 10 day test!** At each breakfast for ten days, enjoy a cupful of All-Bran either on its own with milk and sugar or, sprinkled over your present breakfast cereal. Drink plenty of water. If at the end of ten days you haven't experienced the benefit of natural regularity, return the packet to Kellogg's who will gladly refund double your money.

## NOW! MORE ESSENTIAL VITAMIN B2 AND D THAN BEFORE

All-Bran contains at least twice as much Vitamin B2 (essential to a healthy body) as Bran itself. Vitamin D (for teeth and bone) not found in bran.

## PLUS THESE VITAMINS AND MINERALS

.250 mgs./oz. Vitamin B1 for steady nerves and normal appetites.  
.267 mgs./oz. Vitamin B2 for clear skin.  
3.5 mgs./oz. Niacin for clear healthy skin.  
67 I.U./oz. Vitamin D for strong teeth and bones.  
3.0 mgs./oz. Food Iron to maintain correct level of red corpuscles in the blood. (Represents .010 p.p.c.).  
18 mgs./oz. Calcium the most important of the body's minerals. (Represents .064 p.p.c.).  
240 mgs./oz. Phosphorus essential for complete operation of the Calcium intake. (Represents .846 p.p.c.).  
Plus Bulk—for natural regularity.

K746



Reach for new health and natural regularity with ALL-BRAN

ALL-BRAN is a trade-mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.

# Worth Reporting

**BRISBANE** girl Marie Watson has some fast explaining to do when Australian friends learn that her New York telephone number is Butterfield 8—yes, the same as the O'Hara novel, the Liz Taylor "call-girl" film.

Marie is used to the mirth. Her now world-famous number—actually it's the exchange for the East 60's area in New York—is shared by some distinguished neighbors.

Governor Rockefeller lives just around the corner from Marie; aviation king Sherman M. Fairchild has a flat next door; even the President's wife, Jackie Kennedy, answers to Butterfield 8 whenever she stays at the Carlyle Hotel.

Now visiting her parents in Brisbane, Marie is attached to the United Nations, working as Administrative Officer to the Australian Mission.

Leaving her home town six years ago, she took a job as secretary with the Indian Delegation to the General Assembly. She returned to Australia in 1959 with the Malayan delegation for the E.C.A.F.E. Conference and left for the U.S. again to work for the Australian Mission.

★ ★ ★

**FELTWELL** is the name of a London chemist.

★ ★ ★

## Soap-bubbles in the bread

**ONLY** husbands of domestically inexperienced brides could cap the housekeeping "howlers" endured by bachelor Ian Douglas, of Brisbane, during his recent two years as a Cadet Patrol Officer in New Guinea.

Patiently waiting for his native cookhouse boy to get to grips with the ways of the white man, Ian, in his bachelor quarters at Saidor sub-district station outside Madang, has had—

(a) His underclothing starched stiff as a board; (b) his bread made with soap powder; (c) his bath scrubbed out with toothpaste; (d) his nylon shirts disintegrate under hot iron; (e) a custard served with steak.

Instructions like "Fill up the fridge (kerosene-operated) with kero" and "Pluck a chook and put it in the fridge" resulted in his opening the fridge door to find 12 neatly stacked bottles of kerosene on one shelf, and a fowl squawking its head off on the bottom.

The fact that the cookboys can't read and shake tinned food to "guess what's in it" can also lead to some colorful courses, says Ian.

Now doing 12 months' study at the Australian School of Pacific Administration, Sydney, Ian recalls his most exciting patrol—a 10-day trek into a partly unexplored section of the Finisterre Mountains. He entered a village where no white man had been—collected 17 previously unregistered names.

## Fixes a flat in a jiffy

**STANDING** beside his car with a hammer in one hand and a three-inch nail in the other, Sydney company director Bernie Rosen made a simple, direct request: "Pick any spot on this front tyre where you want me to hammer in this nail."

Game, if he was, we chalked an X. Bernie forthwith tapped in the nail and a perfectly good tyre became flat. Bernie reached for a small cylindrical container, attached it to the tyre valve. Two minutes later the tyre inflated, the puncture sealed—we drove off.

For the benefit of reps. of police, ambulance, business, and us—Bernie was demonstrating a U.S. invention—a push-button repair affair for flats.

Already on the overseas market and about to be launched here, the cylinder contains a mixture of condensed air and chemical, which blows up the tyre and seals off the puncture, sometimes permanently. No jacking up car—no wheel change.

Price: £3/19/6 per cylinder per tyre and three guineas for refills.

## The Prince was perfect

**HE** has the makings of a first-class loco driver. Who? Prince Philip. In whose opinion? Train-driver Alfred Perfect, 60, who kept a critical eye on the Prince as he drove one of the British Railways' new diesel engines at 80 m.p.h. from Wembley to Windsor recently.

Driver Perfect approved when the Prince, three miles out of Marylebone, took over the throttle and finally pulled up "Magpie"—named after the Prince's last command in the Navy—within feet of the buffers of Windsor station.



**Cadet Patrol Officer Ian Douglas, of Brisbane, on the job in New Guinea.**



**Diana Wynne and her "Dior" handknit.**

## Song of the sweater...

**MALE** heads turn as Diana Wynne (of our staff) walks down the street in her elegant black handknit.

Women, quick to spot the details—dolman sleeves, bell skirt—applaud, "So chic. So Dior."

Diana smiles. Her husband, film producer Donald Wynne, says—nothing.

Flashback, three weeks. Scene 1. Diana is knitting, Donald reading beside fire. Diana: "I'm knitting you a bulky sweater, darling."

Donald enthusiastically: "Oh, good—make it BIG. Never can buy sweaters big enough."

Scene 2. The Big Try-on. Donald, mute before the mammoth garment, gamely enters it, struggles to the surface for air as the ribbing settles about his knees.

Diana, depressed: "How big can a big sweater get when you only add a few inches?" Brightening, "Never mind, darling, Wally (wool-broker friend) will know how to shrink it."

Scene 3. Donald, silent, watches Diana dunk sweater in boiling water in sink. Diana: "Wally says this is infallible for shrinking wool, but," desperately, "it seems to be growing by at least a foot. Oh, well, it MUST shrink in the drying out."

Scene 4. Diana, inspired, dresses for the office. "All it needs now, darling, is my black belt," Donald says nothing.

As we were saying, all heads turn as Diana...

★ ★ ★

**NOTICE** tacked to a pile of old suitcases outside an antique shop in Sydney. "Walk through. Everyone asked to buy."



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#### 9 New Patterns and Colours

Into the gay, wonderful world of FORMICA surfacing come new fashion leaders . . . new contemporary patterns and colours, beautiful, unique and practical. Now, even more than before, you can fully express your decorating ideas in every room in your home.

**New FORMICA Pebble Pattern** . . . soft, subdued, so modern, expressing the world-wide trend to quieter tonings in interior decoration. This subtle pattern will find a place in every room in the home—on its own or combined with the new Woodgrains for accent touches. In a range of four contemporary pastels.

**New FORMICA Grove Ash** . . . light, attractive, with an intriguing grain. Grove Ash is a Woodgrain of tremendous interest, a wonderful invitation to exciting new ideas, for furniture, for built-ins, for all surfacing.

**New FORMICA Fruitwood** . . . beautifully grained, richly warm, carefully blending close and open grains, exciting in its possibilities, answering a real need . . . an invitation to a host of new home decorating and furniture ideas.

**New FORMICA Cherrywood** . . . traditionally beautiful, yet ideally suited to contemporary furniture styling, perfect for new adventures in home planning; a versatile FORMICA Woodgrain to blend with all your ideas. The new tones allow full expression of your ideas.

**New FORMICA Plain Colours** . . . soft, beautiful contemporary tones—Caramel, a warm neutral . . . Mint, a clear, soft decorator colour.

These new colours become a part of the complete FORMICA range . . . a range balanced to suit all tastes, allowing you to fulfil your decorating dreams.

## FORMICA® is decorative living!



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KITCHENS—Choose FORMICA beauty for the practical achievement of your kitchen ideas.



BEDROOMS—Nothing can be more appealing than a bedroom where the functional beauty of FORMICA has been used to express ideas . . . softly . . . subtly.

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Quality Makes The Difference



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 12, 1961

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# use **Wet Strength** **KLEENEX**<sup>®</sup> TISSUES

— the only tissues that really stay strong when wet  
...to wipe it, clean it, polish it, mop it!



## Well prepared!

Keep Kleenex handy in car and garage. An emergency repair means grimy hands! Always use lint-free Kleenex for fogged-up windcreens; leaves no fluff!

## 20 bibs a day!

Save washing—use fresh, strong Kleenex every time. And for children's parties, why not use Kleenex instead of table napkins, to wipe kiddies' sticky fingers!



## After-party blues!

Lots of messy ash trays to empty and clean. That's no worry! Wipe them—clean them—polish them with disposable Kleenex tissues! Strong, lint-free Kleenex brings up a sparkle on your precious glassware, silverware and cutlery, too. Leaves no fluff! Kleenex tissues have so many uses!



## Cold comfort!

When hay fever or colds start you sneezing—use hygienic Kleenex tissues. Strong, disposable Kleenex will take the biggest blow, yet are gentle and soothing to tender noses! Saves unpleasant hankie washes, too!



## Crisp and crunchy!

Drain chips, fritters, all fried foods on absorbent, strong Kleenex—makes them crisp, and so much more digestible. Kleenex tissues stay strong when wet—have so many kitchen uses!



## Saucy Sue!

Steak and sauce leave fingers sticky—so always have big, strong Kleenex tissues on hand—your guests will appreciate them. These Wet Strength Kleenex tissues are ideal for barbecues and picnics.



<sup>®</sup> Trade Mark Registered—Kimberly-Clark Corp.

# SOCIAL

**LADY DE L'ISLE**, the wife of the Governor-General designate, says in a letter to an Australian cousin, Mr. Henry Blackett Frend, and his wife, of "Barnagrotty," Gulargambone, "It is strange how families spread across the world, and suddenly the threads are drawn together again."

Lady De L'Isle (the daughter of Lord Gort) was referring to renewing the link between their families.

Her maternal grandmother, Lady Vereker, and Mr. Blackett Frend's mother were first cousins.

Lady De L'Isle added, "We are very much looking forward to living in our new country."

With Lord De L'Isle and their younger daughters, the Hon. Catherine, who is 19, the Hon. Anne, 14, and the Hon. Lucy Sidney, aged eight, she is sailing from England in the *Orcades* on July 5.

They will disembark from the ship in Melbourne and fly to Canberra on August 2—the day their only son, the Hon. Philip Sidney, is due to reach Australia by air from England to spend his school holidays at "Yarralumla."

The Hon. Philip, who is fifteen, is named after his famous ancestor Sir Philip Sidney, the 16th century English poet, statesman, and soldier.

CONVERSATION in Sydney town will scintillate with wit and wisdom during the Australian Law Council Convention from July 5-11, with highest-level members of the judiciary (including the Lord Chief Justice of England, Lord Parker, and Lady Parker) attending from overseas, as well as 800 members of the legal profession and their wives coming from other States. They'll be welcomed at an 11.30 a.m. reception given by the Deputy Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, Ald. and Mrs. Frank J. Dixon, on July 5. That evening there'll be THE most brilliant spectacle at the Town Hall, when the convention is opened by the Governor, Sir Eric Woodward—with guests wearing their robes of office, academic dress, and evening dress and full decorations.

THE Chief Justice of the United States of America, Mr. Earl Warren, and his wife will arrive by air on July 8 to take in the later sessions of the convention. They'll stay at Government House, where Lord and Lady Parker are also being entertained as guests of Sir Eric and Lady Woodward. Other distinguished visitors from abroad who will be welcomed by the president of the Australian Law Council, Mr. W. E. R. Francis, and Mrs. Francis include India's Law Minister, Shri A. K. Sen, and Shrimati Sen. The Sens, incidentally, will be guests of honor at a reception given by the Trade Commissioner for India, Mr. G. L. Puri, and Mrs. Puri at their home at Double Bay on July 8.

MR. and Mrs. C. L. Hickson, of "Malabar," Jerry's Plains, will include touring the Malabar district, in the State of Kerala, during their travels in India shortly. The district has a sentimental association for them. Their property was named after Malabar in India by Mr. Hickson's father, who spent a lot of time there. Some lovely brassy from Malabar are a feature of the furnishings at "Malabar," Jerry's Plains. Mr. and Mrs. Hickson are sailing in the *Orion* on July 19, travelling via Singapore and Colombo.

RECENTLY engaged Rosalie Ferris and Richard Gilbert, of Killara, will celebrate their romance at a party late this month given by Rosalie's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Ferris, at their home at Gordon, when their elder daughter, Gillian, and her husband, Brian Hirstman, return to town. At the moment the Hirstmans are enjoying a skiing holiday at Thredbo with Mr. and Mrs. Derek Cassidy.

MRS. BILL ADAMS is debating which of their homes will gain the convict-made, wonderful old ship's bell which she bought at the auction of treasures from "Waterloo Station," Waterloo. Her first thought was to hang it near the swimming-pool on an exterior wall of their Wairoa home. But she is also very attracted by the idea of taking it up to "Lambrook," their country property near Gunnedah, where the setting would be appropriate for an "emergency" bell—always a feature of country homesteads in olden days.

HOLY ROOD CHURCH, in the little village of Empshott, Hampshire, where the Dean of Sydney, the Very Rev. Eric Pitt, and Miss Pauline Pattenden were married, dates from 1086! After the ceremony Dean Pitt and his bride (who wore a pale blue wild silk jacket suit) set off for Scotland, where they are spending several weeks before beginning their homeward-bound flight. They're going to make stopovers in Greece and Malaya en route. On their return to Sydney in August they will live at Point Piper.

I WAS intrigued by the reluctance of Mrs. Brian Primrose, of Cremorne, to shake hands greeting other guests on her arrival at a recent party—until she confided that the gold metal thread elbow-length evening gloves from Paris she was wearing were so soft on the inside—but on the outside the fabric was as rough to the touch as a pot-scourer!



# ROUNDAABOUT

By MARY COLES

SMILES from Mr. Jerrald Cripps and his bride, formerly Miss Ann Stephen, arriving at the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron for reception after their wedding at St. Paul's University College Chapel. Behind are their attendants, from left, Miss Elizabeth Hunt, Mr. David Jones, Miss Betty Koch, Mr. Bob Hope, Mrs. R. L. Stephen, jun., and Mr. Bill Cripps, who was best man.



FAMOUS stars Miss Vivien Leigh and Mr. Robert Helpmann sat together in a box at Her Majesty's Theatre when they attended the performance of "Night of Stars," which raised over £2000 for the N.S.W. Cancer Patients Assistance Fund. Miss Leigh wore a striking mandarin-toned brocade short theatre coat with a "bell" hemline.



ABOARD S.S. Canberra, Sir Donald and Lady Anderson and their daughter, Miss Lindsay Anderson, were intrigued by an emu sculptured in lard decorating the buffet in the Meridian Room at cocktail party aboard the new 45,000-ton liner on her arrival in Sydney. Lady Anderson wore a red-feather "wig" hat with her blue silk frock, and Miss Anderson was in a salmon-pink wool dress.



FILM STAR Danny Kaye pictured with Mrs. Charles Walton, of Sydney (centre), and her co-pilot, Mrs. Laaretta Savory, of Los Angeles, checking the route to be flown by Mrs. Walton and Mrs. Savory when they compete in the "Powder Puff Derby," Women's Air Race, which begins on July 8.



LEAVING St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, just-wed Mr. Roger Ware, of Woollahra, and his bride, formerly Miss Hermione Vanbrugh Dickson, the daughter of Mrs. J. B. Dickson, of Darling Point, and the late Mr. Dickson. They were attended at the ceremony by Miss Christine Andersen and Mr. John Patterson, of Albury.







*She knows  
she's being  
watched!*

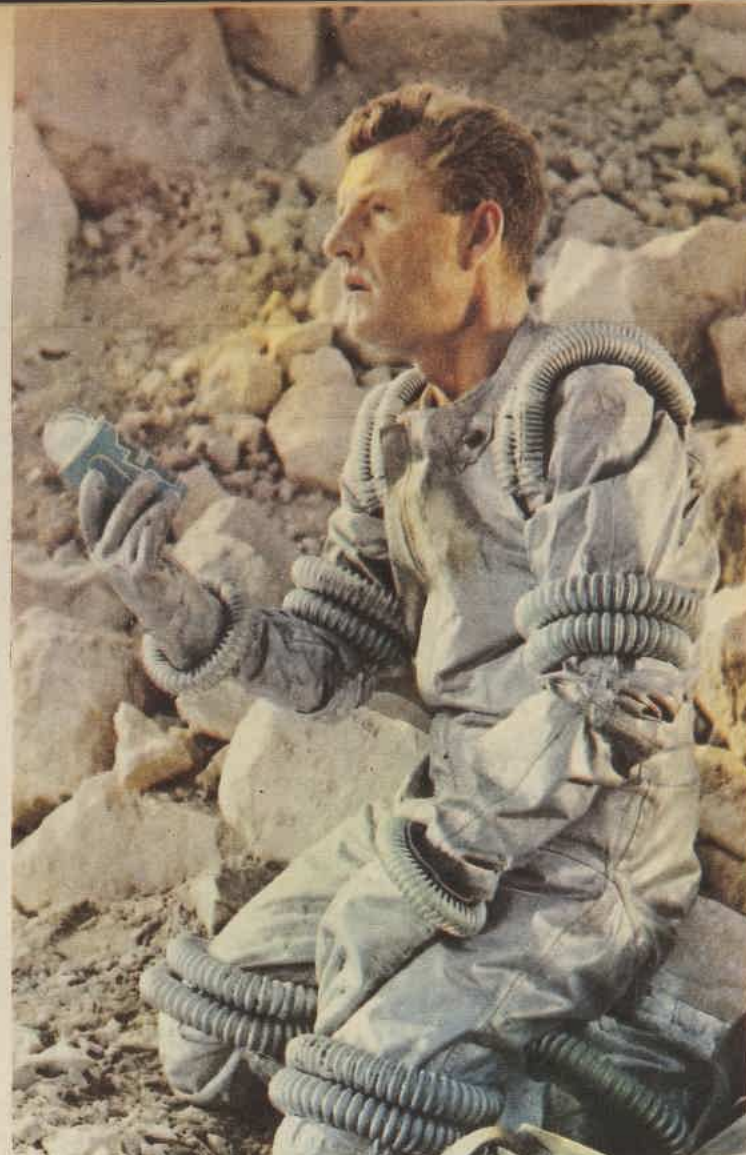


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*Professional human guinea-pig William Blood (Kenneth More) leaves his rocket believing he is the first man on the moon, only to discover there — an empty baked beans can!*

## First man on the moon — or was he?

● He's been to Brighton in an old bomb (remember "Genevieve"?); to Jaipur in an ancient train ("North West Frontier"); to sea in a luxury liner ("A Night To Remember"); now Kenneth More is moon-bound in the comedy "Man In The Moon."

A PROFESSIONAL human guinea-pig, William Blood (Kenneth More), has one tremendous advantage over his fellow human beings — immunity. William is immune to anger, hate, greed, fear, wiles of women, and illness—especially illness.

And Kenneth More, by happy coincidence, has a similar disposition — which is one of the reasons he was cast as William Blood in this Allied Film Makers' comedy. More has a reputation of being the most carefree actor in Britain.

Despite the comedy angle surrounding this superman who withstands seasickness, frostbite, exposure,

baldness, beri-beri . . . the film gives an impressive glimpse into the approaching space age.

The company spent months in scientific research to get authentic background for those scenes in which the space men are trained for their trip to the moon. With the consent of the British Air Ministry, certain top-secret information — including experiments in rocket propulsion, conditions under tests, and the reactions of bodies to extreme pressure — was made available. More data came from America and, strangely, even more from Russian sources.

As Polly, the striptease artist with an innocent approach to life who falls in love with William Blood, England's Shirley Anne Field adds a touch of glamor to the comedy.

**SHOW BUSINESS**



# "The Witness" — violence, but with words

By NAN MUSGROVE

● "The Witness," Channel 9's new show—dramas in which America's notorious rogues are investigated at a committee of inquiry—really is a winner.

THE violent impact of this documentary-fiction inquiry is a lesson in TV drama.

Few producers get the same effect of violence with full-scale gang-war episodes as the producer of "The Witness" gets with verbal fireworks.

Some of the inquiries are better than others, but I don't think any of them has reached the standard of the first one, in which Telly Savalas played the role of Al Capone, so brilliantly.

I was interested to hear that Savalas will appear again as Capone in an episode called "Roger the Terrible Touhy,"

to be shown on July 10 at 9 p.m.

Myron McCormick stars as Touhy, a Chicago gangster and an arch enemy of Capone. On the witness stand Touhy admits to being a boot-legger, but says his area has been free of murder while Capone's was the scene of more than 135 killings.

Capone appears to refute these charges.

It should be good viewing. The following week's episode also stars Savalas, this time in the role of "Lucky" Luciano.

I have been very interested in the production of "The Witness," and was intrigued

by the credit line given to Talent Associates.

Talent Associates is said to be America's leading producer and "packager" of live dramatic shows. It is owned jointly by Alfred Levy and 39-year-old David Susskind, whose name also appears on "The Witness" as executive producer.

Susskind has been described as TV's wonder man. His ambition is to make his name on a TV show a seal of quality.

He gets very angry about TV. "It's demoralising, soul-destroying," he said once, warning the American public that they were "too lazy to recognise the danger of being

drowned in the rampaging river of slush and trivia pouring out of the nation's TV sets."

"But there are some good things in TV," he says. "I get mad at it because most of it's lousy, but I love it and I'll go on trying to make it better."

"Live TV drama is the only escape from the ulcer of filmed trivia."

"The Witness" is one example of Susskind's work. Others that are well known in America are "The Play of the Week," in which Susskind produces some of the greatest classics of the theatre, and "Open End."

"Open End" begins on Sunday night at 10 o'clock and, as its title suggests, has no time limit. On one occasion it lasted till 3 a.m.

"Open End" is really an interview, with big names in the American and international scene expounding their views. Susskind's guests on it have included such a diversity as former U.S. Vice-President Richard Nixon, Charlton ("Ben Hur") Heston, and Russian Premier Nikita Khrushchev.

## Stimulating

Khrushchev really rose to the occasion on "Open End." Susskind's policy with this show is to let the guests "talk themselves out." Khrushchev talked Susskind out, took over the show, thumped the table, and eventually closed the show himself and left.

Susskind was branded "commie" over this and lost his sponsor. But he still goes on, trying hard to give us better and better TV.

"Give the public a five-year run of good stuff and you'll find people rising to intelligent TV production like a trout to a fly," he says.

"It has taken years and years to debase the American taste to the point where people are satisfied with looking at practically nothing but Westerns and private eyes."

"We must restore a balance to programming, and we must do it soon or we are going to become a nation full of drivel-ing idiots."

If "The Witness" is a good example of Talent Associates productions, I'd like to see more of them.

Susskind sounds stimulating, colorful, but not all people think he is. In Hollywood they loathe him, particularly dimpled Mr. Tony Curtis, whom Mr. Susskind described

publicly as "a passionate amoeba."

Via the American newspapers, Mr. Curtis offered to fight Mr. Susskind for this remark, but Mr. S. wasn't having any.

"I guess Curtis is suffering from physical expansiveness," he said.

"I have always believed that violence is the last recourse of an exhausted mind."

## Where the male is boss

● Bob Fuller (Jess Harper of "Laramie") goes steady with red-haired Kathy Nolan of "The Real McCoys," but denies any marriage plans. Bob is mad about Japan and Japanese women after spending three holidays there. "Japanese women are among the most beautiful women in the world," he says. "And they defer to men. Whatever you want to

do or wherever you want to go is fine with them. No arguments. The man is the centre of the world for them. When they are on a date you're the boss, and that's as it should be." You listening, Kathy?

● Will Hutchins, who plays the role of saucy cowboy "Sugarfoot," says he was forced to be a cowboy.

"On American TV there are only cowboys, private eyes, and situation comedies where the father bears the brunt," he said. "I am too young for a father, too old to be a son asking for the keys to the car, and not suave enough for a private eye. So what else but cowboy?"

● Robert Young, of "Father Knows Best," is to be starred in a new TV series. This time he'll be a childless widower, a novelist by trade. The series is to be called "Window On Main Street."

# 4560 MILES — UNLICENSED!

● Across Sydney's Harbor Bridge at Channel 9, Sydney's most publicised unlicensed car-driver, 16-year-old Roy Kennedy, has just added up his year's total driving mileage at 4560 miles.

IT is not as illegal as it sounds. Roy drives a minicar with a lawn-mower engine on the road-safety circuit in the Ampol-Channel 9 Children's Park in the station grounds at Wiloughby.

He's the boss junior instructor there, and every day of the week helps put young students from the metropolitan State schools through their road-safety paces.

The park has a road circuit with every known traffic hazard you'll encounter in a city block. It is about a quarter of a mile round its curving, heavily cornered road. The circuit has a full set of traffic lights and constant pedestrian traffic at corners.

In the past 13 months 9500 children have been given road-safety training at the park. A class from a school nominated by the Department of Education arrives each morning, Monday to Friday.

The children, about 30 to 35 in each class, start their lessons at 9 a.m. and finish at 12.30. Their first period is a lecture on Road Safety by Constable Peter Moffat. After that comes the good part.

Each member of the class, the whole 30 to 35 of them, is driven round the track by Roy Kennedy and shown how to drive the car and give the required signals.

After that the pupil takes over with the instructor alongside and drives the car, giving signals and paying due regard to traffic lights, policemen, and pedestrians.

Once a week the club goes on TV, when a road-safety lesson is given and selected drivers are seen in action on the park circuit. Drivers, pedestrians, and audience at the TV show are drawn from the 26,000 members of the Ampol Junior Car Club.

Roy's father, former racing-car driver Carl Kennedy, is in charge of the park, and I

asked him who were the better drivers, boys or girls.

He told me the girls are the best; that they pick up the driving much more quickly, concentrate more, and are more anxious to become good drivers because basically they are nervous of the car.

The boys, he said, all think they can drive as well as Jack Brabham, hop in and try to see how quickly they can get the car under way. They don't drive as well because they think they are better at it than they are.

I asked Mr. Kennedy whether this went right through life in driving, but he wouldn't commit himself.

As he said, there will always be good and bad drivers. "But if you can get a woman driver to relax at the wheel, she's good," he said.



ROY KENNEDY, top junior instructor in road safety at Ampol-Channel 9 Children's Park, tries the feel of a real car. In front, in minicar, is junior instructor Phil Halcrow.



TELLY SAVALAS, brilliant in the role of Al Capone in the opening show of "The Witness," here takes the stand as "Lucky" Luciano, U.S. vice king, in the episode due on Channel 9 on July 17.

## New Films

With Miriam Fowler

★★★ Excellent ★★ Above average  
★ Average No star—poor

## ★★★ BALLAD OF A SOLDIER

The simple beauty of this most poignant of wartime dramas leaves a lump in the throat. Soviet director Gergory Chukhrai, with casting knowhow and lyrical camerawork, creates—from a slight plot—a powerful memorial to the "unknown" soldier, Chukhrai's young infantryman, Vladimir Ivashov, and his chance companion, Zhanna Prokhorenko, are superb in their gentle sincerity. As reward for heroic front-line action, Ivashov begs leave to visit his mother. Delays, through obliging comrades, his meeting with Prokhorenko, and transport mishaps reduce his four days to minutes. His frustration is accentuated by the knowledge that he'll never return.—Gala, Sydney.

In a word . . . MOVING.

## ★ MURDER AT 45 P.M.

While Danielle Darrieux plays her eyes to advantage, dresses smartly, and renders some pleasant songs, she fails to attract the sympathy vital to her role. Her namby-pamby

lover, Michel Auclair, proves a handicap. Caught in the web of suspicion surrounding the death of her songwriter husband, Jean Servais, Danielle — a popular recording star — is plagued by evidence that he's alive. The plot holds interest, despite tell-tale handling of "the clue" and resort to worn tension gimmicks. — Liberty, Sydney.

In a word . . . TIME-KILLER.

## ★ THE SECRET WAYS

As undercover agent detailed to rescue a notable Hungarian from under Communist noses, Richard Widmark plunges into a typical behind-the-curtain adventure. Dark alleys and ruthless secret police fit the familiar pattern. — Victory, Sydney.

In a word . . . UNIFORM.

## THE PHAROAH'S WOMAN

Billed as "a titanic struggle that tore the Empire of the Nile in two," this two-bit battle comes as a let-down. Colorless and dull, it's an insult to ancient Egypt. — Palladium, Sydney.

In a word . . . FLAT.



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C16



# DOBIE HAS HIS PROBLEMS

**W**HAT American teenagers do today, Australian teenagers mostly do tomorrow.

Apprehensive parents who want a first-hand look at the American teenager should switch in to writer Max Shulman's "The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis." (We introduced Dobie to Australia in serial form two years ago.)

Dobie, round 18, is in high school. He has two big problems—girls and money. On the side he copes with another two—education and parents.

Unless you're a parent, he's the most, a real joy. If you're a parent you may feel like his father, who sometimes says: "I'll have to kill that boy!"

—Nan Musgrove

**DWAYNE HICKMAN**  
(left) as Dobie Gillis.



**BOB DENVER** who plays Dobie's beatnik friend, Maynard. Bob, Jesuit-educated, was a teacher before he became TV's best-known beat.

## SHOW BUSINESS



**WRITER** Max Shulman with Dwayne Hickman and, from left, Candy Watson, Warrenne Ott, Carol Lind, and Florence Williams.



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## LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

### Husband's earnings

DO readers think a woman is entitled to know her husband's income? I've always known exactly what my husband earns and budget accordingly, but it surprises me to find that some of my friends have no idea of their husbands' earnings. I try to visualise a business partnership in which only one partner knows the true financial status of the firm. I guarantee such a business wouldn't last five minutes. How much more important is a full knowledge of financial affairs in that greatest of all partnerships — marriage.

£1/1/- to "Curious Kate" (name supplied), Hampton, Vic.

### Late brides ill-mannered

SOME time ago it was reported that an English clergyman had decided to impose a fine on brides who were late for their weddings at his church. I feel he was justified in doing so. Being "traditionally" late seems nothing more than displaying bad manners. Those brides who intentionally, or not, delay the marriage service have no thought for those immediately concerned or for the people who are booked for the next wedding at the church.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Farrall, North Caulfield, Vic.

### Keeping up with the Joneses

IT'S a tragedy the way some couples constantly try to go "one better" than their friends or neighbors, even to the extent of risking the loss of their home. Our street's Mr. and Mrs. X, their 19-year-old son, and 17-year-old daughter all have good jobs. They have a carpeted home, TV, two cars, and so on. Two couples with whom this family were friendly had quite a few youngsters to bring up. Yet, though this was a struggle, they both had to go one better than Mr. and Mrs. X. The result: they were unable to keep up their commitments and have lost all, and they're still in debt.

£1/1/- to "Pajoro" (name supplied), S.A.

### Tribute to a gallant mother

I AM one of six children deserted by their father when the youngest child was only six weeks old. My mother, who does not enjoy good health, has worked night and day to give us a good home and keep the family together. Now, 10 years later, I think it can be said that she has more than succeeded in her job of both mother and father — and also confiding friend. If only there were more people like her, this world would be a far better place.

£1/1/- to "One of the luckier ones" (name supplied), Glandore, S.A.

### Identifying doctors' cars

THINKING that a man who would risk his own life by overtaking on a busy, single-lane bridge must be a "road hog," my husband decided not to pull over to allow him to pass — thus almost causing an accident. We were later told that this man was a doctor racing to an emergency case. Doctors' cars should have some clear means of identification, as have police and taxi cars.

£1/1/- to B. J. Purdon, Bellevue, Tasmania.

### Tired mothers

"TIRED MOTHER" (N.S.W.), married six years, with three boys and a girl, wrote that her husband considers her selfish for not wanting another girl because of the suffering involved. I too, have been married six years and am against a fifth child. My reason is not the suffering, but the worry and responsibility in bringing them up correctly. Some women can cope and remain placid. But for many it's a strenuous task.

£1/1/- to "Another Tired Mother" (name supplied), Port Moresby, Papua.

I AM expecting my 10th child any day now and I can't wait to hold it in my arms. The pleasure of having a large family can never be equalled.

£1/1/- to "Mother of 10" (name supplied), Palmyra, W.A.

AFTER having my fifth child to please my husband, I had a nervous breakdown. My children were all over the district being minded. As I did not regain my full health and vigor, my husband left me to battle with the five by myself. I wish now I had been selfish.

£1/1/- to "Not Worth It" (name supplied), Dalveen, Qld.

"TIRED MOTHER" has an extremely selfish husband. It has been written that four children comprise the ideal family — two to replace the parents, one to increase the population, and one to make up for those who don't have any children. You have done your share.

£1/1/- to Ted Fuller, Coburg, Vic.

## Ross Campbell writes...

I AM slightly afraid of Mrs. Hopkinson, the lady behind the counter at the dry-cleaner's.

She is a nice woman, but she looks at the clothes I bring her with a very critical eye.

At the end of term I hand her schoolgirls' blazers, impregnated with crumbs and chalk. Mrs. Hopkinson purses her lips and says nothing.

Sometimes it is a crumpled dress or costume, and she fusses over the buttons and leather-backed belts. Dry-cleaners are not happy about buttons and belts. "We'll just have to take them off and sew them on again," Mrs. Hopkinson says.

Yesterday I gave her a suit of mine. She looked at it keenly, felt in the pockets, and peered at the label inside. Then she wrote out a docket and gave it to me. It said:

*I worsted jkt. and tr.  
Gen. soiled.*

I have had worse things said about suits. Sometimes Mrs. Hopkinson will point to a stain and say: "What's this? It looks like blood." She will frown and shake her head and express doubt as to whether they can get it out.

### TAKEN TO THE CLEANERS

I even had a suit returned by Mrs. Hopkinson's firm with a wounding little note pinned to it, saying: "We've done our best with this, but we're not Mandrake" — or words to that effect.

Compared with this, "Gen. soiled"



was not bad. Yet it had a depressing sound.

Was only my suit gen. soiled, I wondered? Perhaps I was a gen. soiled person.

I remember a poster for a moving picture in my youth, that said: "The Sin Woman—Bold But Clean." That

is how I would like my clothes to be, bold but clean.

Yet things combine to spoil their appearance. One trouble is rain; strangely enough, because rain is clean stuff.

Soon after a suit comes back from the cleaners, it gets wet in the rain. It starts to look sloppy and I take less pride in it. I eat pies less carefully.

Parties are another factor. I don't go to many, but when I do my coat usually stops a splash of claret or a cream puff.

Babies don't help, either. Last time I fed our baby she slapped a spoonful of porridge on to my knees. When she is crawling about she likes to grab hold of my trousers with sticky hands to hoist herself into a standing position.

After not many days of this treatment you find your clean suit is not clean any more. It is gen. soiled.

As I turned away from the counter Mrs. Hopkinson said: "I notice the trouser pockets are holed. Would you like us to replace them?"

"Yes, please do that," I said. I only wanted to get away. At least I could show Mrs. Hopkinson a clean pair of heels.





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"Health is the secret of success and happiness," says Jenny Hoad. "And the best health secret I know is Waterbury's Compound with Vitamins. As a family we're forever on the go . . . particularly with the children so full of energy and bounce. I want to keep them that way, that's why Waterbury's with Vitamins is part of our daily health routine. It's a marvellous vitamin tonic to keep the whole family in top form." Waterbury's YELLOW LABEL Compound is a remarkable revitalising tonic fortified with Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>, Niacinamide and Riboflavine. Health-giving, energy-giving, pleasant to take . . . it's the ideal vitamin tonic for people of all ages—men, women and children.

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# An exclusive look at the private picture albums of America's First Lady

## Jacqueline

● Jacqueline Lee Bouvier was not really a pretty baby. Instead of looking rosy, she looked peaked. She was six weeks late in arriving and somewhat unexpectedly chose to be born on a Sunday — July 28, 1929.

**P**LANs had been made for the great event to take place in New York. But since both mother and doctor were weekending on Long Island in their summer homes, there was a last-minute switch to the small, efficient hospital in nearby Southampton. The baby weighed 8lb. and seemed, understandably, more mature than most.

Her mother was 21. A brunette beauty with a lovely name, Janet Lee, she had been belle of her debutante season and, despite her smallness and appealing femininity, was one of the most skilful and daring horsewomen in the country.

The baby was named after her father, Jack Bouvier, whose full, distinguished name was John Vernou Bouvier III. He was 37, and until his marriage the previous year had been considered one of social New York's most irreconcilable bachelors. He was dark, in summers tanned to swarthinness, and so good-looking that friends nicknamed him The Sheik, while strangers were forever taking him for Clark Gable.

Together, Mr. and Mrs. John Vernou Bouvier III were considered the handsomest couple on Long Island. Their daughter, Jacqueline, would start life with every asset.

Within a very short time Jacqueline began to blossom into a beauty. She could talk

before she was a year. When relatives dropped in to see the child, they admired her fluff of faintly curling black hair, her newly rosy complexion, her wide eyes, all set off so coquettishly by the frou-frou of peachy-pink point-d'esprit flounces on her bassinet.

No one imagined, of course, that this placid infant would some day be the thirty-first First Lady of the Land.

Nor that the bassinet, now painted white and simply trimmed with ribbon-threaded dotted swiss, would cradle Jacqueline's look-alike son, John Fitzgerald Jr., the first White House baby in over half a century.

Jacqueline's mother had been brought up like the daughters of many other well-born, affluent New York people in the Glittering Twenties. She went to Miss Spence's School, learned the social graces, and studied two years at college.

She was the second in a trio of attractive sisters who later were to cause considerable excitement not only because of their charm but because each owned an automobile with a fancy, distinctive horn!

Jacqueline's father had summered since early childhood at East Hampton, Long Island, in the enormous lawn-and-garden-surrounded Bouvier house. It was called "Lasata," an Indian name meaning "Place of Peace," and was by far the liveliest spot in the neighborhood. There were two Bouvier brothers and three sisters, including twins.

The twins were around Janet Lee's age and they became friends. Their stockbroker brother Jack was 16 years older. A notable charmer and desirable matrimonial catch, he had no time to notice his sisters' teenage friend until the summer after her debut.

They married in East Hampton in July, 1928. There were 500 guests at the reception on the porches and lawns of the Lee house, and the couple sailed on the Aquitania for a European holiday.

The newlyweds returned to a small rented house, then moved to a New York apartment.

A year after Jacqueline was born, her grandfather, James T. Lee, gave his daughter Janet a duplex apartment in a Park Avenue property he owned. An ultra-conservative, James Lee, who at 83 still works at his job as president of New York's Central Savings Bank, disliked the idea of a young couple with a child not having a permanent home.

Here, under the watchful eyes of her nurse, Jacqueline was growing up into an independent, stubbornly honest, beguiling child.

She went to Miss Chapin's School, a New York private school of long standing where 300 or more daughters of well-to-do families and a sprinkling of scholarship students study hard and are taught the precepts of good citizenship as well as the basic attributes of being a lady.

The school's headmistress was then Miss Ethel Stringfellow. The most dreaded



**FLOATING** down stairs, ready to leave for her coming-out dance, Jacqueline Lee Bouvier wore a charming white dress, which she bought off the rack for £A25.



**IN PARTY DRESS:** She was 3 when photographed with mother.



**WITH BABY SISTER,** Lee, three years younger than Jacqueline, in 1933 at East Hampton, the Bouvier clan's summer place. Jackie already had striking looks.



By Mary  
Van Rensselaer Thayer

# Kennedy

A FAMILY FRIEND, Mary van Rensselaer Thayer was chosen by Jacqueline Kennedy to tell the story of her growing up, her romance and marriage to the man who became the youngest elected President of the United States.

penalty for those who were wicked was to be dispatched for a talk with her. To be sent to Miss Stringfellow once was a stigma hard to bear. To be sent often marked the culprit as an outlaw, yet added a delicious touch of distinction.

Even her mother didn't suspect the enormity of her daughter's sins until an afternoon when she was taking care of Jacqueline and a number of other little girls in Central Park. Jackie started acting up. "Isn't she a naughty girl?" her mother said brightly to one of her daughter's little friends.

"Oh, yes!" came the solemn, unexpected answer. "She's the very worst girl in the school. Jackie gets sent to Miss Stringfellow every day — well, almost every day!"

Walking home from the park, Janet remarked casually, "Jackie, I hear you're sent to Miss Stringfellow very often."

Her daughter glanced quickly at her mother, saw that she knew, and nodded her head.

"What happens when you're sent to Miss Stringfellow?" Janet pursued.

"Well, I go to her office," commenced

Jackie slowly, "and Miss Stringfellow says, 'Jacqueline, sit down, I've heard bad reports about you.' I sit down. Then Miss Stringfellow says a lot of things — but I don't listen."

Finally Miss Stringfellow found a way to attract Jacqueline's attention. She knew that her pupil was "mad" about horses. A Southerner who shared the same interest, she said, in effect:

"I know you love horses and you yourself are very much like a beautiful thoroughbred horse. You can run fast. You have staying power. You're well built and you have brains. But if you're not properly broken and trained, you'll be good for nothing."

This was logic the young girl understood. Miss Stringfellow's mixture of firmness and understanding impressed Jacqueline, made her eager to please the headmistress and gain her respect.

She ceased being a rebel and when she was grown liked to emphasise that Miss

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**STUDENT** at Miss Porter's School, Jackie (above) was 18 when this photograph was published in her class year book. Her two favorite subjects were Shakespeare and the history of religion.



WITH FATHER, John Vernou Bouvier III, when she was six and winner, as usual, of a ribbon at the Long Island Horse Show.



**ANNOYED** at having been beaten in a lead-line contest at a local horse show, five-year-old Jackie leads away her pony, Buddy. Her mother was a celebrated horsewoman, and the daughter was soon taking some of America's best junior awards.



# Jacqueline Kennedy

WHENEVER little Jacqueline tossed tantrums within earshot of her paternal grandmother, Mrs. Bouvier would alibi her with an indulgent "That's only Jackie's French temperament showing."

Jacqueline's French temperament, however, is several generations removed from France.

Her great-great-grandfather followed Lafayette to fight for American Independence in the 1770s.

Stringfellow was "the first, great moral influence" in her life.

Some time later the sympathetic headmistress confided to Jacqueline's mother, "I mightn't have kept Jacqueline—except that she has the most inquiring mind we've had in this school in 35 years!"

Jacqueline had a fantastic memory which helped her to learn to read very young. Her mother didn't realise the extent of her daughter's knowledge until she had reached the advanced age of six.

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She had been taking her afternoon naps in the guest-room, where books had been placed for grown-up guests. One day Jacqueline remarked offhandedly, "Mummy, I liked the story of the lady and the dog."

Her mother, puzzled, discovered that instead of sleeping, Jacqueline had been reading a book of short stories by Chekhov. The plots were sophisticated and every character

was labelled with an elaborate Russian name.

"Did you understand all the words?" asked Janet.

"Yes—except what's a midwife?" replied Jacqueline.

"Didn't you mind all those long names?" her mother persisted.

"No, why should I mind?" asked the six-year-old logically.

Jacqueline had been scarcely a year old when she was first lifted astride a pony. As she grew bigger and stronger she took to jumping

fearlessly, sailing over low fences with great aplomb.

As a horsewoman, Jacqueline had something very fine to admire in her mother. Janet Bouvier not only rode her horses expertly but she also schooled them so perfectly and loved them so much that they truly became family pets.

Her most famous were three magnificent chestnuts—Stepaside, Clear anfast, and Danseuse—and a bay mare named Arnoldean. For a decade she rode them in topflight horse shows including the National Horse Show staged annually in New York's Madison Square Garden.

At 11 Jacqueline won two of the prizes most sought after by young riders, the A.S.P.C.A. (American Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals) Alfred Maclay Trophy for horsemanship and the A.S.P.C.A. Good Hands event. Both are national championships competed for in preliminary contests staged at various summer horse shows.

When, at 15, Jacqueline became a first-year student at Miss Porter's School in Farmington, Connecticut, where many girls kept their own horses, she longed to take Danseuse.

The mare's keep would cost 25 dollars a month. Her family did not encourage this extravagance, so she wrote to "Grampy," her maternal grandfather, a distinguished lawyer. To sweeten the request, she enclosed her newest poem for his criticism. He agreed to pay the money.

That first rugged Connecticut winter "Donny," too, learned a lot. Patiently, ingeniously, Jacqueline trained the adaptable show-ring mare to pull a sleigh by harnessing her to a metal trash can ballasted with heavy rocks.

Back home next summer she invested 20 dollars in an antiquated four-wheel buggy with a collapsible leather hood. Soon beautiful Danseuse, trailing a buggy loaded with kids, was gaily trotting into town on vital ice-cream-cone-buying errands.

When "Donny" died, Jacqueline created a photographic history of her life, linking the snapshots together with touching commentary.

"Danseuse was a family horse, and every child had a ride on her. She was such a lady. Her coat glinted in the sun when she was brushed and shining. She knew how lovely she was, and flicked her tiny feet out in front of her as she trotted.

"There was a soft, pink spot at the end of her nose, and she would snuffle softly when she knew you had an apple for her."

When Jacqueline was old enough to hold a pencil or crayon she commenced to write stories and poems and to illustrate them. Many of her baby "writings" were lost, of course, but gradually Janet, like many another loving mother, began to save the verses and stories penned in a firm, ornamental writing and bordered with drawings.

As she grew older, Jacqueline's

**So good... so gay**  
... so full of fine cheese flavour

**CHEESE JATZ** ... the crisp, new, tender cracker biscuit with the flavour of fine cheese.  
Easy as a party favourite, just nibble Cheese Jatz with any refreshing drink.

**Arnott's**  
famous  
**CHEESE JATZ**  
Biscuits

There is no Substitute for Quality

Sea You

When I am down by the sandy shore,  
I can think of nothing I want more,  
Than the sea to see by the bounding blue sea,  
At the seashore, where the waves are free.

I can run about when the tide is out,  
With the wind and the sun and the sand,  
And the seagulls are sailing and diving high,  
Oh to live by the sea is my only wish.

POEM Jackie wrote at 10. She permitted reproduction of verses to show that as a child horses weren't her sole interest in life.



# Jacqueline Kennedy

sense of fun heightened, her imagination sharpened and she developed a satiric twist, usually touched with sweetness.

In this vein was a tongue-in-cheek string of decade-in-the-future predictions for each member of the family. For herself she foresaw a future as the circus queen who, though admired by the world's biggies, married "the man on the flying trapeze."

"I was rather a tomboy," Jacqueline has often said. And during summers in East Hampton, when all the Bouvier cousins were growing up together, she did her level best to keep up with the boys. There was a squad of Bouviers then, rather like the regiment of younger-generation Kennedys in Hyannis Port today.

To balance her tomboyishness with ladylike activity, she attended dancing classes each week.

In the class on ballroom dancing Jacqueline loosed her sensible braids into a cloud of shining black hair and put on her most feminine frock.

She enjoyed far more the ballet lessons for girls only. At the spring recital of the class she tiptoed a solo number of Debussy's "Golliwog Cake-walk."

When she was still very young Jacqueline commenced collecting a little library of her own, all on the ballet. She knew she could never be a ballet dancer, but she did think, for a bit, that she might be part of the show, by designing ballet and theatrical costumes.

## "GWTW" thrice!

She steeped herself in romantic literature by reading "Gone With the Wind" three times when she was 11, and as she edged into her teens Lord Byron became a beloved companion.

She read and reread his poems and lived his life through the pages of Andre Maurois' biography.

Jacqueline's sister, Caroline Lee Bouvier, is three and a half years younger. Temperamentally, they were totally different. Jacqueline was, in every way, a quick thing. Quick to anger, she did not bear a grudge.

Lee, so much younger, was like a chubby, bumbling puppy, always eager to please. Her older sister, at times, was very impatient with her. But as they grew older the two little sisters became very close.

They saw a great deal of their parents and both made them feel securely loved. So when Janet and Jack Bouvier decided that their marriage had reached a state where it was wiser for them to live separately, the children's normal routine was not unduly upset.

The girls and their mother moved from Park Avenue to a smaller apartment near Miss Chapin's School. The sisters spent every Sunday, half of every school vacation, and six weeks in summer with their father.

The sisters idolized their father. He was so big, so handsome, so dashing, and he gave them so much fun. He liked horse shows, dog shows, and anything to do with animals, prizefights, dancing.



**PIGTAILED** Jacqueline with sister Lee and their mother on their way to a wedding near their home. Note the girls' crisp dresses, shining faces, short cotton gloves.

He drove a Mercury very fast, was always deeply suntanned, and proud of dressing fastidiously. He had an imaginative, mischievous side to his nature which made him a great companion to his daughters and their friends.

He encouraged the girls to climb trees and learn to ride no-handed on a bicycle, and he was the despair of nurses because he let them eat ice-cream cones too close to dinner.

He encouraged their incipient gourmet tastes by introducing them to pistachio ice-cream, an edible they both still adore.

He was sympathetic, too, when, aged nine and six, they became dreadfully concerned with vivisection. He helped write out telegrams, expressing their anguished disapproval of this practice, and dispatched them to the New York "Journal-American," which was then headlining the anti-vivisectionist cause.

At first the smaller apartment had seemed to be too cramped to permit keeping a dog, and the children missed a pet. So their father arranged a "deal" with the proprietors of several pet shops.

The three would pick out one of the stores, go inside, choose the dogs for whom they felt sorriest, and then take them for a long run in Central Park.

A deposit was made to cover possible loss and was paid back when the refreshed canines were returned.

(Jack Bouvier, who died in 1957, never remarried. He met his future son-in-law before the senator and Jacqueline were married. They went out to dinner together and the two Jacks got along so famously that Jackie was completely left out of the conversation. They both had the same, rather irreverent sense of humor and enjoyed talking about sport and politics.)

Jacqueline Bouvier was not quite 13 when a new phase of her life commenced. Her mother remarried in June, 1942, and the two sisters, Jacqueline and Lee, left New York to join their mother and stepfather, Hugh D. Auchincloss.

Their future home would in winter be dignified, Georgian-style "Merrywood," set in woods high on the Virginia shore across the Potomac River from Washington, and in summer "Hammersmith Farm," a rambling Victorian tea-cosy of a house overlooking 75 acres of farmland fringing fashionable Newport, Rhode Island.

Now the two girls would no longer be the only children in the family. Their stepfather had two sons and a daughter. Five years later, after Jacqueline's half-sister and brother had been born, there were seven young people of varying ages and temperaments who called "Merrywood" and "Hammersmith Farm" their home.

A second marriage had been a difficult decision for Jacqueline's mother. When she and Jack Bouvier separated, she determined to devote her life to raising their daughters. But she was a beautiful young woman and, naturally, a magnet to men.

Hugh Dudley Auchincloss, a Washington stockbroker, possessed the kindly qualities she admired. He was steadfast, unshakably serene in any crisis, and equipped with a nice, slow-starting sense of humor. In fact, he was just what Jacqueline often said he was, "a wonderful stepfather."

The two Auchincloss places made a happy background for the seven children. "Merrywood" was a generous house containing a string of bedrooms, and the 46 acres of woody ground held a swimming-pool, badminton court, and small stables where ponies and Janet's famous mare, Danseuse, were bedded cosily.

On "Hammersmith Farm" were cows and a few pet sheep and goats.

Inside, the house was sunny, drafty, filled with comfortable old-fashioned furniture. In the downstairs rooms and long halls the walls were white, the carpets red. To round out this color scheme, Jacqueline decreed that all family dogs should be black. They were.

Jacqueline loved both houses. Years later when she



**GROWING UP:** The girl who used to be "rather a tomboy" was now getting ready to go out into the world, painting her fingernails, experimenting with a cigarette-holder.

JACQUELINE LEE BOUVIER  
"MERRYWOOD"  
MCLEAN, VIRGINIA  
"Jackie"

*Favorite Song:* Lime House Blues

*Always Saying:* "Play a Rhumba next"

*Most Known For:* Wit

*Aversion:* People who ask if her horse is still alive

*Where Found:* Laughing with Tucky

*Ambition:* Not to be a housewife

**THIS "PROFILE"** appeared in the 1947 class year book when Jackie was a senior at Miss Porter's School. "Tucky" was one of her room-mates.

was motoring through Italy she wrote to her stepfather:

"I began to feel terribly homesick as I was driving . . . I started thinking of things like the path leading to the stable at 'Merrywood,' with the stones slipping as you ran up it . . . and 'Hammersmith' with the fog-horns blowing at night. All the places and feelings and happiness that bind you to a family you love . . . something that you take with you no matter how far you go."

When Jacqueline was 15 she went off to Miss Porter's School at Farmington, Connecticut. A very old school "loaded" with New England atmosphere, it was founded in 1843 by Miss Porter, a remarkably advanced feminine educator.

Miss Porter started with ten or a dozen girls, housing them in a small hotel originally built for canal passengers. Now there are around 190 pupils, many of them daughters, granddaughters, even great-granddaughters of former students.

Today the Farmington girls live very much as did Miss Porter's first dozen: two to a large cheerily wallpapered room, furnished with twin mahogany beds, desks, and easy chairs. Each of the seven dormitory houses has a housemother, an understanding person who functions as chaperone, confidante, and general comforter.

(Jacqueline, who sometimes doubted she'd ever marry, once wrote to a Farmington friend: "I just know no one will ever marry me and I'll end up as a housemother at Farmington.")

The girls take turns waiting on table and are sometimes invited to after-dinner coffee by teachers.

On Saturdays older girls are permitted "callers." Callers—male, naturally—wend

their way to Farmington from Yale, Harvard, and other institutions of higher learning. They arrive punctually at 2 p.m. They leave with equal punctuality after tea at the headmaster's house.

Farmington was a minor paradise for Jacqueline. She liked her studies. She liked having Danseuse in the school stable. She liked her room-mates.

As usual, she did very well in her studies, but she found time for considerable devilry.

One mid-term when everyone was bored, Jacqueline, whose turn it was to wait on the table, accepting a dare, artfully dropped chocolate pie upside down in a teacher's lap. Amidst a gale of giggles, she was sent from the dining-room.

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# Jacqueline Kennedy

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That winter Jacqueline managed to have an old sleigh, which had been stored for half a century, reactivated for Danscuse. She spent so much time training "Donny" to pull it and generally caring for the mare that she took little part in athletics.

But she worked like a beaver on anything literary. She was a board member of "The Salamagundy," the school newspaper, and contributed both poems and cartoons. She was a moving spirit among The Players, a theatrical group which produced a Christmas tableau and two full-length plays each year.

A master vividly recalls her acting the leading role in a "German," an impromptu pantomime which is a specialty at Miss Porter's. "Her interpretive acting, all in pantomime, was remarkable."

Among her happiest Farmington memories were the weekends her father visited. John Vernou Bouvier III came to see his daughter act, to partner her in daughter-father tennis tournaments, to watch her carry off trophies at local horse shows on Danscuse.

"All my Farmington friends loved daddy," Jacqueline recalls. "He'd take batches of us out to luncheon at the Elm Tree Inn. Everybody ordered steaks and two desserts. We must have eaten him broke."

When she graduated from Miss Porter's, Jacqueline pinpointed her ambition in the class year book's gaggy profile. "Not to be a housewife," she set down unequivocally. Jacqueline achieved her "ambition" with ease.

## Gay birthday poem

When she was 15 her half-sister, Janet Jennings Auchincloss, was born. Jacqueline commemorated this event by dedicating a gay birthday poem to her mother, entitled "Janet Jennings—Her Life and Times."

The jingly poem, written in the tempo of "The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere," amusingly parallels the excitement when her own little son was born this past Thanksgiving.

"Listen, my children, and you shall hear," the rhyme commences, "of a thing that delighted the hemisphere. It was nineteen hundred and forty-five when Janet Jennings became alive. She made all the headlines far and near and became the Baby of the Year! Crowds to do her homage came, bringing priceless gifts and rare. The flower shops all had a boom and Western Union tore its hair." (Western Union transmits America's telegrams.)

Then, skipping a few stanzas, Jacqueline continues her fun: "Into my crystal ball I gaze and predict a future that will amaze."

The predicted future foresaw Janet Jennings entering politics at 21. Then "First Woman President you'll be, I trow."

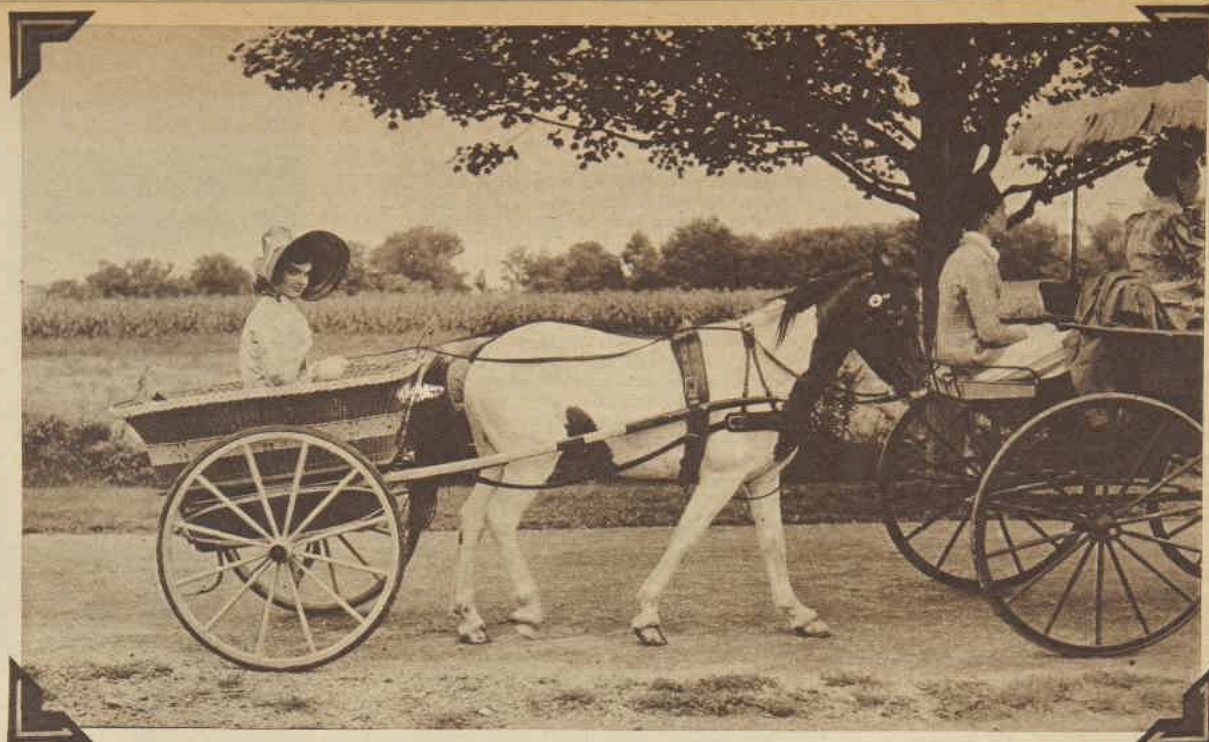
The finale is several verses later: "You'll live a rich, full life all right. The oppressed you'll always free 'em and when dead you'll have a statue in Tussaud's Wax Museum!"

(A wax model of President Kennedy joined other American presidents and statesmen in Madame Tussaud's waxworks in London on Inauguration Day.)

Today Janet Jennings Auchincloss is 15 and enjoying her first year at Miss Porter's School. She is full of bounce, but so far shows little indication of fulfilling her sister's prophecy of becoming politically minded.

Jamie Auchincloss, youngest of the family, was born a few months before Jacqueline was graduated from Farmington. He is, undoubtedly, one of the very few young men who at the age of five months shared a debutante party with an older sister.

It was an afternoon tea, a reception with dancing at Hammersmith Farm in Newport.



Jamie had been christened that same afternoon at Trinity Church, with the dean of the Virginia Theological Seminary officiating. Engraved invitations to the debut-reception afterward had gone out in the name of his parents. Down in the left corner was the legend:

"To meet  
Miss Jacqueline Lee Bouvier  
and  
Master James Lee Auchincloss."

The very next day after the cards were mailed Jamie received his first social invitation. An eager hostess, constantly alert for extra dancing men, bade Mr. James Lee Auchincloss to a dinner dance.

(Jacqueline thinks her tea with Jamie was "nice" and the way all coming-out parties should be—teas instead of expensive dances.)

Later in the summer she was one of two debutantes at a dance at Newport. Newspapers described her dress as "a lovely white tulle gown with an off-the-shoulder neckline and bouffant skirt."

Jacqueline, never a spender, had bought the charming creation off a New York department-store rack. It had cost just 55 dollars. That spring and summer, after Jamie's birth, their mother had been slow to recover. She wasn't up to shopping and Jacqueline had been told to buy herself a coming-out dress, glamorous as possible.

The dress was lovely, but Janet, so proud of her daughter and wanting her to have the most ravishing of all gowns, couldn't help being a bit disappointed.

The sartorial sensation that evening, however, was not made by debutante, matron, or dowager. Instead it was made by a kid sister, allowed to join the fun after dinner.

This was Lee Bouvier, of course. A suitable juvenile frock had been selected for 14-year-old Lee. But she had other ideas and, by wiles never discovered, coaxed the local seamstress to run up a design of her own.

It was strapless pink satin, sprinkled generously with rhinestones and sirenishly accessorised with elbow-length black satin mitts, fingerless, but tethered by a pointed strap over the middle finger.

The stag line made a beeline for curvaceous, flirty Lee.

Later Jacqueline occasionally borrowed Lee's siren suit and claims she was wearing it when Cholly Knickerbocker decided to nominate her as the year's No. 1 Debutante. The Hearst columnist, whose real name is Igor Cassini, wrote as follows:

"America is a country of traditions. Every four years we elect a President, every two years our congressmen. And every year a new Queen of Debutantes is crowned. . . . Queen Deb of the Year is Jacqueline Bouvier, a regal brunette who has classic features and the daintiness of Dresden porcelain."

"She has poise, is soft-spoken, and is

telligent, everything the leading debutante should be. Her background is strictly 'Old Guard' . . . Jacqueline is now studying at Vassar. You don't have to read a batch of Press clippings to be aware of her qualities."

After all the fun, all the beaux, all the summer parties Jacqueline had left "Hammersmith Farm" for college. She had passed her college aptitude tests in the top group, and was offered admission to several colleges.

She chose Vassar because so many of her friends were going there. She was to stay two years.

Masculine "callers" flocked to Vassar to see this authentic Glamor Girl. At weekends when she was permitted to leave Poughkeepsie she hurried to Yale, to Harvard, to New York to see her father or back home to "Merrywood." She developed so many admirers that her father worried about losing her to one of them.

## "Use your head"

"I suppose it won't be long until I lose you to some funny-looking 'gink,'" he wrote, "who you think is wonderful because he is so romantic-looking in the evening and wears his mother's pearl earrings for dress-shirt buttons, because he loves her so. . . . However, perhaps you'll use your head and wait until you are at least 21."

Looking back, Jacqueline wishes she had gone away less or had fewer callers to absorb her time. Then she could have taken more advantage of Vassar's many opportunities. Despite these extracurricular activities, Jacqueline maintained astonishingly high grades.

She fell irrevocably in love with Europe on her first trip. The summer after her freshman year at Vassar, Jacqueline, with three friends, made the "Grand Tour," chaperoned by one of her former teachers.

Two of the girls were stepdaughters of the U.S. Under-Secretary of the Treasury, who arranged to have the party invited to a Royal garden party at Buckingham Palace.

The garden party was a mob scene. It poured rain and all had to jam somewhat stickily together under the refreshment marquees.

Though the girls were not formally presented to King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, the Royal couple smiled pleasantly as they went down the receiving line. They went down the receiving line twice. They spotted Winston Churchill and moved right in on him. Mr. Churchill was gracious and shook their hands.

At home after the six-week tour of Europe,

**DRIVING her piebald, Dance Step, Jackie rode in a pony cart in the costume parade for her home town's tercentenary celebration.**

Jacqueline longed to go back, and she managed to get herself included in a college group which was allowed to spend its junior year studying in England.

But Jacqueline, her French heritage beckoning, wanted France only. To get there she would have to supplement her regular programme with extra courses in French. She was given permission to try.

She passed with flying colors and in the late summer sailed away to study at the Sorbonne.

The Sorbonne specialises in teaching French civilisation and literature. Jacqueline wanted to live with a family where only French was spoken.

So she became a paying guest of the Comtesse de Renty, a widow whose husband had disappeared in a concentration camp. She herself had been a prisoner in a concentration camp. She was poor and did all the cooking for the seven who lived in her apartment.

Jacqueline adored her and they still correspond.

The Comtesse's apartment was freezing. Jacqueline did her homework in bed, muffled in scarf, mittens, sweater, and ear muffs!

There was a single bathroom containing an antique tin tub for all seven people. Hot water was rare and so, enforcedly, Jacqueline took many cold showers that winter.

That same winter Jacqueline's mother and stepfather came to Paris to see how she was getting along. They knew she cared surprisingly little for creature comforts. But she never once complained about the tin tub nor did she mention wearing mittens and ear muffs doing homework. They were pleased and proud.

After the year at the Sorbonne, Jacqueline spent two wonderful summers travelling in Europe. The first trip was with the Comtesse's daughter—travelling second and third class, and sitting up all night in trains ("... you really get to know people, and hear their stories," she wrote at the time).

In 1950 she travelled with her sister Lee and stepbrother "Yusha."

• Jacqueline celebrated her twenty-second birthday in Florence. Soon after she returned home she took a job as a newspaperwoman—and met Jack Kennedy, her future husband.

**NEXT WEEK: The courting of a career girl**



*They both felt as the great comet  
rushed up through the skies, burning  
out the stars, that this might be  
the answer to man's eternal search*

**H**e stopped the lawnmower in the middle of the yard because he felt that the sun at just that moment had gone down and the stars come out. The fresh-cut grass that had showered his face and body died softly away. Yes, the stars were there, faint at first, but brightening in the clear desert sky. He heard the porch screen-door tap shut and felt his wife watching him as he watched the night.

"Almost time," she said.

He nodded; he did not have to check his watch. In the passing moments he felt very old, then very young, very cold, then very warm, now this, now that. Suddenly he was miles away. He was his own son talking steadily, moving briskly to cover his pounding heart and the resurgent panics as he felt himself slip into fresh uniform, check food supplies, oxygen-flasks, pressure helmet, space suiting, and turn, as every man on earth tonight turned, to gaze at the swiftly filling sky.

Then quickly he was back once more, the father of the son, hands gripped to the lawnmower handle. His wife called, "Come sit on the porch."

"I've got to keep busy!"

She came down the steps and across the lawn. "Don't worry about Robert; he'll be all right."

"But it's all so new," he heard himself say. "It's never been done before. Think of it — a manned rocket going up tonight to build the first space station. Good heavens, it can't be done, it doesn't exist, there's no rocket, no proving-ground, no take-off time, no technicians. For that matter, I don't even have a son named Bob. The whole thing's too much for me!"

"Then what are you doing out here, staring?"

He shook his head. "Well, late this morning, walking to the office, I heard someone laugh out loud. It shocked me so I froze in the middle of the street. It was me, laughing! Why? Because finally I really knew what Bob was going to do tonight; at last I believed it. Holy is a word I never use, but that's how I felt stranded in all that traffic. Then, middle of the afternoon I caught myself humming. You know the song. A wheel in a wheel. Way in the middle of the air."

"I laughed again. The space station, of course, I thought. The big wheel with hollow spokes where Bob'll live six or eight months, then get along to the moon. Walking home I remembered more of the song. Little wheel run by faith. Big wheel run by the grace of God. I wanted to jump, yell, and flame-out myself!"

His wife touched his arm. "If we stay out here, let's at least be comfortable."

They placed two wicker rockers in the centre of the lawn and sat quietly as the stars dissolved out of darkness in pale crushings of rock-salt strewn from horizon to horizon.

"Why," said his wife at last, "it's like waiting for the fireworks at Sisley Field every year."

"Bigger crowd tonight . . ."

"I keep thinking — a billion people watching the sky right now, their mouths all open at the same time."

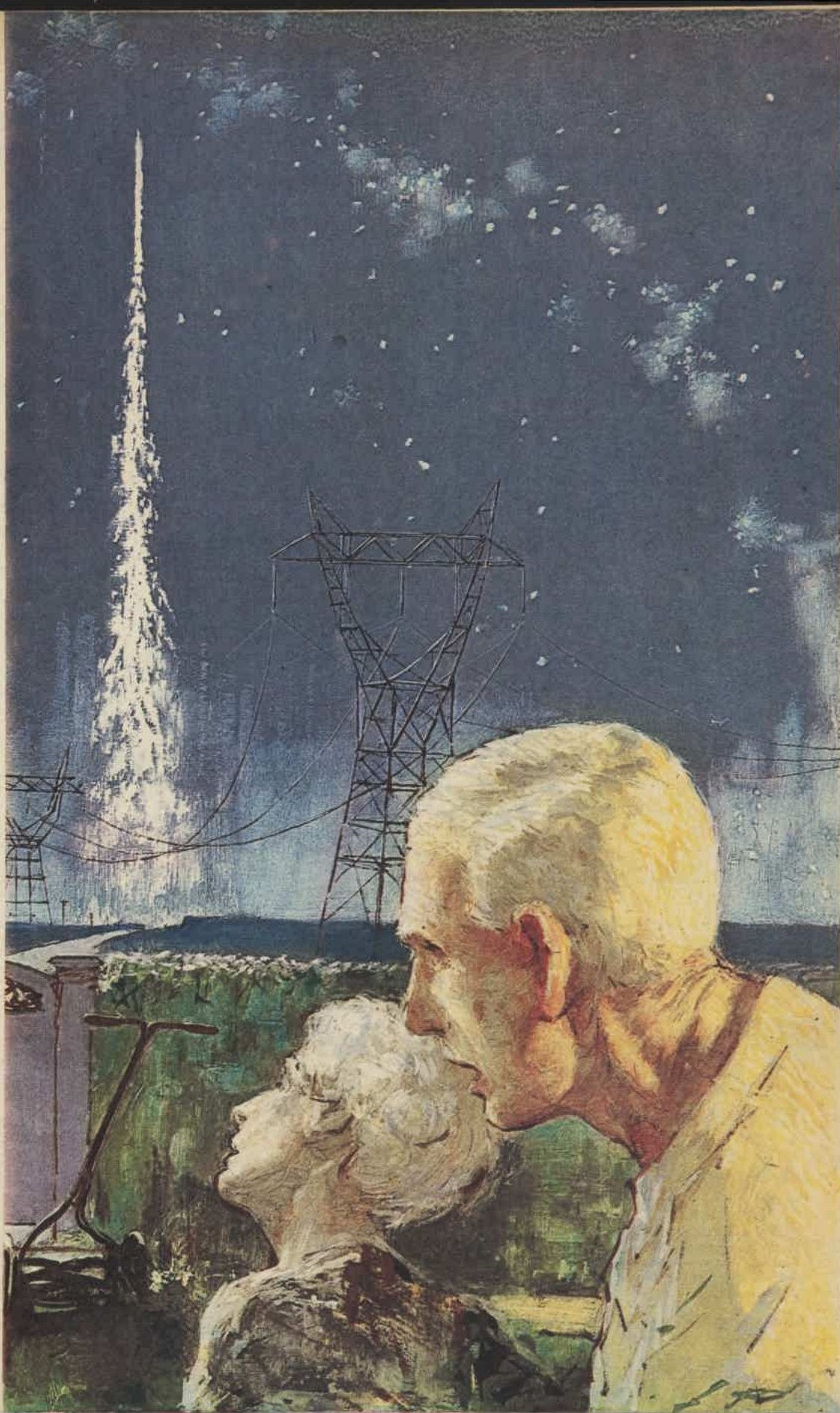
They waited, feeling the earth move under their chairs.

"What time is it now?"

"Eleven minutes to eight."

"You're always right; there must be a clock in your head."

To page 51



# The end of the beginning

A complete short story

By Ray  
Bradbury





"Shaggy dog"  
toothbrushes can  
harm teeth  
and gums!



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# Little boy lonely

A short short story

By **PIXIE  
HUNGERFORD  
BRINSMEAD**



The little Dutch boy felt most unhappy as he watched his lively schoolmates playing football.

It was one of those days. A day when grey rain bucketed down from grey skies, over the mud-grey schoolyard and grey prefabricated buildings. A dismal day. Enough to make any nine-year-old boy droop in sympathy with the weather as he splashed past the car park, where careful parents waited to rescue their darlings from the clutches of wind and rain.

It seemed to Wim, disconsolately watching these other lucky children, that he must be the only boy whose mother had no car to bring him home.

The small, blond figure stayed close to the gutter, but even so, vehicles threw mud and water over him as they swished past. He walked with head bent, so that he did not see the woman with the pram and toddler until he collided with the group.

"Hello, Wim!" It was his mother, waiting for him with the umbrella under the shop awning. Little Francesca held to the side of the pram with a staunch, red fist, unmindful of the weather, while baby, Piet, slept under his waterproof cover.

Again "Hello, Wim!" And his mother kissed his wet face as she welcomed him under the big, black umbrella, which had come all the way from the "Vaderland."

"And why so sad, my Wim?" she asked him as they turned for home.

"Mama—" Wim felt a little happier, but still walked with drooping shoulders and head cast down. "Mama, I don't like the school. I wish we were at home with Grandmama."

"Home," thought the woman. "Home." That was Holland. Not this strange land, full of strange faces. This land of burning summer, grey rain—and cold, unknown faces. But this was not the kind of thinking to comfort her boy in his unhappy state.

"Why, my Wim?" She managed a smile for him. "Don't you have fun, with all those children to play with?"

"I—I don't play with them." His blue eyes never looked up from the puddles at his feet. "They only play football. And me—I don't have any boots."

"Boots? But you have shoes! And you have feet! I think that anyone with good feet can kick a football!" She put her arm around his shoulders. "You have shoes for the warm days, rubber boots for the wet ones—is not this enough?"

Wim muttered—"They say I can't play unless I have boots." Then in a lower voice still—"I do not think they want me to play!"

The mother felt a wetness on her own cheek that was not entirely due to the rain. She knew how hard it was for the boy, even though he was learning English as fast as a shy child can. A lonely child, homesick for things familiar, a child who speaks little. She realised, with anguish, that their slender resources were already strained to the utmost to meet everyday necessities and that there was so little money to buy such things as football boots.

"Wim, how I wish I could give you these boots. But they cost money. In this new country there are so many things to buy. So much money for the house—even with no chairs in it. There was the pram for the baby—a heater for the winter. I would so like to buy you these boots that you speak of, but the money—it will not stretch any further much as I long to be able to help you."

Wim nodded. All his short life he had come up against this same problem. In Holland there had been Grandmama to count on, for the childish luxury—the kite or the toy boat, which Mama could not afford. But here, in this new country, fate gave the wishes of a little boy no second chance.

Now the family had arrived at their unpainted home, in its flooded, unfinished garden. But they were not alone. A woman was waiting for them in the shelter of the porch. She wore a raincoat and carried a parcel under her arm. Her homely face crinkled into a bright smile as she moved forward to help lift the pram up the steps as the mother and her children approached.

"Mrs. Van Gelder?" she asked. "I'm Mrs. Edwards—my Tommy's in the same class at school as your Wim."

"How do you do?" The Dutchwoman felt shy and embarrassed to find a stranger at her door. Should she ask her into the unfurnished house, curtainless, and cold? What could the woman want? But soon she knew the reason for this unexpected visit.

"No I can't come in, my dear, so don't ask me," Tommy's mother hurried on, almost as though she read the other woman's thoughts. "I must go home to Tommy. I just dropped in to see if these would be of any use to Wim." She held out a parcel. "It's a pair of football boots. Tommy's grown out of them, but they're scarcely worn—you know how quickly children grow out of things! And it seems a pity to waste them. I've seen Wim next to Tommy, and he's just a little smaller, so I thought they may happen to fit him."

Suddenly Wim's wet and wistful face had come alight and alive as he gazed in utter amazement at Mrs. Edwards.

"Does Tommy want me to play football?"

The woman looked into his blue eyes. "Oh, yes, he certainly does. He's told me how much the boys want you to play."

Heedless of cold fingers, Wim sat down on the wet porch to try on the boots. They fitted! Suddenly the quiet little boy wanted to run and jump—but most of all he wanted to kick a football! His mother laughed to see the transformation, for it warmed her better than a burst of sunshine, and happiness glowed in her heart.

"But what a kind thing you do, to give pleasure for my boy!" she whispered.

Tommy's mother wrapped her raincoat more securely about herself. "Gracious, not at all! Around here we always swap things when the children grow out of them! Maybe you'll be doing the same when your little Wim grows out of things! Now, I mustn't stop. But do come round for a cup of tea and a gossip when you have the time. I want to hear all about Holland! The white house on the corner! Goodbye for now!" With a wave and a smile, she was gone, into the rain.

Wim had a strange thought. He wished it was schooltime again. For now he had boots! Real football boots! How the boys would admire him—why, they might give him first kick!

The Dutchwoman looked out across the gumtree tops, where the distant schoolground lay. A shepherd's delight rainbow hung against the grey clouds, with its promise of sun in the morning. Tomorrow the rain would be gone. Tomorrow would be different. And Wim—perhaps it would be Wim, at the foot of the rainbow, who would find the pot of gold!

"Come and we shall light the new heater and warm the house," she said happily to her children as she opened the door of their home.

Wim knew now, at the back of his mind, that this new country could indeed provide a fate which gave a little boy's wishes a second chance.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—July 12, 1961



# THE CASE OF THE DUPLICATE DAUGHTER

Fourth instalment of  
our mystery serial

By **ERLE  
STANLEY  
GARDNER**

**ARRESTED** by **LIEUTENANT TRAGG** for the murder of private detective **VERA MARTEL**, **PERRY MASON'S** client **CARTER GILMAN** denied it. Interviewing him in gaol, Mason tells him that when he had delivered some business papers for him to his partner **ROGER CALHOUN**, the latter told him that Martel had been hired to unearth some scandal about **GLAMIS BARLOW**, **MRS. NANCY GILMAN'S** daughter by a previous marriage.

Mason presumed Martel was blackmailing Gilman, but Gilman insisted it was a member of his family, and he had seen this person hurriedly leave his workshop, where later he had found signs of a struggle. Mason asks if it was Nancy, Glamis, or **MURIEL**, Gilman's daughter by his first marriage; or even **HARTLEY ELLIOT**, who had been a house guest, but Gilman won't name the person.

Hurrying to the Gilman home, Mason talks to the three women, only to find none of them will admit knowing anything about Vera Martel, although **PAUL DRAKE**, a private detective employed by Mason, had followed Glamis to Las Vegas, where Martel had had an office. Mason's visit is interrupted by Tragg, so he joins Drake, who has contacted Elliot, who tells them he saw Glamis hurry away from the workshop the morning of the murder, but refuses to testify to this in court. **NOW READ ON:**



"I wasn't near the workshop that morning," Glamis indignantly told the District Attorney, Burger.

**T**HE preliminary hearing in the Case of the People of the State of California versus Carter Gilman started out in a routine manner as a conventional preliminary hearing.

However, veteran courtroom officials noticed that the deputy district attorney, **Edwardo Marcus Deering**, was much more careful with his evidence, and was laying a more firm foundation for an order binding the defendant over than would have been the case if the renowned **Perry Mason** had not been representing the defendant.

Deering, having confided to associates that this time he was going to establish such an ironclad case that not even **Perry Mason** could find a loophole in it, called the State police officer who had found **Vera Martel's** body.

The officer described the tracks indicating a car had left the road, his subsequent inspection of the premises, his finding the body in the car wedged behind the steering wheel. He testified that the automatic gearshift of the car was in the drive position, but that, in his opinion as an expert, the car had been barely crawling when it moved to the outside of the curve and plunged down the grade.

The tracks were not those of a skidding car trying to make a curve and then lunging out of control, but between the shoulder of the pavement and the end of the road where there was a few feet of dirt, the tracks showed very plainly that the automobile had been pointed directly at the curve and had gone over, not at a tangent as would have been the case with a speeding car, but in a direct line which would have been the case only if the car had been deliberately pointed at the precipice.

Moreover, rocks which had been dislodged by the automobile as it went

over the cliff indicated that the initial velocity of the car had been such as to displace the rocks only a very short distance. There was no indication of speed.

The officer introduced photographs of the car, of the body, and of the dislodged rocks.

Mason gave the testimony of the witness thoughtful attention, but when he was invited to cross-examine, smiled and said, "No questions, Your Honor."

Judge **Boris Alvord** excused the witness, and regarded **Perry Mason** with thoughtful speculation.

"May I ask if the defence intends to make any showing in this case?" he asked.

"We don't know yet, Your Honor."

"Do you know whether you will resist an order binding the defendant over?"

"Yes, Your Honor, we will resist it."

"Very well," Judge Alvord said to the prosecutor, "call your next witness."

The next witness was an autopsy surgeon, who testified to various broken bones and internal injuries.

"Can you give your opinion as to the cause of death?" Deering asked.

Judge Alvord glanced at Mason, expecting an objection.

Mason sat tight and said nothing.

"In my opinion," the autopsy surgeon said, "death was due to manual strangulation. The broken bones and internal injuries were post-mortem and were incurred, I would say, at least two hours after death."

"Can you give an approximate time of death?" Deering asked.

"I would say that death occurred some time between seven-thirty a.m. and eleven-thirty a.m. of the day preceding that on which the body was discovered."

"Cross-examine," Deering said to **Perry Mason**.

"No questions," Mason said.

The deputy coroner, called to the stand, identified the personal property which had been in the purse of **Vera Martel**. The purse had been taken from the wrecked automobile.

"With particular reference to this key container containing several keys," Deering asked, "did you mark this key container in any way for identification?"

"I did."

"Does that have your identifying mark on it?"

"It does."

"Is this the key container which was taken from **Vera Martel's** automobile?"

"It is."

"Cross-examine," Deering said to **Mason**.

Mason shook his head. "No questions."

"Call **Jonathan Blair**," Deering said. **Jonathan Blair** qualified himself as a technical criminological expert for the sheriff's office.

"Did you make a microscopic examination of the clothing and of the body of **Vera Martel**?" Deering asked.

"I did."

"Specifically, what did you find in the way of unusual foreign bodies?"

"I found bits of sawdust adhering to the skirt, to the top of one of the stockings, and in both of the shoes."

"Can you describe this sawdust?"

"The sawdust," Blair said, "came from various types of wood. There was satinwood, sandalwood, a rare type of mahogany, myrtlewood, and fragments of mahogany which had been stained a deep red."

"Was this a varnish or oil?" Deering asked.

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Page 31





*The anniversary was  
suitably celebrated  
with a traditional  
birthday cake, but it  
wasn't what she  
wanted . . . a story*

**By  
MARGERY  
SHARP**

**O**NE WOMAN being lunched by five men, in an extremely elegant Paris restaurant, is naturally an object of envy and admiration — even if she is old, dowdy, and insignificant — whereas Ellen Croy was twenty-nine, as elegant as the restaurant, and wore success like an orchid corsage.

Though it was more or less a business lunch, each of her companions would have been happy to entertain her for pleasure: one of Mrs. Croy's most delightful qualities, as M. Dubois pointed out in a short speech, being that she enabled them to combine business and pleasure in one.

They were in fact celebrating Ellen's fifth anniversary as Paris correspondent of a famous fashion magazine. Between

# THE FIFTH CANDLE



them, the five men covered a great part of the French luxury trade, and they were thoroughly alive to the value of so careful and indefatigable a reporter.

Ellen missed nothing and forgot nothing; she had extraordinary appreciation of both French artistry and British taste; also she was incorruptible. If Mrs. Croy found a beauty-product unsatisfactory, there was simply nothing to be done about it — except perhaps improve the product. In consequence, an increasing number of her fellow countrywomen never shopped in Paris without a cutting from an Ellen Croy article in their handbags—they felt such justified confidence in her.

In her own world she was most definitely a power; yet the lunch wasn't a tribute to her power alone, but an expression of genuine liking. Power alone might have commanded the caviare, but not the five-candled cake.

Every head in the restaurant turned, everyone smiled, as the cake came on.

"Blow!" cried M. Dupont (Lyons Silks) triumphantly. "All out in one breath, madame, and another happy five years for all of us!"

"Poor choristers that we are," lamented M. Dubois (Parfums du Midi). "I fear 'Happy Birthday' is quite beyond our powers! But I look even further, to ten years, madame, and twenty, of happy co-operation!"

Ellen laughed, and blew, sending out all the candles but one. "That one's in case I grow complacent," she said gaily. "To remind me how hard I must work to keep your good opinions — and the opinion they have of me at home."

No one ate the cake—they had eaten too well already — and with fivefold hand-kissings the party broke up.

It was Saturday. Each of her hosts, Ellen knew, was headed for the sacred, domestic weekend in the bosom of his family. The French are a very domestic race.

"May one call you a taxi?" suggested M. Dulac (Préparations de Beauté Ste Claire).

"Thank you, I believe I'll walk," said Ellen, looking down the broad sunny Champs-Élysées.

"The British energy!" murmured M. Ducros (Gants et Élegances de Paris). "Au revoir, then, dear madame — and remember our little showing next week!"

"Do I ever forget?" laughed Ellen.

Then they all went their ways and left her alone . . .

A woman left alone in the broad sunny Champs-Élysées may still attract admiration, but scarcely envy. Ellen walked no more than a hundred yards before she sat down outside another café, where she ordered a lemon squash and gave herself up to reflection.

She had all the time in the world, since for once her own weekend stretched blank before her. It was spring; none of her many friends were as yet settled in the country — camped for the summer on that patch of familiar soil all French seemed to own; there was nowhere she could invite herself to outside Paris.

Ellen visualised Messieurs Dupont, Dubois, and Dulac merely shirt-sleeved in their town apartments; perhaps escorting their children to the Luxembourg Gardens or the Bois; certainly sitting down to a tremendous, familiar Sunday dinner. Nor was there laid on, for that particular weekend, any one of the innumerable semi-fashionable, semi-charitable galas that keep the Paris pot a-boiling.

"Thank you, that's just how I like it," said Ellen Croy to the waiter bringing her lemon squash.

Blase old tortoise that he was, even he looked at her admiringly. Ellen wasn't aware of it. She was envying Messieurs Dupont, Dubois, and Dulac in the bosoms of their families.

As a natural sequence, she began to think about her husband. For they'd never been divorced. Occasionally it troubled Ellen—not because she wanted to marry anyone else, just because her tidy mind disliked loose ends. She and Tommy Croy had undoubtedly married too impulsively — as even their honeymoon in Paris discovered. Tommy intended to study art.

"Then study art!" Ellen adjured him, emerging from a month-long dream of love and kisses. "Spend all day in the Louvre, I'll be glad. I'll willingly bring you sandwiches, take notes, help all I can — so long as you don't just sit all day outside cafés!"

To page 34

When Ellen saw her husband at the table she was glad he was alone.

Illustrated by Boothroyd



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## Continuing... THE FIFTH CANDLE

from page 33

"Mayn't the warrior relax?" grinned Tommy.  
At first Ellen was silenced. The memory of Tommy's service in Korea never failed to stir her compassion and respect. He'd hated, he proclaimed frankly, every moment of it—and been twice decorated. If his intent to study art was in part a reaction, if he'd temporarily exhausted his store of energy, how could Ellen rebuke? Outside cafes Tommy continued to sit.

HE was very sure of her. He had reason to be: all else apart, they were most happy lovers. Only within marriage, indeed, could Ellen's fastidious morality have allowed her to accept, and return, such pleasures, but her husband she met in delight—as warm-blooded as he, as gay and loving and tender. For months, however cross-grained the day, night put all to rights again. But the days found them increasingly at odds.

This uncomfortable period was when Ellen learnt her excellent French. She couldn't bear to be idle, so she learnt French—thoroughly. When she returned to London a year later, she took with her at least this new acquirement. She didn't take her husband. Tommy was apparently rooted outside the Cafe des Abeilles—as rooted as the little bay trees in their green tubs. Like them, when winter came, he merely moved inside. But Ellen couldn't live without working, so she went home.

It wasn't a question of finance—Tommy had a small but sufficient income deriving from trust funds—it was simply that Ellen was a natural worker: the instinct to work so strong she could even break the leash of love. They parted, contrary to modern manners, on rather bad terms, for Ellen at the last couldn't hold back her reproaches at his idleness, nor Tommy an accusation of nagging.

Their subsequent communications were brief and tended to be hurtful. But they still weren't officially separated, and they still communicated—until Ellen wrote the letter announcing her wonderful piece of luck. It was her French that won it for her.

She had always been in journalism, and had some reputation. Now her French won her the prize plum of a Paris assignment.

To this final letter, as it turned out to be, Tommy replied by telegram: "Warmest congratulations. Have gone to live in Spain." After which naturally all communication ceased.

Ellen settled into a charming apartment near the Etoile. Her work, so soon to be so outstandingly successful, occupied her fully. On the side she made many friends, she was invited everywhere, and if she was courted largely for her influence it was because all the Frenchmen she met assumed she had a lover already.

They didn't realise she kept her apartment full of flowers as a matter of course. For five years, between work and play, Ellen had never a dull moment; and, sensibly dismissing Tommy from her mind, rarely for more than a moment thought of him at all.

Now, sitting alone after her anniversary lunch party—envying Messieurs Dubois, Dupont, and Ducros—she thought of him wishfully.

Why not? thought Ellen. Why not at least see Tommy again?

Their semi-detached position was in any case absurd; she ought to see him again, Ellen

told herself, if only to arrange a divorce. Or possibly, if Tommy had mended his ways, to make a fresh start.

And to have a husband again... Someone who would be always there, weekend or weekday, to relax and be comfortable with—without the necessity of making a date... Someone to sit at home with in the feminine equivalent of shirtsleeves. More important, someone with whom to work together, to pull together, as man and woman should.

As a result of which train of thought Ellen paid for her lemon squash and hailed a passing taxi. For she felt pretty certain, and always had done, that Tommy was still in Paris. He adored Paris—and moreover she well remembered a previous attempt on Spain during the year they were together; when before the complications of visas and currency Tommy's happy indolence swiftly resumed the upper hand, and they went to Fontainebleau instead.

After such a rebuff as his wife, pride naturally forbade her to seek him out, and for five years, most carefully, she had avoided the vicinity of the Cafe des Abeilles—carefully, and easily; her new lines lay in more elegant quarters—but she now gave the once-familiar address with a good deal of confidence. Even a reformed Tommy might well be found outside his favorite cafe on a Saturday afternoon.

At a familiar corner Ellen

## FROM THE BIBLE

—Two versions  
● "There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."  
—Hebrews 4:9.  
(Authorised version)  
● "Therefore, a sabbath rest still awaits the people of God."  
—Hebrews 4:9.  
(New English Bible)

paid off the taxi and got out. She intended to be strolling by...

Also she wanted to see Tommy first, if he was there to be seen, before Tommy saw her. It was quite on the cards, Ellen realised, that he mightn't be alone. If he was with another man, well and good; if with another woman, the meeting might be better postponed. One doesn't re-enter one's husband's life after an interval of five years without a little stage-management.

But Tommy Croy was alone. From the other side of the narrow street Ellen stood a moment contemplating him. So far as appearance went, he hadn't changed by a hair. Long and lanky, light-headed and brown-skinned, there he lounged over his cognac as if it were yesterday; and it might have been yesterday as, at the sight of the long scar running from cheek-bone to jaw-bone, Ellen's heart turned over.

She crossed the street, and said, "Tommy!"

He looked up. If he was surprised he didn't show it. He simply reached out a long arm and took Ellen by the wrist and pulled her down into the seat beside him. He might have been expecting her.

"Coffee and cognac?" invited Tommy Croy. "Or are you still tectotal until dusk?"

"Not today," said Ellen, laughing. "Today I've just been stood a gala lunch!"

"Ah, but what day aren't you stood a gala lunch?" said

Tommy. "You, the most successful woman in Paris?"

Ellen sat back and relaxed in turn. That he knew so much made everything a lot easier.

"You've actually been following my career?" she said lightly.

"In all the illustrious, darling! 'Madame Croy at the Versailles fete,' and all the other fetes. I can't tell you how fascinating it's been," said Tommy affectionately, "to lurk in the shadows and watch my loved one hogging the limelight! Dear Ellen, you have my warmest congratulations!"

There was a slight pause. "As you said once before," remarked Ellen. "In your wire."

The pause became slightly awkward. Now they were neither of them quite so relaxed.

"In my wire," agreed Tommy. "Hadden't we better cut all that out, darling? As you no doubt observe," he added, "I'm not in Spain after all."

"I thought you mightn't be," said Ellen.

"You did? Now, why was that?" inquired Tommy, with fictitious interest.

"Visas," said Ellen briefly. "All right, let's cut it out. I'm willing... Tell me what you're doing yourself, Tommy."

He grinned. He was grateful to her, but he grinned. "Studying art."

Ellen moved so abruptly that the arm of her little iron chair jarred against the little iron table; saucers rattled.

"Still," added Tommy. "Will you listen just a moment?" asked Ellen.

"I'd much rather look at you."

"You can look as well! Listen, Tommy: I can get you space on the paper, I know I can. You could cover all the art exhibitions—"

"You've grown so beautiful," said Tommy.

"You could make a real success, I'm sure of it!" cried Ellen.

"You're much more beautiful than when I married you."

"The paper needs an art critic, London's written about it—"

"Come home, and don't talk so much," said Tommy Croy.

Familiar again was the four-flights-up, cold-water apartment; familiar again the big double French bed. To yawn and stretch next morning beside a familiar husbandly warmth—how familiar, and how deeply satisfying!

"What time is it?" murmured Ellen sleepily.

"Sunday-time."

Very late, that Sunday morning, they took a picnic into the Bois; and lazed all afternoon on the fresh grass; and watched children playing ball with their papas—amongst them, quite possibly, Messieurs Ducros, Dubois, and Dulac. Never was a prettier spring day; as though Paris had been listening to all the songs about itself. Perpetually Ellen and Tommy caught each other's eyes, directing them upon immaculate, fresh-leaved branch, or some immaculate, freshly laundered infant, or even upon some immaculate blade of grass...

With so much to talk about, it was odd how silent they were—or perhaps not so odd. Ellen noticed all around them pairs of lovers equally dumb. Falling in love, she decided, was a rather silencing thing. She had no doubt that she had fallen in love with Tommy all over again, as he with her.

That they were already married, though a simplification, merely gave them less to talk about, since it is the how and where, the if and when of marrying that lovers most urgently need to discuss.

To page 47



# CANNED FRUITS CONTEST

**£2000 in cash prizes for recipes**

● We begin this week a wonderful new cookery contest in which prizes totalling £2000 will be awarded for recipes featuring canned pears, peaches, and apricots.

● Readers are invited to enter the contest and try for the splendid cash prizes, which are headed by the Grand Champion Prize of £1000 for the best recipe entered in any of the three sections.

IN addition to the £1000 Grand Champion Prize, there are first prizes of £100 in each of the three sections; second prizes of £50 in each section; third prizes of £30; fourth prizes of £20; and fifth prizes of £10.

There will be 44 consolation prizes of £5 each and three weekly progress prizes of £10 each, which will be awarded, and the recipes published, throughout the contest.

All you have to do to enter is to send in a recipe in which canned pears or peaches or apricots are the featured ingredient.

The contest will be conducted in three sections, one for each type of canned fruit. They are:—

## Section 1: Canned Pears

## Section 2: Canned Peaches

## Section 3: Canned Apricots

This is an easy contest because of the wide variety of recipes that can be entered. Recipes for any or all of the dishes listed below will be eligible in any of the three sections.

### SOUP.

### ENTREE OR SAVORY.

### MEAT OR FISH DISH.

### HOT OR COLD PUDDING.

ANY SWEETS COURSE DISH, including pastry and cake suitable to serve as dessert.

Recipes for any of the dishes above with canned pears as the featured ingredient should be entered in Section 1; with canned peaches

as the featured ingredient in Section 2; and with canned apricots as the featured ingredient in Section 3.

Will readers please note that the pears, peaches, and apricots used as featured ingredients in recipes must be canned, not fresh, and can be whole, halved, or sliced fruits.

Modern methods of canning pears, peaches, and apricots have made them readily available,



PEACH CHOCOLATE MOULD

and they are a familiar commodity in almost every kitchen.

They are always at hand when the fresh fruits are out of season, so delicious dishes based on pears, peaches, and apricots can be made throughout the year.

In using them, Australians are supporting a national industry, because they are grown and canned in New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia, where the annual harvests produce top-grade canning fruits.

These three States provide three-quarters of the nation's canned-fruit output.

The sun-ripened fruit, after it leaves the orchards, goes to modern canneries, where it is processed almost wholly by automatic machinery. In the peak of the season, workers

are busy at the canneries day and night, and the high-speed machines are kept going non-stop.

As shown in the three pictures on this page, the individual flavors of these wholesome and luscious canned fruits can be used as a basis for both sweet and savory dishes.

Pears, peaches, and apricots all combine well with meat, and can be used to make appetising and interesting casseroles, stews, and grills, as well as adding flavor to baked dishes.

Some of the most delicious desserts, ranging from hot substantial puddings to the lightest of foamy parfaits, are prepared with pears, peaches, or apricots.

As well as enhancing the basic flavor of the dish, the fruits add to its appearance when they are used to form a pretty garnish or a topping.

There are so many interesting ways in which these three canned fruits can be used in cookery.

Almost every housewife has at least one recipe, if not many more, that features one of the fruits and has become a family favorite.

Some accomplished cooks will probably have invented their own recipe, or adapted an old one, using one of the three canned fruits in a meat-dish or a new tempting dessert.

New or adapted recipes or old family favorites with a new touch—all are eligible to enter in this contest and have a chance of winning the Grand Champion Prize of £1000 or one of the other big cash prizes.

To simplify the judges' task here is a sample recipe showing the correct method for setting out each entry.

Should the recipe take more than one page, attach securely with page number, recipe title, and name and address clearly stated.

### SAMPLE ENTRY

#### SECTION 1 Canned Pears

Mrs. Full Name,  
Number and Street,  
Suburb or Town,  
State.

#### PEAR GINGERBREAD WITH LEMON SAUCE

##### INGREDIENTS

Two ounces butter  
2oz. brown sugar  
2 tablespoons golden syrup  
1 egg  
1 cup milk  
5oz. flour  
1 teaspoon bicarb. soda  
1 dessertspoon ground ginger  
1 teaspoon spice  
1 large can pear halves  
1 dessertspoon lemon juice  
2 tablespoons sugar  
Whipped sweetened cream.

METHOD: Sift flour, ginger, spice, and soda, then rub in the butter. Stir in the brown sugar. Beat the egg, add the golden syrup and milk, pour into flour, and mix quickly and lightly to a pouring consistency. Drain and slice the pears, place in a greased ovenproof dish, and sprinkle with sugar and lemon juice. Pour over the gingerbread mixture. Bake in a very moderate oven for 35 to 40 minutes. Cut into squares, decorate with cream, and serve with lemon sauce.

##### LEMON SAUCE

One tablespoon sugar  
2 teaspoons cornflour  
1 cup pear syrup  
Grated rind of half a lemon  
3 dessertspoons lemon juice  
2 dessertspoons butter

METHOD: Blend sugar and cornflour with syrup, place on stove, and stir until boiling. Cook for 2 or 3 minutes. Add lemon rind and juice and butter and stir until all ingredients are thoroughly mixed.



PEAR  
SHORTCAKE

## CONTEST RULES

Address entries to Canned Fruits Recipe Contest, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

Write clearly or type each recipe on a separate sheet of paper. Write sender's name and address (including State) on each sheet of paper.

Mark the section in which it is entered at the top of each recipe submitted.

Write down first the ingredients required in each recipe, and then, in a separate paragraph, the method of making.

Use level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure.

Competitors can submit as many entries as they like in any or all of the three sections.

The judges will be The Australian Women's Weekly panel of cookery experts, who will open and judge every entry. Their decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.

If two or more competitors enter an identical recipe, the first one opened will be eligible for a prize.

The results as published shall be final and binding on all competitors. All competitors taking part in the contest agree as a condition of entry to accept such results as final and binding.

Employees of Australian Consolidated Press and members of their families are not eligible to enter this contest.

Please remember that all recipes submitted must feature canned pears, canned peaches, or canned apricots as the main ingredient.

If two or more identical recipes are submitted, the first one opened will be eligible for a prize.

To enter the contest, write clearly or type each recipe on a separate sheet of paper, and write the sender's name and address (including State) on each sheet.

Mark the section in which it is entered at the top of each recipe submitted.

Write down first the ingredients required in each recipe, and then, in a separate paragraph, the method of making.

To simplify judging, use level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure.

Competitors can submit as many entries as they wish in any or all of the three sections. Send your entries to:

CANNED FRUITS RECIPE CONTEST,  
BOX 5252, G.P.O.,  
SYDNEY.

The contest will be judged by Leila C. Howard, our food and cookery expert, assisted by our panel of other cookery experts. They will open and judge every recipe submitted.

## APRICOT STEAK PIQUANTE



## THE PRIZE LIST

**Below are the big cash prizes to be awarded in our Canned Fruits Recipe Contest:**

**Grand Champion Prize (best recipe entered in contest) . . . . . £1000**  
**First Prize in each of three sections . . . . . £100**  
**Second Prize in each section . . . . . £50**  
**Third Prize in each section . . . . . £30**  
**Fourth Prize in each section . . . . . £20**  
**Fifth Prize in each section . . . . . £10**  
**Forty-four consolation prizes, each . . . . . £5**

**In addition, three progress prizes of £10 each will be awarded weekly throughout the contest.**





Coffee tastes best creamed with  
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All over the world people are discovering this best of all ways of making coffee. Just make it black, add double-rich Carnation Milk and you'll enjoy coffee at its best. Carnation improves any coffee — makes it smoother, creamier — brings out the full coffee flavour — gives you a really satisfying drink. Make your coffee with Carnation once and you'll make it this way every time. And it's so easy. Just punch and pour Carnation straight from the can. (No fuss, no bother! No milk to heat — no messy saucepans to wash.)

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Try Carnation for all milk drinks. Milk shakes, cocoa, chocolate and tonic beverages — they all taste better — creamier, smoother — with double-rich Carnation Milk.



# Cookery Course

## ALL ABOUT EGGS

### —Buying, storing, cooking

**E**GGs are a most important and widely used item in the diet. They are a good source of first-class protein and are an ideal food for young children, invalids, and those who find meat hard to digest.

An egg a day is recommended for good health. This need not necessarily be eaten boiled, poached, or fried, but can be taken in a custard or savory dish or pudding.

### CHOOSING EGGS

Two grades of eggs are available in Australia—large and small. Each type has its uses.

**Small eggs:** Use as breakfast dishes, for baking in tomato or potato shells, biscuit and pastry making, and savory egg dishes.

**Large eggs:** Use for custards, sponges, and butter cakes.

When buying eggs it is obviously wise to obtain the freshest possible. The water test is a reliable test for freshness. To make this test, place the egg in sufficient cold water to cover it.

- Fresh eggs will lie flat in water.
- Slightly stale eggs will tilt a little. They can be used for frying or scrambling without ill effect.
- Stale eggs will sit upright in water.

### STORAGE

Eggs should be stored in refrigerator or cool cupboard, with ends pointing down. If storing in cupboard, ensure there is good circulation of air. Eggshells are porous and should not be washed before storing, because this removes the fine covering film. They tend to absorb strong odors, and should not be stored near strong-smelling foods.

**Storage of leftover eggs:**

**Yolks:** Store in refrigerator, covered with cold water.

**Whites:** Store in covered container in refrigerator.

### EFFECT OF HEAT

Eggs are coagulated by heat, and are best cooked slowly at low temperature. High cooking temperatures toughen coagulated protein contained in eggs, and over-cooking results in a tough, dry dish or, if any liquid has been added, curdling.

### BASIC METHODS

There are five basic ways of cooking eggs—boiling, poaching, steaming, baking, frying.

**Boiling, 1st method:** Drop eggs into gently bubbling water, boil 3½ minutes. If shell cracks, add salt to water. This will help to coagulate escaping white.

**Boiling, 2nd method:** Place eggs in cold water, bring to boil, boil 3 minutes. If eggs have been taken directly from refrigerator, use this method, and allow further half minute cooking time. When eggs are to be boiled and cooled, this is also a most suitable method of cooking. Hard-boiled eggs should be plunged immediately into cold water to prevent formation of black ring round yolk. When peeling eggs, crack shell and start peeling from blunt end. Eggs less than 3 days old are difficult to peel.

**Poaching:** Water for poaching should be just simmering and deep enough to cover eggs. Fast-boiling water tends to break up egg-whites. Addition of 1 teaspoon of vinegar or lemon juice to 1 quart of water assists in setting eggs. To retain shape of poached eggs, swirl water just before adding egg, and drop it into centre. Poaching rings are useful for this method. Slightly different flavor is obtained if eggs are poached in milk or cream.

### ADDITIONAL USES FOR EGGS

Below is some additional information about eggs, and how to use up leftover eggs, egg-yolks, and egg-whites.

#### CAKES AND BISCUITS

Eggs are used in cakes and biscuits to aerate the mixtures and provide nourishment and color. They should be at room temperature, so remove from refrigerator 2 hours before using. For successful sponge-making, eggs must be at least 3 days old to ensure good volume.

#### EGG GLAZING

Egg mixed with water or milk: Used when

#### NEXT WEEK: How to make casseroles

tained if eggs are poached in milk or cream.

**Steaming:** Similar to poaching. Cups in which eggs are steamed should be greased generously with butter. Water in pan should be just below boiling.

**Baking:** Eggs can be baked in individual dishes or one larger dish. Grease dishes generously, place small amount of liquid (milk, cream, meat stock or well seasoned sauce) in base of dish before putting eggs in. Eggs can be sprinkled with breadcrumbs, which add to appearance and protect from oven's direct heat. Cook in moderate oven 20 minutes.

**Frying:** Eggs can be fried in hot melted butter, dripping, or oil. Break eggs carefully into saucer, slide them into pan one at a time. Cook over low heat until whites are no longer transparent and yolks are firm.

### WELL-KNOWN DISHES

Here are the basic methods of cooking well-known egg dishes:

**Scrambled eggs:** Add 1 tablespoon of milk to each egg. If too much liquid is added, eggs will curdle. Grease pan with butter, cook eggs over low heat, stirring sufficiently to prevent sticking and to form soft curls of egg.

**Plain omelet:** Beat eggs with 1 teaspoon of water for each egg. Cook in slightly greased pan. Lift setting mixture so uncooked portion flows underneath. Fold before serving but do not turn.

**Fluffy omelet:** Beat egg-yolks with seasonings and liquid. Stiffly beat whites, fold in. Cook mixture over low heat without stirring until almost set. Brown top under low-heat griller. Omelet can be filled with any suitable filling, which should be placed inside before folding. Fluffy omelet can be baked in moderate oven.

**Baked custard:** Allow ½ cup milk and 1 tablespoon sugar to each egg. Add few drops vanilla or any other flavoring desired. Bake in moderate oven in dish standing in pan of hot water to prevent curdling. Test custard by inserting sharp knife which should be clean when withdrawn.

**Stirred custard:** Cook above mixture in double saucepan over barely simmering water, stir constantly during cooking. When cooked, custard should coat silver spoon. Pour immediately into wide-mouthed jug or bowl. If custard begins to curdle, beat vigorously.

### MERINGUES

These are made of egg-whites and sugar. Egg-whites will not beat if there is any particle of fat or water mixed with them. Once beaten, they will not hold their volume for long and rebeating is impossible. Therefore, it is advisable to beat them just before use. Stiffly beaten egg-whites are glossy and form peaks. They should not move if bowl is tipped, but over-beating is to be avoided because it results in loss of volume. A pinch of cream of tartar added before beating produces better volume.

When beating sugar into egg-whites, add 1 spoonful at a time, beating well after each addition so sugar is all dissolved. Consistency of cooked meringue depends on amount of sugar added to egg-whites.

**Soft meringue:** Use 1½oz. sugar to each egg-white. Use for topping pies and puddings. Bake in moderately slow oven. Care should be taken to adhere meringue to pastry because this prevents shrinkage.

**Hard meringue:** Use 3oz. sugar to each egg-white. Use for small meringues, shells, and pavlovas. Cook on ungreased greaseproof paper in very slow oven 1 to 3 hours, depending on size. When cooked, meringue will lift off paper. They will keep for a long time when stored in airtight containers.

frying foods coated with crumbs. It forms skin and prevents fat from soaking into food.

**Egg-yolk:** Used for glazing savory pies and gives rich golden brown crust.

**Egg-white:** Used for glazing sweet pies and gives pale brown crust. Use to glaze an uncooked pie shell to prevent filling soaking in.

#### LEFTOVER EGGS

**Yolks:** Used for biscuits, pastries, custards, glazing, and in fruit batters and sandwich fillings. Can be boiled by dropping into simmering salted water.

**Whites:** Used for angel cakes, meringues, glazing, fruit flummies, frostings, and icings.

## IN 1945

Dianne Scealy was a "happy little Veg-e-mite"

Bonny Blondel



Chubby little Dianne Scealy enjoys posing for snapshots. Says her mother: "Dianne is a picture of health. She has been a 'happy little Veg-e-mite' since she was about 6 months old." (extract from 1945 advertisement)



## AND NOW

Dianne is a glamorous model, and still a . . .

## VEGEMITE fan

All members of the Scealy family enjoy eating Vegemite every day—and they all benefit from its nourishing goodness.



All the family need delicious VEGEMITE every day

Through the years, the Scealy family have eaten Vegemite every day—as a safeguard against the Vitamin B<sub>1</sub> deficiency that exists in even the best Australian diets. Vegemite, the richest food source of Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>, and rich also in Vitamin B<sub>2</sub> and Niacin, has benefited all the Scealy family. It has helped give DIANNE her vitality and clear skin . . . teenage brother PETER his hearty appetite . . . sister KATHRYN and little GREGORY their healthy growth. DAD gets his Vitamin B<sub>1</sub> in a non-fattening food: Vegemite . . . and MOTHER likes Vegemite because it's good for her nerves, and because it's so economical.

Remember! Your body cannot store Vitamin B<sub>1</sub> . . . it needs a fresh supply daily.

Always put VEGEMITE next to the pepper and salt whenever you set the table.



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the goodness of Heinz



## Yum! Yum! HEINZ VEGETABLE SOUP!

What a scrumptious way to enjoy the goodness of vegetables! All prepared and cooked so carefully, you really taste each tender, garden fresh vegetable! And richly condensed to give you double the quantity just by adding water! Aren't you glad your family loves nourishing vegetable soup — and that Heinz make it the real home-cooked way — at their usual low price! Serve tempting bowls of Heinz Vegetable Soup soon. It costs no more to enjoy Heinz — world's best soups!

If you like your vegetable soup the genuine Italian style — try Heinz Minestrone!



\*Simply double the quantity with water



# NEW COOKERY MAGIC



FLAVORS OF DISHES such as the oriental medley, country combination, tossed Sydney salad, and bean and bacon savory illustrated above are accentuated by adding a pinch of monosodium glutamate during the cooking. Recipes for these dishes are given below.

● Accent the flavor of foods by adding monosodium glutamate, which has long had the reputation of being the secret "magic" ingredient in Chinese and Japanese cookery.

**M**ONOSODIUM GLUTAMATE, which is derived from wheat or soy beans, is now widely recognised in the Western world for its ability to bring out the full natural flavor of foods.

In its unadulterated state it resembles coarse-salt crystals. The prepared pure ingredient and weaker mixtures are sold in bottles at grocery stores.

Care should be taken when using the pure ingredient, because it is necessary to add only a few grains of it to the average family meal. Recipes which state half a teaspoon or more are referring to the weaker monosodium glutamate mixture, so the quantity should be cut down accordingly.

An easy way to use the pure monosodium glutamate is to add one quarter to one half a teaspoon to every pound of cooking salt, and then use the salt as usual.

Unlike most flavorings and spices, monosodium glutamate does not deteriorate in time or by exposure to the air. It has no flavor of its own—it merely emphasises the natural flavors of the food to which it is added.

Try adding a pinch to your favorite recipes, then cook them in your usual way and notice the difference.

All spoon measurements are level, and the 8-liquid-ounce

measure is used in these recipes. Quantities are sufficient for 4 to 6 persons.

## ORIENTAL MEDLEY

Half pound shredded pork, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon soy sauce, sprinkling monosodium glutamate, 1 egg,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup beans, oil, lin. green ginger, salt, pepper,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup bamboo shoots or shredded cabbage, 4 mushrooms, 2 slices ham,  $\frac{1}{2}$  red pepper (chopped),  $\frac{1}{2}$  green pepper (chopped), 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 tablespoon soy sauce,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup stock or water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. rice noodles.

Season pork with sugar, soy sauce, salt, and monosodium glutamate. Shred other ingredients. Beat egg, pour into heated pan, cook until set. Remove from pan, shred. Parboil beans 1 minute, drain. Heat pan, add oil and ginger, place in pork, mushrooms, beans, bamboo shoots, ham, red and green peppers, and lastly the egg. Blend cornflour with soy sauce and stock, add to mixture. Simmer gently until sauce thickens, stirring constantly. Season with salt, pepper. Fry noodles, arrange round outside of serving-dish. Spoon in pork mixture. Serve piping hot.

## BEAN AND BACON SAVORY

One rabbit,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cornflour, salt, pepper, dash 2 large onions, melted butter, salt.

String beans, place in boiling salted water. Cook until tender, drain. Toss in melted butter and monosodium glutamate. Slice onions into rings and separate. Parboil in salted water. Remove rind from bacon, cut into pieces. Fry until crisp. Place beans on hot plate, garnish with onion rings and bacon pieces.

## COUNTRY COMBINATION

One rabbit,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cornflour, salt, pepper, dash monosodium glutamate, fat for frying,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup diced celery,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup mushrooms, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 onion (chopped),  $\frac{1}{2}$  cups stock or water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup tomato puree, blended cornflour if necessary.

Cut rabbit into pieces, toss in mixture of flour, cornflour, monosodium glutamate, salt, and pepper. Fry in hot fat until golden-brown, remove. Add to pan the chopped mushrooms, cook slightly. Mix in all other vegetables and the stock and tomato puree. Place in rabbit pieces, cook until tender. Thicken gravy if necessary with blended cornflour, add parsley and extra seasoning if desired. Serve hot.

## TOSSED SYDNEY SALAD

Dressing: One tablespoon sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, pinch monosodium glutamate,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon dry mustard,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon paprika, 6 tablespoons salad oil,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup lemon juice.

Salad Vegetables: One head lettuce, 4 sticks celery (cut diagonally), 4 large tomatoes (cut into quarters), 3 tablespoons chopped parsley.

Dressing: Blend dry ingredients, place in screw-top jar, add oil and lemon juice. Cover tightly, shake vigorously to blend well.

Wash and chill vegetables. Place in large basin and pour on dressing. Toss thoroughly and serve.

## SAVORY OYSTERS

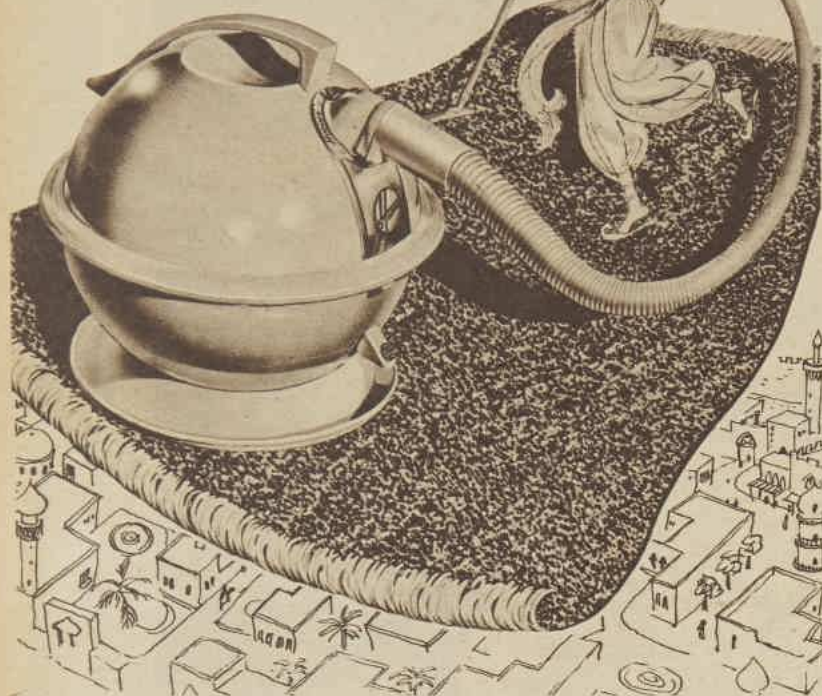
Two cups coarse breadcrumbs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup butter, 2-3rd cup mushrooms (finely sliced), 1-3rd cup chopped green pepper,  $\frac{1}{2}$  clove garlic, 2 bottles oysters,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup reserved oyster liquid,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cream, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon paprika, pinch monosodium glutamate,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon mace, pinch cayenne pepper.

Heat butter, add mushrooms, green pepper, and garlic, and cook slowly 5 minutes in large pan, stirring occasionally. Remove from heat, discard garlic. Stir in breadcrumbs and blend well, set aside. Combine oyster liquid, cream, Worcestershire sauce in basin, set aside. Mix together salt, paprika, monosodium glutamate, mace, and cayenne pepper. Grease and line bottom of casserole with 1-3rd of crumb mixture. Top with layer of oysters, then seasonings, and another layer of crumb mixture. Repeat oysters and seasoning layers. Spoon liquid over oysters before topping with remaining crumb mixture. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes or until crumbs are golden-brown.

BY LEILA C. HOWARD, OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERT



it's Hoover magic!

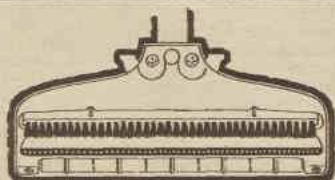


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## AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● The worst of all household jobs, I think, is putting things away — putting away the clean clothes when the ironing is done, putting away the grocer's order, putting away all the things that people leave in inconvenient places.

I WAS amused by a play I saw recently in which the mother of the family, driven mad by the way her husband and children dumped everything on the piano, decided to settle the matter by selling the piano.

Unfortunately I can't take that way out — the kitchen is my family's dumping place, and I can't very well do without that!

A complete stranger, on a bus, told me the other day that she thought she'd found the solution to the dumping problem.

Hers was a two-storey house, and she used to gather up her three sons' scattered possessions and put them plunk in the middle of the bottom stairs, youngest son's goods on the lowest stair, and so on.

It was her view that even children couldn't possibly go upstairs empty-handed when they saw these convenient piles put ready.

She was wrong. With their agile young legs they could clear the three bottom steps at a bound; but she, being not quite so agile, was forced to clear the way herself before she could go upstairs.

Every now and again I go on strike against the untidiness of my family and present an ultimatum — I will wash only those clothes that have been put to the wash and I will sweep only those rooms which are tidy enough to be swept.

This ultimatum always falls heaviest on poor Diana, who is the untidiest of the lot and never manages to get more than one of any pair of anything into the soiled-clothes basket.

Having been forced on Saturday to spring-clean a room that hadn't been touched all the week and to do an odd collection of washing to match up with washed and ironed half-pairs, she is now retaliating by refusing to make cups of tea (which she doesn't drink herself) unless there's tea in the caddy and the last lot of cups have been washed and put away.

#### They pile up their treasures

DIANA'S room usually looks like a cross between a magpie's nest and a bomb-site.

She's a collector — magazines under the bed, film-star photographs taped to the walls and thumb-tacked to both sides of the wardrobe doors, programmes and invitations and pennants and school colors tucked into the mirror or draped over the top of it, naked coat-hangers hanging from anything that will support them, and clothes piled on every available bit of furniture.

Needless to say she's the family's biggest "loser," always loudly accusing all of us of having borrowed her belongings and forgotten to give them back.

Katherine is quite a bit tidier, so that her room is usually fit to sweep, but quite impossible to dust.

She does manage to put away her clothes and shoes, but she collects enormous piles of books and papers and magazines, always piled up with the smallest on the bottom, so that the least touch will send them all sprawling.

Her walls look very bare compared with Diana's — she goes for tricky little sayings which are inked on cardboard and tacked up until she finds another that appeals to her even more.

The two decorating her walls at the moment are: "Don't put up your umbrella until it begins to rain," which, she claims, is a well-known Chinese proverb, and the medieval rhyme:

"Keep well X and flee from VII,  
Rule well V and come to heaven."

The ten, of course, are the Commandments, the seven are the seven deadly sins, and the five the five senses.

#### Aeroplanes in the lowboy

MIKE'S room is the queerest of them all.

It's tidy but quite impenetrable because nothing in it except the bed is used for the purpose for which it was intended.

On Monday morning I found all his socks and pyjamas and underclothes and sweaters in neat piles along one wall.

The empty drawers were being used as hangars — each had one small and beautifully made balsa-wood aeroplane sitting in solitary splendour on the lining-paper.

The four feet of floorspace between the window and the wardrobe was entirely covered by his bicycle, broken up into its smallest component parts.

Mike said he was "hotting it up."

When I suggested rather acidly that the proper place for such work was outside, Mike said, "You've got the laundry in such a mess and Dad's got so much junk in the garage that this is the only place I can work."

I had to admit there was a certain amount of truth in that — the laundry's really on a par with Diana's room, as I use it as a convenient place to dump anything without a place.

#### How to beat traffic jams

A PART from the bike and the aeroplanes, one side of Mike's room is entirely given over to inventions.

At present he's working on a midget car which is to have holes in its flooring so that the driver can put his feet through and stand up, thus walking his way and carrying his car out of traffic jams.

This, I'm thankful to say, is only at the drawing-board stage at present.

The room is festooned with cords and pulleys at the five-foot level, part of a flying-fox project which didn't work out too well.

It's as much as your neck is worth to go into the room after dark, because another elaborate system of lines and pulleys makes it possible for him to turn off the light switch without getting out of bed, but quite impossible for anyone not in the know to turn it on from the door.

The door itself is decorated on the outside by a large sign which reads "KEEP OUT. This means YOU and YOU and YOU and the DOG and the CATS and KAT."

Hugh, who is reasonably tidy himself, tells me all this is entirely my fault and due to lack of training. I don't believe it.

I've got friends who are models of tidiness and have children who are even untidier than mine; I've got friends who are tidy and have tidy children; I've got friends who are untidy, and some of them have tidy children and some of them have untidy children, and some of them have a few of each.

I just happen to have two that are untidy and one that's wildly eccentric, and there's nothing that I can do except go on strike!



# THE TWO A.M. JITTERS

By a psychologist

- If larger than life-size fears and worries haunt you in the small hours, take heart—this is a common experience and you can do something about it. The cause is probably "emotional indigestion," which will soon go away.

**YOU** find yourself awake, not quite knowing why. You feel vaguely it must be the middle of the night, but are too lazy to look at your watch.

You dispose yourself for sleep again.

Then, suddenly, into your mind flows a mass of worry.

A minute later sleep seems miles away and you are battling single-handed against seething apprehensions.

Small dreads become horrid certainties. You have a bout of the 2 a.m. jitters.

For some it's a rare intrusion; for some a common experience; for all of us an emotional event from which we have something to learn.

## Panic

The stimulus which starts off the panic is usually a postponed anxiety.

Something happens in the day which upsets us; one of our hopes may be threatened or a relationship go wrong.

The pressure of the day prevents our thinking and feeling the matter out at the time it is first touched off.

We dismiss it from our minds—or hope we have.

Actually the anxiety has only dropped from immediate attention. It pops up again later, and particularly likes the middle of the night.

But why does the postponed anxiety emerge in the small hours twenty times life-size?

The reason is that we all carry within us a surplus of self-doubt.

Through our achievement and success we learn to control this and put on a bold front, but, underneath, we are aware of our frailty and have a lurking fear that we are, after all, a bit of a sham.

## Demons of doubt

The effect of the suppressed anxiety is to trigger off these deeper sources of doubt while our daytime self is off guard.

Through the chink created in our self-assurance, the demons of uncertainty flood in.

What to do about the 2 a.m. jitters?

Nothing need be done if they do not make a nuisance of themselves.

We can dismiss a bout as one of the hazards of life—a touch of emotional indigestion which will soon pass.

But sometimes the upset persists for several nights.

This is a hint to us that there is something in our emotional life that needs setting right.

## Exam worry

We should tackle the jitters from both sides: we need to reduce the residue of self-doubt within us and also to avoid postponing anxieties.

You may have noticed that,

ried round to show her tutor the question paper.

As she held it out she suddenly realised she had omitted a compulsory question.

That acute moment of shame and chagrin lives on, and, twenty-five years later, leaps up at night to symbolise in panic some pressing anxiety of the present.

We all have in our lives incidents of this kind.

Look back down your life and you will find several.

How do you regard them now?

Can you recall them objectively, humorously? Are they tamed, definitely of the past?

Or do they still sting



● Troubles become magnified in the small hours — but other people are in the same boat.

during an attack, mistakes of long ago—or it may be last week—will sometimes loom up again with their original impact.

For example, a successful schoolteacher tells me that often, when she has the jitters, a terror of her youth reappears and makes her agonise again.

Her circumstances, when she was at college, made it essential she should pass a certain examination at a good standard at the first attempt.

A favorite tutor had given her great help with geography, her weakest subject.

This made it doubly important she should do well in geography, as she was very anxious to please this tutor.

The moment the geography examination was over, the girl, hopeful she had passed, hur-

fiercely whenever they surge up into consciousness?

If they do, you should aim to draw off their venom.

Think and feel over the events in detail several times. Exchange the story of your worst moments with a friend.

Write them out, if you find writing easy.

## "Perfect"

Such tactics help curb the jitters because they reduce the surplus of dread in the mind.

Those subject to night panics also need to renovate their whole attitude to life.

Excessive dread thrives on the idea that we ought to be perfect.

Since we can't be, however much we strive to be, this false expectation paves the way for a crippling fear of defeat.

The right attitude to life is experimental and exploratory.

We should regard ourselves as a mixture of qualities and insufficiencies, trying ourselves out.

As we keep on keeping on, failures and successes will come along, and we need both in order to become anything at all.

So we should make friends with our failures—regard them as a part of our striving—and seek to learn from them rather than regret them.

## "Like germs"

To prevent anxiety getting pushed aside, we should make a mental note to think over later any disturbing issues that arise in the bustle of the day.

Half an hour spent in the evening quietly thinking over current worries and uncertainties—getting them into perspective—will prevent much anxious wakefulness in the small hours.

If we can round off the period of thought by talking over the problems for a while, so much the better. Worries, like germs, do not thrive in the open air.

If, in spite of all, we find ourselves awake with the jitters, the best thing to do is to let them rip.

We should accept every hint of horror the mind throws up. Attempting to fight back only lengthens the agony.

## Others suffer

Give emotion rein and, after a time, the storm passes as suddenly as it arose and sleep becomes possible again.

For immediate consolation in the small hours, remember that you are not the only one so afflicted.

Human life being the uncertain, challenging thing it is, we may be sure that at whatever night and hour the worries thicken around us, hundreds of others, dogged by their own cares, are sharing the painful vigil.

Yet the world goes on! Tomorrow is a new day.

There is comfort in this thought as our little planet spins us on through the darkness, bringing us every moment nearer to daylight again, when the enormities of night fears will shrink back to their proper proportions.

## CHILD CARE

# How to say goodbye

- The right kind of "good-bye" can prevent toddlers' tears and tantrums when parents arrange for an evening out.

**CHOOSING** a sitter whom your child knows and likes is often half the battle.

Arrange for her to arrive at least a half-hour early, for almost all little children need time to get used to someone different.

Try, too, to plan something enjoyable for your child before you go—a special story, a longer playtime in the tub, a favorite television programme will help to include your child in your own festive mood.

A small child in a "missing Mummy" stage generally needs reassurance that his mother will be returning.

A casual remark to the effect that you'll be tucking him in when you return is often helpful.

Some parents hope to avoid trouble by not telling their child about their evening plans until the last minute, or by leaving after he is supposedly asleep.

Both these methods are wrong, because they cause sudden panic.

If, on the other hand, you let your child know ahead of time, he can get used to the idea.

A small gift such as a balloon or two, or a parcel to open, will keep him occupied as you leave.

However, don't slip out of the house without letting him know. Say an ordinary goodbye with an ordinary kiss, and then — LEAVE.



until

the cow jumps

over the moon

... your clothes will never be really white without real blue — and real blue is Reckitt's Blue.

All white things in cotton, nylon and other fabrics, must have real blue in the wash or rinse to keep them sparkling white — really white. So, however you wash, remember, only real blue gives real white and real blue is Reckitt's Blue.

**Reckitt's  
Liquid Blue**

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Use it at the rinse cycle or as a separate rinse for whites you can be proud of.



it's real Blue!



**HE** likes coffee **SHE** likes tea



both enjoy a

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The Tea of Flavor  
The Instant that IS coffee

**STOP**

**FOR BUSHELLS**

Stop — and make yourself a cup of Bushells Tea or Bushells Coffee. Then make yourself comfortable . . . and r-e-l-a-x . . . while you enjoy your “Bushells Break.”

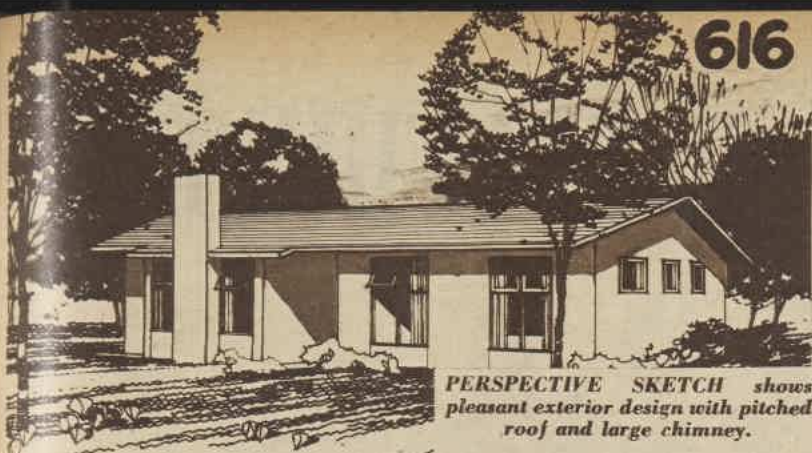
**GO**

**REFRESHED**

The short rest . . . and your cup of Bushells gives you a wonderful lift. You go refreshed! You'll get more done after you've had a “Bushells Break!”



616



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows pleasant exterior design with pitched roof and large chimney.

## Making the most of space

● This house has three bedrooms in an area of 11.4 squares in timber and 12.3 squares in brick.

It has been designed with the accent on compactness — the bathroom is next to the bedrooms, and the laundry opens to a porch which has access to the backyard.

The large kitchen, 12ft. by 9ft., opens to a dining-room, which in turn opens through sliding doors into a spacious living-room, with built-in fireplace.

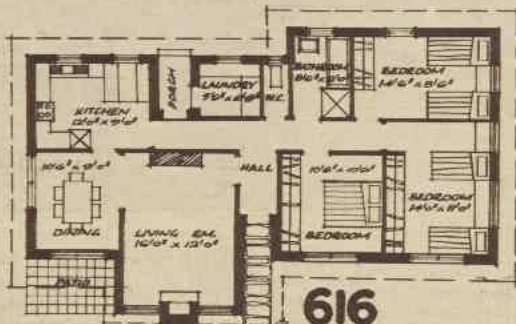
The exterior of this house is most attractive, featuring a pitched roof and large chimney.

Building costs are £3500-£4250 in timber and £3700-£4500 in brick.

These prices are, of course, approximate, and do not include the cost of your land. For accurate costs on your own site, please consult your local Home Planning Centre. (Addresses at right.)

Plans for the house above, and for a full range of contemporary and traditional designs, are available through the Centres for £10/10/- a complete set, including five copies of full working drawings and three copies of specifications.

The Australian Women's Weekly Home Planning Service is under the direction of experienced architects, and each of the seven Centres is



FLOOR PLAN shows compact design with three spacious bedrooms and bathroom.

supervised by qualified personnel who will advise you on your building problems.

Color consultants, interior decorators, lighting specialists, and other skilled advisers on the staff of the store in which the Centres are located will assist you in furnishing and decorating your home.

If you have any trouble with plans, tenders, finance authorities, or your local council, return the plans or specifications and the Centres will deal with your problems and return your plans as quickly as possible.

Carports and garages are not always shown on plans, but they can be included in the design. Add approximately £175 to £250 for a carport and £235 to £400 for a single-brick garage.

ADELAIDE: John Martin & Co. Ltd., Rundle Street. (Telephone W0200.)

HOBART: FitzGerald & Co. Ltd., Collins Street. (Telephone 27221.)

TOOWOOMBA: Pigott & Co. Pty. Ltd., Ruthven Street. (Telephone 7733.)

SYDNEY: Anthony Hardern & Sons Ltd., Brickfield Hill. Please address all mail to Home Plans, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. (Telephone B0951, ext. 220.)

BRISBANE: McWhirter's Ltd., The Valley. (Telephone 50121.)

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium, Lonsdale Street. (Telephone 32044.)

GEELONG: The Myer Emporium, Malop Street. (Telephone X6111.)

## Readers' recipes win prizes

● An unusual fruit cake recipe wins the main prize this week in our regular recipe contest for readers.

NEW and interesting combinations of fresh or tinned fruit such as peaches, pineapple, or apricots can be used in this prize-winning cake.

An economical and tasty recipe for tomato soup wins our consolation prize of £1.

All spoon measurements are level.

### BANANA FRUIT CAKE

Three and a half cups sifted self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 2 teaspoons ground ginger, 1 teaspoon ground nutmeg, 1 and 1-3rd cups butter, 1 and 1-3rd cups brown sugar, 4 eggs (unbeaten), 2 cups ripe mashed

bananas, 1 cup raisins, 1 cup chopped walnuts or mixed nuts, 4 cups drained, diced fruit (fresh or tinned).

Sift flour with baking-powder, salt. Mix soda, spices, and butter together. Gradually blend in sugar. Beat in eggs one at a time. Add flour mixture alternately with mashed bananas. Mix raisins, nuts, and fruit, stir into batter. Turn into 2 well-greased, lightly floured large loaf-tins. Bake in slow oven 2 hours or until done (keep shallow pan of hot water underneath cakes throughout baking period). Store in tightly closed container. Cakes can be iced with lemon or orange flavored glaze icing if desired.

First prize of £5 to Mrs.

P. Light, 99 The Bulwark, Castlereag, N.S.W.

### ECONOMY TOMATO SOUP

Two and a half pounds cooking tomatoes, ½ lb. onions, 2 medium-size white turnips, 1 medium-size potato, 1 teaspoon paprika, 1 dessertspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon butter, water.

Slice tomatoes, peel and cut onions, turnips, and potatoes into chunks. Place in saucepan, add paprika and salt, cover with water. Bring to boil, simmer 1 hour. Mash vegetables through strainer, pour in liquid. Reheat, add butter and simmer 15 minutes.

Consolation prize of £1 to Miss J. Townshend, 7 Brecon Flats, 47 Colin Street, West Perth, W.A.

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# HOUSE THAT HAS EVERYTHING . . .

● "Craigie-Lea," one of the grand old houses of the Mornington Peninsula, Victoria, has been given a new lease of life by Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Dowd, of Toorak, Melbourne, who have converted it into a seaside home. Built 100 years ago by Dr. Alexander Morrison, first headmaster of Scotch College, it now has a Hollywood-style pool, spacious sunroom, and its own milk-bar.



**ROTUNDA** at one end of the swimming-pool is fitted with a milk-bar stand which serves six varieties of milkshakes. The large central table revolves, and at the back of the room are a steel sink unit and refrigerator.



**FAMILY GROUP** showing Mr. and Mrs. Dowd with five of their six children. From left to right: Mr. Dowd, Amber, Mark, Melissa, Tommy, Mrs. Dowd with five-month-old Victoria. Nappy, a long-haired dachshund, jumped on to Melissa's lap to be in the picture. Not in group is Bernard, 13.

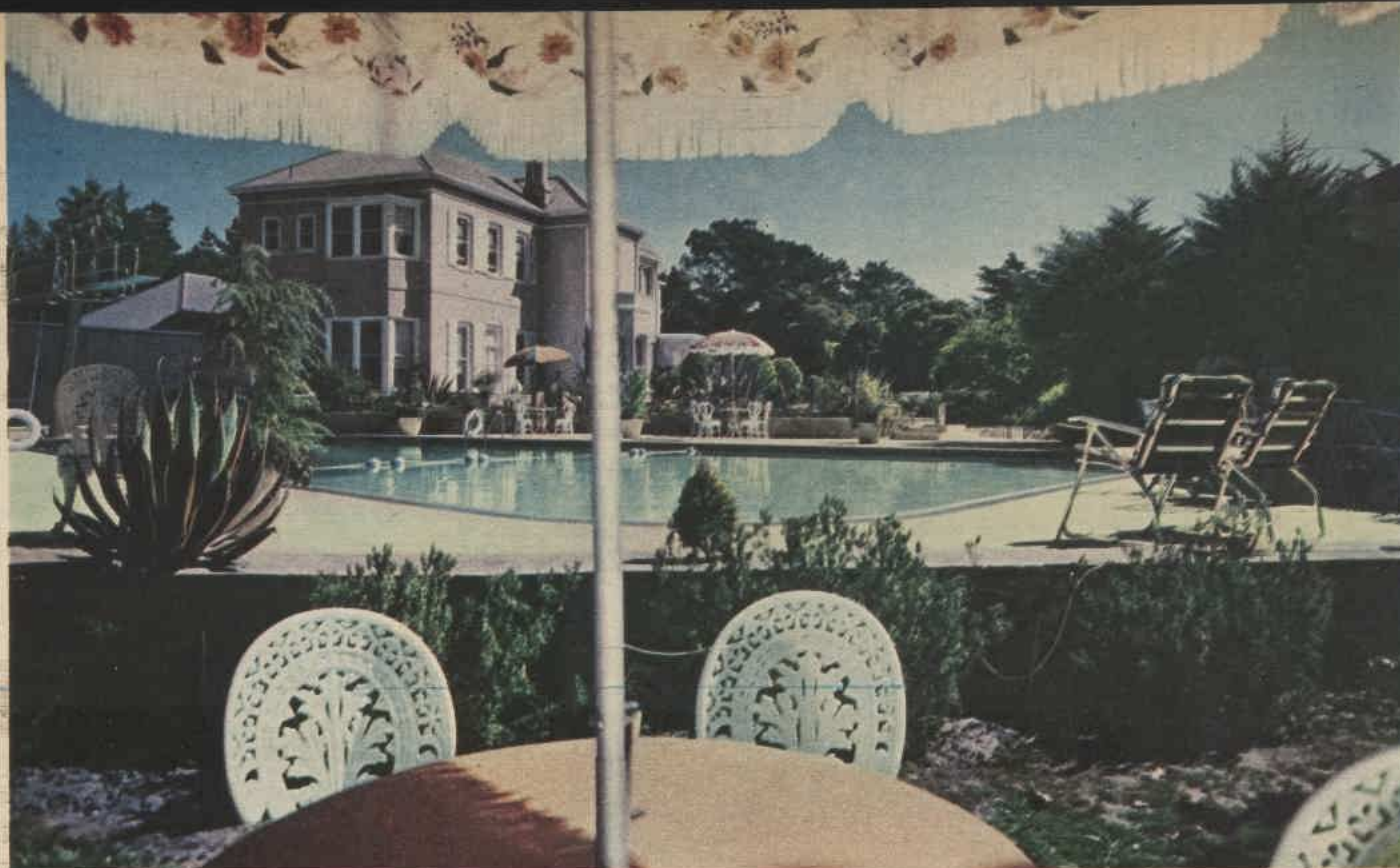


**SUNROOM** curves round one side of the house and is a sun-trap in winter. It contains colorful leather and cane furniture.

Pictures by  
Staff photographer  
Jonathan Evetts

**KITCHEN** with its collection of copper pans and salt and pepper holders. One wall is fitted with a big deep-freeze unit.





*"CRAIGIE-LEA," the seaside home of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Dowd at Mornington Peninsula, Victoria. Sun umbrellas, white wrought-iron furniture, and comfortable lounges are grouped round the swimming-pool, which is heated, has underwater lighting, is 60ft. long, 46ft. wide.*

## ... plus a play cottage for the children

● Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Dowd had this pretty pink-and-white cottage built as a playhouse for their six children. Surrounded by trees and in the back of the grounds of "Craigie-Lea," it is called "Craigie-Wee." Furnished with miniature chairs and tables, it is every child's dream home.



*BUFFET counter in the playhouse. A cup of tea for Tommy, 8, is being poured by Amber, aged 12. Chairs are miniature.*

*PLAY COTTAGE, which is just like the gingerbread house in the fairytale. Surrounded by trees, it has its own garden and fencing.*







# Dress Sense

by  
**BETTY  
KEEP**

● The pretty ruffle- and -lace-trimmed nightgown illustrated here, was designed for a trousseau. It answers the request in a letter in this week's fashion mail.

**H**ERE is the bride-to-be's query and my reply:

*"Would you help me with a nightgown style and pattern for my trousseau? I have under five yards of floral striped silk and wish the design to be lace-trimmed."*

The design I have chosen in answer to your query is straight-cut, with just enough fullness for figure flattery. The

lace- and -ruffle trim is the very latest in lingerie fashions. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Beside the illustration are details.

*"Could I have some smart new detail for a plain wool frock for day wear?"*

A side-buttoned bodice and bow-accented waistline are two smart ideas for a plain wool dress.

*"I intend to have a floor-length evening dress for next season and wondered if black will be worn. I am 21 and very fair, tall, and slim."*

Diaphanous black will be worn for spring. Jacques Heim showed a wonderful black chiffon evening dress in his spring collection and I'm sure the design would suit you perfectly. The dress was made

with a bare-shouldered bodice, narrowly pleated to ankle-length. The waist was slightly Empire and belted in 3in. black satin ribbon.

*"Not having a very big wardrobe, I would like you to design me an all-occasion costume. I am only 5ft. 2in. tall. I want it in a pretty colored wool."*

The answer to the round-the-clock fashion is a dress plus jacket. As you are petite, I suggest a waist-length jacket and slim sheath dress. Colors on the spring chart include apricot-pink, sky-blue, jade-green, and beige.

*"Please give me a fashion idea to disguise a figure fault. My hips are fairly slim, but above the waist I am rather thick."*

The new spring silhouette with a slightly lowered waistline, bloused bodice-top, and slim skirt would be a perfect design to camouflage your figure fault. This silhouette is mainly seen with a high, round, collarless neckline.

*"Would it be necessary to line a blouse made in pastel blue lace?"*

The blouse would be best fully lined. The most suitable material would be net or chiffon in a matching shade.

*"I have made a late-afternoon frock in a sheer nylon and it now looks too bare about the neck. The neckline is scooped out at the front and back. I can match the fabric."*

Outline the neckline of the dress with a full bertha collar in matching material.

*"Can a frock with a lowered waistline be belted? If so, please suggest style for a tall S.S.W. fitting."*

Yes, it could. The hip-sashed look was introduced by Dior in the spring collection. The design I have in mind had a long waist bloused above a self-material sash. The skirt had a slight flare. The bodice was front-buttoned to below the sash and had a round, collarless neckline and three-quarter sleeves.

**DS449. — Nightgown in sizes 32 to 38in. bust requires 4 1-8th yds. - 36in. material, 3yds. 2in. lace, plus 4yds. 1in. lace. Price 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.**

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got a cold? The surest way to ease the discomfort of colds, reduce feverishness and help overcome that "run-down," listless feeling is with Febs, the new triple-action cold relief tablets.

ask for  
**Febs**

sore throat? Strepsils will bring you quick, soothing relief. Foil-wrapped Strepsils contain Dybenal, the new and effective antiseptic for the treatment of mouth and throat infections.

ask for  
**Strepsils**

cough? Make quite sure that coughs are stopped quickly... try Tussils, the new double-action cough lozenge that controls coughs of colds, night cough, dry cough or smokers' cough in seconds.

ask for  
**Tussils\***

\*Not yet available in Victoria.

nasal congestion? Breathe easy with Fenox. Ensure prompt relief of nasal congestion in head colds, catarrh, sinusitis and hay fever. Available as drops or convenient "personal" pack spray.

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ADELAIDE • PERTH • HOBART





Only as the sun began to set, and Tommy declared it time to go home, did Ellen remember that she possessed a separate home of her own.

"Would you like to see my apartment, Tommy?"

"Angel, I have seen it," said Tommy, grinning again, "in all the illustrateds. The female executive's dream-nest . . ."

So Ellen left him in the taxi outside while she ran up and filled a suitcase. The charming rooms didn't detain her a moment—nor the big living-room where she entertained, nor the bedroom with its specially designed cupboards, nor the prize-winning, peach-tiled kitchen. She didn't even pause to water the carnations. "Madame Croy's famous Malmaisons." She simply filled a suitcase—hasty as an eloping wench—and ran down again to Tommy in the taxi.

They dined at Les Abeilles, and again went early to bed.

**E**LLEN murmured sleepily, "What day is it?"

"Monday."

"I ought to phone the office."

"Phone and tell 'em to go to hell." If Ellen temporised, it was because the office forced her to. Her personal secretary, obviously scenting some personal crisis, at once swung into sympathetic action. "You won't be coming in, Mrs. Croy, or keeping your engagements—for how long?"

"I've really no idea," said Ellen. "Of course, I'll let London know . . ." She was speaking from the Cafe des Abeilles, Tommy's apartment having no telephone; the bang and clatter of a service door formed an unusual obbligato, across which, after a brief interval, the voice of her Paris editor cut, bland and cool.

"Your secretary tells me, Ellen, you request a month's leave for urgent family reasons. Well, of course, Ellen dear—especially as I think you've covered all the spring showings."

"Yes, I have," babbled Ellen, "though even if I hadn't—"

"You're so valuable to us, we wouldn't say a thing," affirmed the fluting editorial voice. "Just be assured of our sympathy—and come back soon!"

Ellen made Tommy laugh all through luncheon, reporting this exchange. "Get well soon," she swore, was what that voice really meant.

"Love is a malady indeed," agreed Tommy. "Possibly chronic, don't you think?"

"Quite possibly," agreed Ellen.

They agreed, now, on every point. When Tommy suggested a run through the Midi, only Paris was really rather perfect, Ellen at once agreed that Paris was far too perfect to leave. When Ellen suggested that though cafes were perfectly delightful to eat at home would be nice, too, Tommy at once agreed that eating at home was much nicer than dining at Les Abeilles.

Actually Ellen wasn't entirely at ease in Les Abeilles. Tommy was too well known there. How naturally, after five years' frequentation! No one could have been more solicitous of Ellen than madame la patronne; the admiration of the habitués was both frank and respectful, but Ellen sensed there something amical to her.

A thin dark girl with an urchin-cut dropped a hand, in passing, a trifle too familiarly on Tommy's shoulder; a gang of students, as they left, honked the horn of their ancient car at him in too-familiar invitation. Tommy grinned and called them a bunch of kids, as obviously they were; they were still a part of his life Ellen hadn't shared, and didn't wish him to be reminded of . . . It was thus a double pleasure to cook him, at home, succulent steak or roast lamb—Tommy squaring to the table in shirtsleeves.

Shopping each morning was another pleasure, with Tommy beside to marvel at her French, and at her address in bargaining.

"However did you manage without me?" exclaimed Ellen.

"I just ate at Les Abeilles," explained Tommy. "I was too busy studying art to shop."

Ellen helped him study. Just as she'd longed for him to do on their honeymoon, Tommy now on at least three mornings a week set off for the Louvre, demanding sandwiches brought in at noon. As provided by Ellen they were the most exotic sandwiches in Paris—curried shrimps between brown bread, lobster pate, smoked ham refreshed by slices of melon. Then Tommy dictated to her what he thought about the Mona Lisa, or about Ingres' Bain Turc, or Rembrandt's Bathsheba, displaying a flair and style that rejoiced Ellen's heart.

## Continuing . . . THE FIFTH CANDLE

from page 34

Sometimes in the evening, before going home, they just dropped into Les Abeilles for an aperitif; but never stayed long.

When Tommy wasn't working, they spent hour after hour in strolls through the ever-enchanting Paris streets. To Ellen they were particularly enchanted, for she savored a delicious sense of being incognito. She felt like Haroun al Raschid moving unrecognised among his subjects. To stroll arm-in-arm with Tommy past the door of a famous fashion-house—aware that if she but put her nose through, the whole establishment would buzz like an excited beehive—made Ellen giggle like a schoolgirl.

Once, in a chemist's shop on the Rue de Rivoli, she actually saw a pretty little English girl, obviously on her honeymoon, take an Ellen Croy cutting from her bag and insist on a cake of Ste Claire beauty soap. Ellen stood there beside her, recognising only a compatriot—"I just pin my faith on Ellen Croy," smiled the little bride, "don't you?"

"I certainly do," Ellen smiled back, rejoicing that the photograph heading her monthly section was too glamorous to betray her.

"Actually it doesn't do you justice," criticised Tommy. Ellen had been touched to the heart to find that he'd

bought her paper every month. The flat was quite littered with back numbers. "It makes you look just terribly, terribly chic. Don't they know my girl's beautiful?"

He never tired of telling her she was beautiful; often at the most unlikely moments. As Ellen shelled a pan of peas or divided an avocado pear—"Hold it, will you?" begged Tommy. "You look too like a Modigliani to be true. Remember, I'm studying art, darling."

He never tired of telling her she was beautiful; or of strolling through the Paris streets; or of dining at home, earlier and earlier, in his shirtsleeves; but he did get tired of going to the Louvre.

"Why not let's go to the Bois instead?" suggested Tommy.

"Why break a good habit?" returned Ellen lightly.

So he went to the Louvre once or twice more. Then he dug his heels in.

"On a morning like this, it's a sin to be under a roof."

"My goodness," cried Ellen. "I've covered dress shows with the thermometer at eighty!"

"I bet you have, darling . . ."

This was their first approach to a disagreement, and it was Ellen who gave way.

"Very well, let's take a picnic."

So they lazed all that day in the Bois—and the next day, and the day after. As though the weather was in league with idlers, morning after

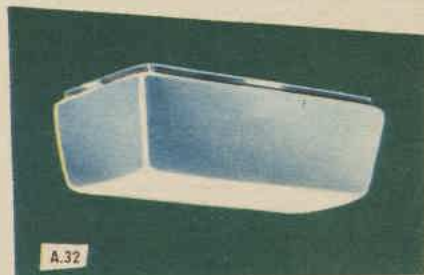
To page 48

## New from Crown!

# 5 'presson' feature lights!



Just PRESS... and it's on!



**A.25—Presson Pyramid** for Ceiling, 10" sq., 3½" O'all proj. Glass—Plain or Satin Finish, White Opal. Metalware—White, Baked Enamel.

**A.30—Presson Quilt Round** for Ceiling, 10" diam., 3½" O'all proj. Glass—Plain or Satin Finish, White Opal. Metalware—White, Baked Enamel.



**A.31—Presson Mill Round** for Ceiling, 10" diam., 3½" O'all proj. Glass—Plain or Satin Finish, White Opal. Metalware—White, Baked Enamel.

**A.32—Presson Camber** for Ceiling/Wall, 10½" x 7½", 4½" O'all proj. Glass—Plain or Satin Finish, White Opal. Metalware—White, Baked Enamel.

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CC48/61



Continuing . . .

## THE FIFTH CANDLE

from page 47

morning dawned sunny and warm—and in her office her Paris editor murmured, "Ellen's certainly picked a good moment!" But though like the couples around them Ellen and Tommy were often silent, their silence wasn't now entirely loverlike. Each had begun to follow his or her own thoughts—that is, if Tommy was thinking at all, which Ellen doubted.

"Tommy."

"My love?"

"Isn't it time we began to plan our future?"

Tommy yawned.

"Why? Can you think of anything better than this? I can't. Let's just go on as we've begun."

"But we aren't," said Ellen sharply. "You went to the Louvre every other day . . . Oh, I'm not simple!" cried Ellen. "I know you may never be an authority, but at least you've the chance! You've intelligence, and background, and an eye for color and composition. . . . You need only to work . . ."

He rolled over on the young grass and made a frame of his hands, sighting up at a bird on a bough.

"Mayn't I just enjoy?"

Ellen was very fair-minded. She recognised that he had his own way of life—if more a European one than a British. But she had a career, too.

"And am I just to help you enjoy yourself?"

Tommy rolled over again and buried his face in her lap.

"As how you do, my love! Isn't that enough?"

Actually it wasn't quite enough for Ellen. If she was to be the passive ancillary to a male, she needed that male to be complementarily active.

Ellen would have made a very good wife for a doctor, or a missionary, in some remote necessitous region. She was

essentially a worker. But she stroked the scar on Tommy's cheek in renewed silence . . .

This was a disagreement, but not a quarrel.

Nor did they quarrel that evening, though only narrowly avoiding one, in the Cafe des Abeilles. They sat there longer than usual—until a gang of students and the girl with the urchin-cut roared up in their battered old car and dived at the next table.

Tommy slewed his chair round till he was practically one of their party. His French wasn't classic like Ellen's but it obviously sufficed for adolescent banter. The racket and showing-off began to get on Ellen's nerves.

"Is this enough for you, too?" she asked coldly.

"In point of fact, they're a pretty bright bunch," said Tommy. "What are you used to?"

"Intelligent conversation," said Ellen.

It was the truth. In the past five years she had become used to very intelligent conversation indeed. A Lyons silk-merchant projecting new designs carried in his head the whole picture of textile exports; a new line from Dior could have world-wide repercussions. National economy and creative fashion, what was going on in the theatre, what was going on at the art galleries had too long been the staple of what Ellen called conversation for her to be enthralled by student witticisms. She felt and looked bored.

"If my friends aren't good enough for you—" began Tommy.

It was the corny, classic phrase that saved them. It was too corny to be taken seriously.

"O.K., darling; let's go home," said Tommy.

"Tommy."

"Yes?"

To page 50

## YOUR BOOKSHELF

With JOYCE HALSTEAD

### "A House for Olivia"

Patience McElwee (Hodder & Stoughton), 18/9.

Olivia seems an unlikely sort of person. She promises to marry middle-aged bachelor Philip, who teaches at the same English public school as her brother, not because she loves him but because she wants security and he needs a wife as hostess if he gets the coveted house-mastership. Realising that this is not enough for a lifetime, Olivia thinks of breaking it off—but, oh no, she would never break a promise, a trait which both the Headmaster (considered a snob by Olivia's frumpish, rather stupid sister-in-law) and handsome Desmond Heriot, another contender for the House, admire in her. She gets out of it neatly in the end when Philip, failing to get the House, breaks it off himself. She returns to London, broke, finds a derelict slum house in which to live, is finally tracked down by her old champions, Heriot and the Headmaster. Well-constructed novel, curiously readable, but priggish.

### "From That Day to This"

Myrtle Rose White (Rigby), 22/6.

The author of "No Roads Go By" gives a lively, informal picture of life on Wonnaminta Station, which her husband managed, and which her children carry on. It is in a district where the drought could go on for years, or where it never rains but it pours. Coping with these forces of nature seems to occupy much of the energy and resources of the hardy inland folk. Even getting to the place, in the days before planes, called for endurance, as the roads were scarcely existent. A car trip to Sydney in the 'thirties was packed with adventure. Mrs. White writes in a rather wordy way, but has a wry sense of humor which has obviously carried her through many sticky patches over the years.



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"I've never asked questions," said Ellen, "but in the five years we've been apart I don't suppose you've lived an exactly celibate life?"

It was a morning or two later. Ellen had so little intended to being anything serious that she actually stood, string bag in hand, ready to set off marketing. The words came out of her mouth.

And Tommy was still seated at the breakfast table—last cup of coffee half emptied, his morning paper spread across his plate. For a moment, because he didn't look up, Ellen wondered whether he'd heard. For a moment she almost hoped he hadn't. Then—

"You suppose correctly," said Tommy Croy.

Again the words spoke for themselves.

"Was it that girl at Les Abeilles?" Now he did look up. A peculiar

look passed over his face: a look at once of extreme repugnance and of resolution. But he answered only obliquely.

"Have you lived a celibate life either, my love?"

Ellen was so startled, she in turn took a moment to reply—simply because she was so startled.

"Yes, of course I have!" she cried. "Indeed I have!"

"But you haven't, you know," said Tommy Croy deliberately. He pushed the paper away; he looked at her.

"I'm not speaking of the obvious infidelities—such as you can lay at my door. You gave yourself, my darling," said Tommy deliberately, "to a high-class magazine. All

your wit and loyalty, even your beauty, to decorate a two-page spread."

"Stop," said Ellen.

She knew it to be a moment for the greatest care, a moment for considering carefully every word. She came slowly back into the room and dropped her string bag on the table.

"Can you remember," she began, "that English girl in the chemist's on the Rue de Rivoli?"

"The woods are full of 'em," shrugged Tommy Croy.

"She trusted me," said Ellen. "She trusted Ellen Croy. As thousands of other women trust me. That's why

I 'gave myself,' as you call it, to the paper. As an interpreter between Paris and London, I've been able to do something quite worth while. I've also," said Ellen, "made a certain impression on her. I back Preparations de Beaute Ste Claire, for instance, even though I'm offered an apartment on the Riviera, rent free, by their rivals who use substitutes.

"I've never paid less than couture price to any dressmaker in Paris. I've driven into certain thick heads the notion of incorruptibility—English incorruptibility. And the paper's backed me to the hilt. It's used all the best in me," said Ellen, "and that's how I want to be used."

There was a considerable pause.

"Then hadn't you better go back to it?" said Tommy Croy.

So they came to the moment of decision. Not a disagreement, not a quarrel; the moment of decision. Ellen felt her knees weaken; she sat down.

"I never guessed—" she began, and broke off. She couldn't bring herself to say it—that you were jealous. Jealous of the paper or jealous of her success?

Perhaps both, thought Ellen, with sudden, unhappy comprehension. Another and more trivial thought struck her: that her second honeymoon, like her first, had lasted barely more than a month.

"Well?" said Tommy. "You've certainly given the paper a fine build-up; what about it?"

"Are you asking me to choose?"

"I believe I am," said Tommy Croy. "I might stomach, my angel, a flesh-and-blood cher ami—as you've probably noticed, with probreption, I'm sufficiently gallicised for that—but I'm damned if I'll have you yearning after an office desk!"

"You haven't understood at all."

He shrugged.

"If you mean, just because one silly young girl in a beauty-parlor—"

"She wasn't silly. She was sweet. And there are thousands of them!"

"She should never have left home."

"You won't even try to understand," said Ellen helplessly.

"No; I just ask you to choose," said Tommy Croy.

ELLEN stood up and looked at him. Another irrelevant thought crossed her mind: the memory of a fifth candle, the one she hadn't blown out. To remind me in case I grow complacent! she'd cried. Perhaps it had been to remind her that one day she would have to choose.

Between her husband. No, thought Ellen suddenly. Tommy isn't really my husband. A husband is someone you pull together with, work together with. It's Tommy who is my cher ami.

Yet she made a last attempt.

"I've said it before, Tommy, but we could both be on the paper together. If you knew how I'd enjoy playing second fiddle to you! You've only to work—good heavens," cried Ellen, "you can't still be relaxing after Korea!"

He pushed back his chair so violently that it rocked against the wall.

"Will you stop preaching!" said Tommy loudly. "I'm just asking you, as I said before, to choose."

Again there was a long pause.

"I'm sorry," said Ellen sadly, "but I've chosen. And this time it's for good."

Someone had watered her carnations.

"The young lady, madame's secretary," explained the concierge, bustling in at Ellen's heels. "Naturally, I let her have the key. I hope I was correct?"

"Perfectly correct," said Ellen. "Thank you."

She looked curiously round the big living-room, appreciating afresh all its comfort and elegance. How nice it was! Then she went to the telephone.

"Mrs. Croy, I am so glad to hear you!" cried her secretary thankfully. "And shan't we all be glad to have you back!"

"Thank you for watering my carnations," said Ellen. "Have you been in every day?"

"Goodness, Mrs. Croy, it was the least I could do," cried her secretary. "I just ran round first with some personal letters—you'll find them in the bureau—and when you weren't there—"

"You came in every day," said Ellen. "Thank you, Jenny."

She sat down at her desk and slit open a dozen or so envelopes. Half her friends in Paris—including Messieurs Dupont, Dulac, and Ducros—seemed to have learnt of her being called away for those urgent family reasons of Jenny's improvisation. They were very nice letters—the French more formal, those from London more warm—but all displaying a genuine concern and all begging her to come back soon.

Since without our gracious interpreter . . . Without our Ellen on the job . . . Dearest madame, Paris needs you! Whatever it is, darling Ellen, remember we're your hell-or-high-water friends!

How nice they all were! And I'm back, thought Ellen.

She was very glad of it. She had no doubts, no misgivings. She would have made the same decision again every time.

Yet it was only natural that for a few minutes she wept.

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## Continuing . . . THE FIFTH CANDLE

from page 48



# A MEAL YOU'LL BE PROUD TO SERVE . . .

## SAVOURY SCONE RING . . . A NEW KRAFT RECIPE

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## SAVOURY SCONE RING

### INGREDIENTS—SCONE DOUGH

2 cups S.R. flour  
1 teaspoon salt, pinch mixed herbs  
1-oz. butter (1 tablespoon)  
1 dessertspoon chopped parsley  
1 cup tomato juice, tomatoes to garnish

### FILLING

Place one 12-oz. can Kraft Braised Steak & Onions, 1½ cups mixed cooked vegetables and ½ teaspoon Worcestershire Sauce in a saucepan and heat.

### METHOD

Sift flour and salt together into a basin. Rub in the butter. Add herbs and chopped parsley. Mix to a soft dough with the tomato juice. Knead lightly. Turn into a greased 8-inch ring tin, glaze with milk and bake in a hot oven (450°F. Gas, 475°F. Electric) for 10-15 minutes. Place scone ring on a warm plate and fill centre with heated meat mixture. Garnish with tomatoes. 6 servings.



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LA 27

\* Milk chocolate in the red packet.  
\* Dark chocolate in the green packet.

## Continuing . . . THE END OF THE BEGINNING

from page 29

"I can't be wrong, tonight. I'll be able to tell you one second before they blast off. Look! The ten-minute warning!"

On the western sky they saw four crimson flares, open out, float shimmering down the wind, above the desert, then sink silently to the extinguishing earth.

In the new darkness, the husband and wife did not rock in their chairs.

After a while, he said, "Eight minutes." A pause. "Seven minutes." What seemed a much longer pause. "Six . . ."

His wife, her head back, studied the stars immediately above her and murmured, "Why?" She closed her eyes. "Why the rockets, why tonight? Why all this? I'd like to know."

He examined her face, pale in the vast powdering light of the Milky Way. He felt the stirring of an answer, but let his wife continue.

"I mean it's not that old thing again, is it, when people asked why men climbed Mount Everest and they said, 'Because it's there?' I never understood. That was no answer to me."

Five minutes, he thought. Time ticking . . . his wrist-watch . . . a wheel in a wheel . . . little wheel run by . . . big wheel run by . . . way in the middle of . . . four minutes! . . . the men snug in the rocket by now, the hive, the control board lit like Christmas morning . . .

### HIS lips moved.

"All I know is it's really the end of the beginning. The Stone Age, Bronze Age, Iron Age; from now on we'll lump all those together under one big name for when we walked on Earth and heard the birds at morning and cried with envy. Maybe we'll call it the Earth Age, or maybe the Age of Gravity."

"Millions of years we fought gravity. When we were amoebas and fish we struggled to get out of the sea without gravity crushing us. Once safe on the shore we fought to stand upright without gravity breaking our new invention, the spine; tried to walk without stumbling, run without falling. A billion years, gravity kept us home, mocked us with wind and clouds, cabbage-moths, and locusts. That's what's so awful big about tonight . . . it's the end of old man Gravity and the Age we'll remember him by, for once and all."

"I don't know where they'll divide the Ages. At the Persians who dreamt of flying-carpets, or the Chinese who all unknowing celebrated birthdays and New Years with strung ladyfingers and high skyrockets, or some minute, some incredible second in the next hour? But we're in at the end of a billion years' trying, the end of something long and to us humans, anyway, honorable."

#### Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 1000 to 6000 words; short stories, 1200 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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Three minutes . . . two minutes, fifty-nine seconds . . . two minutes fifty-eight seconds

"Yes . . ." He could hardly hear his wife's voice. "Yes . . . I believe that's true."

Two minutes, he thought. Ready? Ready? Ready? The far radio voice calling. Ready! Ready! Ready! The quick faint replies from the humming rocket. Check! Check! Check!

Tonight, he thought, even if we fail with this first, we'll send a second and a third ship and move on out to all the planets and later, all the stars. We'll just keep going until the big words like immortal and forever take on meaning. Big words, yes, that's what we want. Continuity. Since our tongues first moved in our mouths, we've asked. What does it all mean? No other question made sense, with death breathing down our necks. But just let us settle in on ten thousand worlds spinning around ten thousand alien suns and the question will fade away.

Man will be endless and infinite, even as space is endless and infinite. Man will go on, as space goes on, for ever. Individuals will die, as always, but our history will

turning profusion of the Milky Way.

The man and wife held each other as if they had stumbled on the rim of an incredible cliff that faced an abyss so deep and dark there seemed no end to it. Staring up, they heard themselves sobbing and crying. Only after a long time were they able to speak.

"It got away, it did, didn't it?"

"Yes . . ."  
"It's all right, isn't it?"  
"Yes . . . yes . . ."  
"It didn't fall back . . . ?"  
"No, no, it's all right, Bob's all right, it's all right."

They stood away from each other at last.

He touched his face with his hand and looked at his wet fingers. "I'll be damned," he said, "I'll be damned."

THEY waited another five and then ten minutes until the darkness in their heads, the retina, ached with a million specks of fiery salt. Then they had to close their eyes.

"Well," she said, "now let's go in."

He could not move. Only his hand reached a long way out by itself to find the lawnmower handle. He saw what his hand had done and said, "There's just a little more to do . . ."

"But you can't see."

"Well enough," he said. "I must finish this. Then we'll sit on the porch awhile before we turn in."

FOR THE CHILDREN

### Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



reach as far as we'll ever need to see into the future, and with the knowledge of our survival for all time to come, we'll know security and thus the answer we've always searched for. Gifted with life, the least we can do is preserve and pass on the gift to infinity. That's a goal worth shooting for.

The wicker chairs whispered ever so softly on the grass.

One minute.

"One minute," he said aloud.

"Oh!" His wife moved suddenly, to seize his hands. "I hope that Bob . . ."

"He'll be all right!"

"Oh, God, take care . . ."

Thirty seconds.

"Watch, now."

Fifteen, ten, five . . .

"Watch!"

Four, three, two, one.

"There! There! Oh, there, there!"

They both cried out. They both stood. The chairs toppled back, fell flat on the lawn. The man and his wife swayed, their hands struggled to find each other, grip hold. They saw the brightening color in the sky and, ten seconds later, the great uprising comet burn the air, put out the stars, and rush away in firelight to

He helped her put the chairs on the porch and sat down and then walked out to put his hands on the guidebar of the lawnmower. The lawnmower. A wheel in a wheel. A simple machine which you held in your hands, which you sent on ahead with a rush and a clatter, while you walked behind with your quiet philosophy, Racket, followed by warm silence. Whirling wheel, then soft footfall of thought.

I'm a billion years old, he told himself; I'm one minute old. I'm one inch, no, ten thousand miles, tall. I look down and can't see my feet they're so far off and gone away below.

He moved the lawnmower. The grass, showering up, fell softly around him; he relished and savored it and felt that he was all mankind bathing at last in the fresh waters of the fountain of youth.

Thus bathed, he remembered the song again, about the wheels and the faith and the grace of God being way up there in the middle of the sky where that single star, among a million motionless stars, dared to move and keep on moving.

Then he finished cutting the grass.

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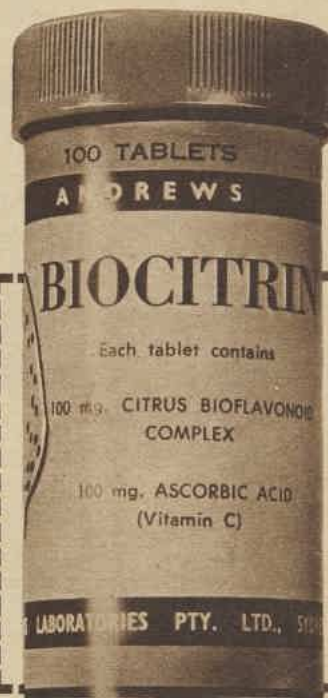
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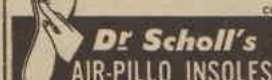
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"It was neither. It was a dye which had been made to impregnate the wood."

"Did you make any attempt to trace this particular wood?"

"I did. I was given samples of mahogany which had been similarly treated by a dealer named Carlos Barbara. I compared samples of wood which he gave me with some of the particles of sawdust, and was able to make a spectroscopic analysis showing that the dye used in both specimens was identical."

"Cross-examine," Deering said. Mason shook his head. "No questions on cross-examination, Your Honor."

Deering said, "Call Carlos Barbara."

from page 31

Barbara testified that he dealt in rare woods for cabinet-workers, that he had recently evolved a process by which a certain chemical dye which he had invented could be utilised to stain a certain type of mahogany. The process was, he said, secret. The wood was seasoned in a certain manner and at a certain time the dye was introduced under pressure. It was a process that no other dealer had duplicated and he had had it perfected on a commercial basis for less than three months.

Deering asked him if his books indicated persons to whom that mahog-

any had been sold, and Barbara stated that he had not sold any of the mahogany, that he had given three people samples to use for testing. Those three people had been three of his good customers, three persons whom he knew were interested in a new type of wood.

"Was the defendant one of those persons?" Deering asked.

"That's right. I gave Mr. Gilman a sample."

Deering said, "I show you a piece of wood and ask you if that is one of the pieces of wood you gave Mr. Gilman."

"That is part of it, yes. It has been sawed approximately in two pieces. That is about half of the piece I gave Mr. Gilman."

"We ask that this be marked for identification," Deering said.

"No objection," Mason said. "In fact, if you will state that this piece of wood was found in Mr. Gilman's woodworking shop I will be willing to stipulate that such is the case and it may be received in evidence."

"I will so state," Deering said, his manner somewhat puzzled.

"Then I will so stipulate," Mason said.

Judge Alvord looked at Mason as though about to say something, then changed his mind and said, "Very well. The wood will be received in evidence with that stipulation. Proceed."

"I have no further questions, Your Honor."

"I now wish to call Warren Lawton," Deering said.

Lawton qualified himself as a technical expert with the Los Angeles Police Department.

"I will ask you if you examined sawdust which had adhered to the skirt of Vera Martel and sawdust which was found in her shoes and on the top of one stocking?"

"I was present when the sawdust was recovered by vacuum-cleaner from the articles of clothing mentioned."

"Was any sawdust composed of particles of this same wood containing this same dye which has been introduced in evidence as People's Exhibit G?"

"They were."

"Where were they found?"

"In the right shoe near the heel, near the top of the right stocking, and on the skirt, both the right and the left sides."

"Did you make any examination of an automobile registered in the name of Carter Gilman?"

"I did."

"Did you find anything significant in the trunk of that automobile?"

"I did."

"What was it?"

"Some of the same type of sawdust coming from this board, Exhibit G, some fibres which, in my opinion, came from the skirt worn by Vera Martel at the time of her death—or at least the skirt she had on when her body was found—and several hairs which, in my opinion, are exactly identical with hairs from the head of Vera Martel."

"Did you find anything else in the car which you considered significant?"

"I did."

"What was it?"

"A rather large lump of blue modelling clay."

"Can you describe this modelling clay?"

"It is a clay about the consistency of putty. It is colored a deep blue, and it retains its plasticity; that is, it doesn't become dry and hard as other clay, but remains soft and pliable."

"Cross-examine," Deering said.

MASON arose to face the witness. "You found this type of sawdust in the defendant's workshop?"

"Yes."

"That type of sawdust would adhere to a person's clothes?"

"Some of it would under proper circumstances, yes."

"If Vera Martel had been in that workshop, lying on the floor, do you feel that some of the sawdust would have adhered to her clothing?"

"I feel quite certain it would have."

"And if her body had been placed in the automobile, you think some of that sawdust might have become loosened?"

"I think there is no question but that it would, yes."

"There's nothing about this sawdust, no peculiarity which gives it a particular affinity for the type of clothing worn by Vera Martel?"

"No, sir."

"It would adhere to the defendant's clothing?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, by the same sign, if the defendant had been working in his workshop and wearing, let us say, a sports coat at the time, this sawdust would have adhered to the sleeves of the defendant's coat?"

"It could have."

"And, if some of this sawdust was on the sports coat of the defendant and the defendant had opened the trunk of his automobile to put something in or get something out, it is quite possible that particles of this sawdust would have dropped from the coat sleeves of the defendant?"

"That is possible."

"Thank you," Mason said. "No further questions."

"Call Maurice Fellows," Deering said, with the air of a card player who is about to trump an opponent's ace.

Fellows, an older man with bushy eyebrows, heavy lines around his mouth, and a fringe of somewhat unkempt hair around his temples and the back of his head, took the stand and gave his occupation as a person who made keys.

"Are you acquainted with the defendant?" Deering asked.

"I've seen him."

"When did you see him?"

"On the afternoon of the thirteenth."

"That was last Tuesday afternoon?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you have any business transactions?"

"Yes, sir."

To page 53

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## Continuing . . . THE CASE OF THE DUPLICATE DAUGHTER

"Generally, what did those transactions consist of?"

Fellows said, "The defendant brought me in a lump of modelling clay. In it were the impressions of five keys. He wanted keys made to fit those impressions. I told him we didn't ordinarily do that work, but it would be quite a job, that we'd have to charge extra, that I'd have to make a master pattern and . . ."

"And what did he say?"  
"He said to go ahead, never mind the expense, to get the keys for him just as soon as possible."

"What did you do?"  
"I made the keys."  
"Now, how did you make those keys?"

"I first made a master pattern to use in making duplicates."

"Did you retain those master patterns?"  
"I did."

"Do you have them with you?"

"I do."  
"I ask that they be introduced in evidence," Deering said.

"No objection," Mason said.

"Now, Mr. Fellows, I am handing you a key container which has already been introduced in evidence as having been found in the purse of Vera Martel, the deceased, and ask you as an expert key man if these patterns which you have made match any of the keys found in this key container."

"They do," the witness said.

"All of them?"  
"All of them."

"You may cross-examine," Deering said, with an air of sudden swift triumph.

"No questions at this time," Mason said.

Judge Alvord glanced at the clock and said, "Well, gentlemen, it's five minutes before the noon hour. I think we had better take an adjournment before you call any more witnesses—or do you have any more, Mr. Prosecutor?"

"I think we have a couple," Deering said.

"Very well. The court will take an adjournment until one thirty this afternoon. The defendant is remanded to custody."

Judge Alvord left the bench. Mason grose, nodded to the officer, said, "Could you bring Mr. Gilman back here about twenty minutes past one. Officer? I want to have a talk with him before court convenes."

"I'll have him here," the officer said.

"All right," Mason said to Gilman, "think it over. You're going to have to tell me the truth now."

Mason picked up his briefcase, nodded to Della Street and they were joined by Paul Drake as they left the courtroom.

"Lunch?" Drake asked.

"A light lunch," Mason said. "Just a few groceries to keep us going."

"That key business puts the nose right around your client's neck," Paul Drake said lugubriously.

Mason said nothing.

"The fact they brought that out at a preliminary examination shows they're afraid of you, however. Ordinarily they'd have saved that for the main trial."

"Except that by putting it in the record now," Mason said, "they can use it later on in case this key man can't be found."

Drake said, "Well, this is once they have you lashed to the mast, Perry. It's a wonder Hamilton Burger hasn't moved in for the kill."

"Probably because it's too open and shut," Mason said. "The district attorney wouldn't

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come into court personally on a case that's as open and shut as this."

"I'll bet you even money he's there this afternoon to conduct the examination himself," Paul Drake said. "He's in need of a personal triumph to satisfy his ego."

Mason said, "The guy doesn't look like a murderer, and yet . . ."

"For my money, he did the job," Drake said. "He did it to protect someone he loved, but he did it."

They went to their favorite restaurant near the Hall of Justice where there was a small private dining-room which a

They've had him for more than six hours but have kept him under cover. They're planning to put him on this afternoon as a surprise witness. They want to catch you flat-footed and figured that your cross-examination isn't going to help the situation any if they take you by surprise.

"Then they'll give Elliott every opportunity to skip out before the trial if he wants to and they'll read the testimony of Elliott at the preliminary hearing into the record. That will make it even more deadly."

"They've been planning that carefully as prosecution strategy. They had Elliott spotted where he was living under an assumed name in a motel and have had him under surveil-

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friendly proprietor kept in reserve for Perry Mason on court days.

Midway through the light lunch the waiter appeared with a telephone. "A call for Mr. Drake," he said.

He plugged the phone in, Drake picked up the instrument, said, "Okay, this is Paul Drake . . . Who? . . . Okay, put her on."

Drake said, "Hello," listened for a few moments, then said, "Okay. I guess there's nothing we can do. Just keep on the job. I'm glad we picked up the information."

Drake pushed back the instrument, said, "I hate to bring you more bad news, Perry."

"Can it get any worse?" Mason asked.

"The police have picked up Hartley Elliott. They're holding him as a material witness."

lance for a couple of days. They picked him up early this morning in a surprise move and are planning to steal a march on you.

"You know what that means. Hamilton Burger himself will be in the courtroom this afternoon, ready to jerk the rug out from under you, and while they've got you floundering they'll make Elliott admit that he saw Glamis running from the workshop."

"The theory is that Gilman, sitting at the breakfast table, also saw her running and went out to find out what it was all about, either encountered Vera Martel and strangled her or found that Glamis had done the job and is covering up for Glamis."

"Then they'll call the grand jury in session, indict Glamis, try her jointly with Carter Gil-

man, and have you where you can't squirm out."

Mason said, "Glamis insists she was in bed until she heard Muriel moving around upstairs."

"Uh-huh," Drake said, "that's what she insists, but by the time your client tells you the real truth you'll find you have a bear by the tail."

Mason pushed back his chair from the table. "Well, he said, 'let's go up to the scene of the massacre and watch Hamilton Burger move in for the kill.'"

Promptly at one-twenty the officer brought Carter Gilman into court.

Mason glanced over his shoulder at the spectators who were already filling up the benches in the courtroom, put his arm along the back of the chair in which Gilman was sitting, kept his manner casual, and said in a low voice, "All right, tell me the story, the true story."

Mason turned as though about to pick up a paper, then again leaned toward Gilman. "All right, let me have it."

Gilman said, "I'm not going to betray the person I'm trying to protect."

Mason said, "I can't protect anyone unless I know the facts—all of them."

"Then you'd betray me."

"Not you. You're my client."

"Then you'd betray the person I'm trying to protect in order to save my life."

Mason studied the man. "I might do just that."

"That's what I'm afraid of. I'll never tell any living soul what I saw."

"All right," Mason said. "You're going to get a jolt within a few minutes."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean the police have Hartley Elliott in custody. He was in the bedroom over the dining-room. He saw Glamis when she ran out of the workshop."

Had Mason hit Gilman in the stomach the man couldn't have shown greater surprise and dismay. "He—he saw her."

"That's right."

"How do you know?"

"He told me."

Gilman heaved a deep sigh. "Of all the luck! He would have had to be looking out that window."

"Was it Glamis?" Mason asked.

"Yes. First Vera Martel walked up the driveway and entered the darkroom. I saw her. I made an excuse to get Muriel out in the kitchen so I could go out and investigate. Then in the few minutes that necessarily elapsed . . . well, I don't know what happened. I looked out of the window and Glamis came running out of the workshop."

"It seemed Muriel never would quit popping in and out of that kitchen door. I had to wait until I was certain she was engaged in the cooking before I—"

The bailiff banged his gavel. "Everybody rise."

The occupants of the courtroom got to their feet as Judge Alvord came in and took his place on the bench.

A side door opened and Hamilton Burger came into the courtroom to seat himself beside Edward Deering.

Judge Alvord seemed mildly surprised. "Am I to understand the district attorney is appearing in this case personally?" he asked.

"Yes, Your Honor," Hamilton Burger said, and turning, nodded coolly to Perry Mason.

"Very well," Judge Alvord said. "Call your next witness."

Deering said, "I call Hartley Grove Elliott."

Burger arose to address the Court. "May the Court please," he said, "Hartley Elliott is not only a hostile witness, I may state to the Court that we have been forced to bring him to court as a material witness who

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## Continuing . . . THE CASE OF THE DUPLICATE DAUGHTER

has been picked up and held in custody. Mr. Elliott not only endeavored to avoid a subpoena but was living in a motel under an assumed name and endeavoring to conceal his whereabouts from the authorities.

"The Court will permit leading questions," Judge Alvord ruled, "if the hostility of the witness becomes apparent. However, you can examine him in the regular manner until it becomes apparent that leading questions are required."

The door from the witness-room opened and a uniformed officer escorted Hartley Elliott into the courtroom.

Judge Alvord, watching Elliott curiously, said, "Raise your right hand and be sworn."

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Elliott raised his right hand, was sworn and took the witness stand.

"I'm directing your attention to the morning of Tuesday, the thirteenth of this month," Hamilton Burger said, conducting the examination personally.

"Yes, sir," Elliott said.

"Where were you on that morning?"

"I was at the home of the defendant, Carter Gilman, at 6231 Vauxman Avenue."

"Were you a guest in that home?"

"I was."

"What time did you arrive there?"

"Do you want to know when I first arrived there?"

"That is what the question calls for."

"About two or two-thirty in the morning, I would presume."

"And what did you do?"

"I escorted Glamis Barlow to the house. We sat on the porch for a while, then she invited me in for a drink."

"And then?" Hamilton Burger asked.

"Then I said good-night and went out to start my car. She came to stand in the doorway and see me off. I had inadvertently left the ignition on. My battery had evidently been run down. When I tried to start the car the self-starter wouldn't work."

"Then what happened?"

"Miss Barlow suggested that I stay there in the house until morning, when I could get another battery put in my car and in the meantime have my own battery charged at a nearby service station."

"Was that service station open at that hour of the morning?"

"Not when I tried to start the car, no. It opened at eight o'clock in the morning."

"All right," Hamilton Burger said.

"What did you do then?"

"I went to bed."

"Now then," Hamilton Burger said,

"I want to have the Court understand exactly where you were sleeping. Can you describe the bedroom?"

"It was on the north-west corner of the house."

"That was toward the back of the house?"

"Yes."

"From your room you could see the garage in the back of the house?"

"Yes."

"Are you familiar with the location of the darkroom used by Mrs. Gilman?"

"Yes."

"And you are familiar with the wood-working shop used by the defendant in this case, Carter Gilman?"

"Yes."

"I refer you to People's Exhibit B, a sketch of the floor plan of the house showing the location of the driveway, the garage, the workshop and the darkroom. Do you orient yourself on that diagram?"

"Yes."

"Will you kindly point out to the Court exactly where your bedroom was located?"

"It was this bedroom on the second floor."

"And that is directly over the dining-room?"

"I believe so, yes."

"Now then, I am going to ask you, when did you next see Glamis Barlow after you had said good-night to her at an early hour in the morning on the thirteenth? When was the very next time you saw her?"

"I simply refuse to answer."

Hamilton Burger looked at Judge Alvord.

Judge Alvord said, "The witness will answer unless there is something in the question that would tend to incriminate or degrade him, in which event he can place his refusal to answer on those grounds, and the Court will then pass upon the refusal."

"If you simply refuse to answer," Judge Alvord said, "you are going to be held in contempt of this court."

"I simply refuse to answer. I am not going to permit anything I may have seen to be used to crucify an innocent person."

Hamilton Burger frowned.

"Very well," Judge Alvord said. "If you refuse to answer the Court is going to hold you in contempt, and I may assure you, Mr. Elliott, that this contempt is not going to be a light sentence. This is a continuing matter. This is a murder case. Your evidence may be vital."

"I refuse to answer."

### HAMILTON BURGER

said, "If the Court please, I feel that the Court should use sufficient pressure to get an answer from this witness. Here we have a hostile witness who has evidence which may have a great bearing upon the solution of this case. It may furnish evidence not only as to motivation, but it may indicate the necessity of having two defendants jointly charged with this murder. The answer of this witness is of very great importance."

"I can assure the Court that, in view of the attitude of this witness, in view of the fact that the witness has already endeavored to conceal himself, there is every possibility that the witness will not be available at the time of trial in the Superior Court unless he is held in custody as a material witness. Even then it is impossible to anticipate what his testimony may be after he has had an opportunity to think it over and to be coached by interested parties."

"It is vital to the case of the People that this witness be forced to answer this question here and now."

Judge Alvord said, "Mr. Elliott, I am going to warn you that unless you answer this question you are going to be committed to gaol for contempt of court and you are going to stay in gaol until you do answer the question or until you show some legal grounds why the question should not be answered."

"I refuse to answer."

"Very well," Judge Alvord said, "it is the judgment of this Court that you forthwith be committed to the sheriff of this county, that you be confined in the county gaol for contempt of this court and that you be held in the county gaol until such time as you either answer this question or show legal cause why you should not answer it."

Hartley Elliott stood up, folded his arms, regarded the judge with steady, steely eyes, and said, "I refuse to answer."

Judge Alvord nodded to the officer, who came forward, took Elliott's arm, and escorted him from the courtroom.

Hamilton Burger turned dramatically. "I call Paul Drake to the stand," he said. "Paul Drake is here in the courtroom. Come forward and be sworn, please, Mr. Drake."

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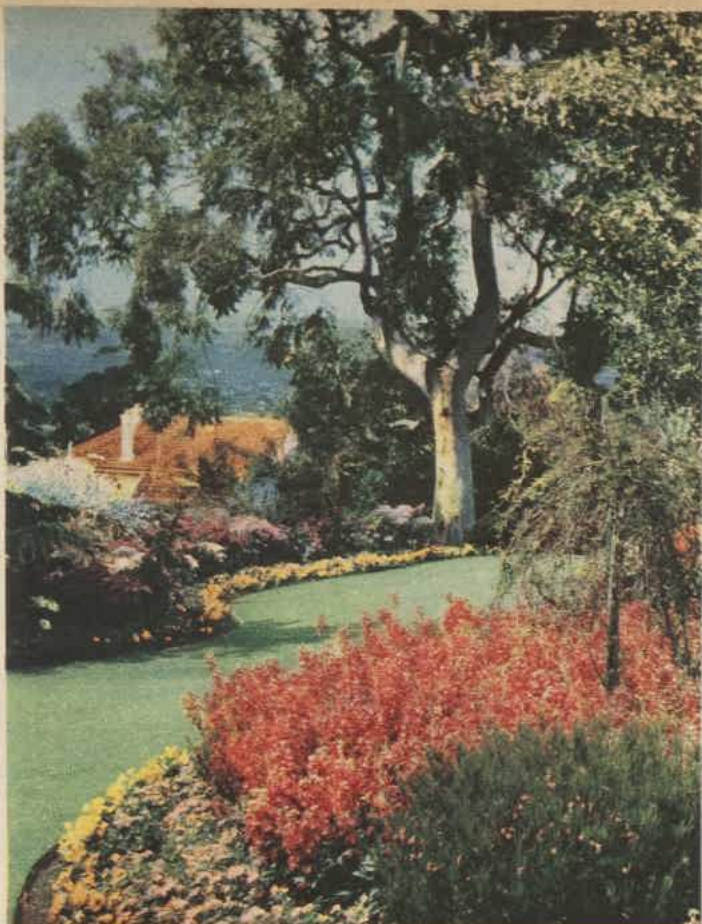
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## IT'S TIDY-UP TIME

● Midwinter is a good time to correct faults which have developed during the warm months.

**L**AWNS are easily overlooked when more urgent garden jobs take up your time.

Start by raking up any left-over autumn leaves, and put them aside for later compost.

Next, look out for the uneven hollows where the soil has sunk or been washed away by winter rain. Rake in a little top-dressing—fin, or fin, is plenty. An ideal top-dressing is finely sieved garden soil mixed with a little granulated compost. Make sure the soil is free of seeds by spreading it on a sheet of galvanised iron over the garden fire. Bake till it steams, and the weeds won't bother you.

If the hollows are too deep for this treatment, cut a line round them with the edge of a spade. Peel back the sods, deep enough not to damage the roots, then build up the depression with loose soil. Tamp down lightly and re-lay the sods.

Digging weeds out of the lawn with a small fork is the best way.

Next come hard patches, where the lawn has dried out from traffic or competition with tree roots. Open the soil there by jabbing all over with the points of a garden fork—or, if the job is a big one, use a special ramp. You can make one by driving rows of 4in. nails through a piece of board, and mounting it on an old broom handle.

Really bare patches are best covered with new sods if you can get them—either from a nursery or a spare lawn patch. Dig the bare patch deeply and replace the soil mixed with a little humus or peat moss. Cut the sods to fit, and lay them with joints butted together. Stamp them in lightly and rake top-dressing into the cracks.

Reinforce the thin spots with a little new grass seed mixed with packaged lawn food. Sprinkle lightly where the lawn can do with a little fresh growth.

Your garden shop will recommend a good

type of seed for your district—and also show you a choice of lawn fertilisers.

Cold weather is a good time to go after garden pests, too, before they have a chance to make havoc with your spring flowers.

Lift any loose rockery stones or board edgings that might harbor slaters (plant lice). Don't believe friends who tell you these hard-shelled little grey insects are harmless. They'll eat anything they can get to.

Boiling water will fix them quickly—then you can replace the stones. Pack the earth down tight so there'll be no cavity for a new slater generation.

Garden ants are best controlled with an application of chlordane in liquid or powder form. Slugs and snails are tempted out of hiding with commercial snail bait, preferably mixed with powdered nicotine.

If excess of earthworms is leaving unsightly casts on your lawn, thin them out with poisonous arsenate of lead, well watered-in. Worms are essential to keep soil in good condition, but they can outwear a welcome.

Your roses should all be pruned by now, but sometimes a little extra shaping is helpful, especially where odd branches have died back. Fruit trees can still be trimmed and shaped, and will bear better if you cut out the centre, forcing outward growth. But don't touch the ornamental varieties until after flowering. Every bud you remove now means one flower less in spring.

Cotoneasters and other berry bushes can be shaped now, and deciduous trees and shrubs pruned to better shape. Take excess tendrils and suckers off flowering creepers.

There's still time, too, to plant new shrubs and remove older ones to better locations. Azaleas can be moved right up to flowering time. Repair gaps in your shrub border by adding some new plants at the first opportunity, and begin to feed your spring-flowering bushes so they'll build strong flower buds.

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Drake glanced in dismay at Perry Mason.

"Come forward and be sworn, Mr. Drake," Judge Alvord ordered.

Drake came forward, was sworn, and took the stand.

"You are a private detective?"

"Yes, sir."

"Licensed as such?"

"Yes, sir."

"And were so licensed on the fourteenth day of this month?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you acquainted with Hartley Elliott, the witness who was just on the stand?"

"Yes, sir."

"I am going to ask you if, on the fourteenth day of this month, in the apartment of Hartley Elliott, number 6-B at the Rossiter Apartments on Blenden Street in this city, you and Perry Mason did not have a conversation with Hartley Elliott. Now, you can answer that question yes or no."

Drake hesitated, finally said reluctantly, "Yes."

"I am going to ask you," Hamilton Burger said, "if at that conversation and in the presence of Perry Mason as attorney for the defence you did not ask Hartley Elliott what had happened on the morning of the thirteenth and if Hartley Elliott didn't then and there

## Continuing... THE CASE OF THE DUPLICATE DAUGHTER

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refuse to answer any question as to what had happened on the morning of the thirteenth?"

Hamilton Burger's countenance showed that the shot had told.

"I am waiting to see if you can assure the Court such is the fact," Mason said.

"That is immaterial," Hamilton Burger blurted.

"No, it isn't immaterial," Mason said. "You can't impeach your own witness unless you can show surprise. You can't impeach any witness except by showing that at some time he had made a statement

ground that it is incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial, that it calls for hearsay evidence, that it is an attempt by the prosecutor to impeach his own witness."

"The objection is sustained," Judge Alvord said.

Hamilton Burger, his face flushed, snapped, "That's all, Mr. Drake. You may step down from the stand. If the Court please, I'm going to get at this another way. Call Glamis Barlow to the stand."

Judge Alvord stroked his chin. "Miss Barlow is in court?" he asked.

"I have had her subpoenaed, and since she is a material witness and I am afraid she

will come in a manner friendly to both counsel, yet bearing in mind that it is the object of this Court to see that justice is done.

"Now, Mr. Prosecutor, you have established a prima facie case. It is a well-known fact that once that has happened Courts usually bind the defendant over for trial, that even if the defence is able to put on evidence which raises a question as to the accuracy of the evidence introduced by the prosecution, the Court in a preliminary hearing will not take the responsibility of weighing that evidence or resolving the conflict in that evidence, but will bind the defendant over for trial.

"The Court feels that it is, therefore, entitled to ask the prosecutor why the prosecution is anxious to continue with these witnesses and a line of testimony which

### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



contrary to the testimony he has given, and even then the testimony by way of impeachment cannot be considered as evidence of the facts stated but only as evidence that the witness had made a contradictory statement at some time and that his veracity is thereby brought into question.

"I think that is the law," Judge Alvord said.

Hamilton Burger's face reddened. "Your Honor," he said, the prosecution doesn't want to be boxed in by a lot of technicalities.

"The prosecution has reason to believe that Perry Mason and Paul Drake, his detective, had a conversation with Hartley Elliott on the fourteenth, that as a result of that conversation Hartley Elliott hurriedly left his apartment shortly before the police arrived, that he went to a motel where he registered under an assumed name and tried to keep out of circulation so that he could not be found and couldn't be questioned by the police or subpoenaed as a witness in this case.

"Now then, if the Court please, we believe that Hartley Elliott actually saw Glamis Barlow run from the workshop and that he told Paul Drake and Perry Mason that, and I think it is a reasonable inference that his disappearance was connected with the conversation he had with those two gentlemen."

Judge Alvord glanced at Perry Mason.

Perry Mason said, "That's a theory the prosecutor has, Your Honor, but I still submit that he can't prove any fact in this case against the defendant by hearsay testimony. He has to produce some direct testimony if he wants to show motivation for the murder of Vera Martel, which apparently he is trying to show."

"He has to show that by direct evidence, not by what some witness may have told someone. If he wants to impeach a witness he has to be governed by the rules of impeachment."

"And you object to the question?" Judge Alvord asked.

"We object to it on the

may leave the jurisdiction of the court, I arranged to have her taken into custody a few hours ago."

"I don't know just what you are trying to accomplish, Mr. District Attorney," Judge Alvord said. "This Court is conducting a preliminary hearing. The only purpose of a preliminary hearing is to show, first, that a crime has been committed; second, that there is probable cause to believe the defendant is connected with the perpetration of the crime. The function of this Court is not to act as a grand jury."

"I understand that, Your Honor," Hamilton Burger said coldly.

"Now, I also realise," Judge Alvord went on, "that under the law of this State, where a person has been called as a witness at a preliminary hearing and has either been cross-examined by the defence, or counsel for the defence has had an opportunity to cross-examine that witness, if anything should happen that at the trial of the case the witness is unavailable, either party can read the testimony of that witness into evidence: that is, the testimony of the witness as given at the preliminary examination."

"Yes, Your Honor."

"Now, therefore," Judge Alvord went on, "it sometimes happens that a district attorney who has a witness who can give important testimony in a case and who he fears may have either died or removed from the jurisdiction of the court by the time the case is called for trial in the Superior Court, can produce a witness at a preliminary hearing and thereby forestall difficulties which may arise if the witness is not available at the time of the trial."

"Yes, Your Honor," Hamilton Burger said coldly.

Judge Alvord showed his exasperation. "I do not wish to superimpose my judgment upon that of the prosecution in this case," he said.

"Nor, on the other hand, do I propose to have this Court used to usurp the functions of a grand jury. I simply tried to make my obser-

apparently is merely cumulative."

"The prosecution desires to do so because it feels it is good policy to do so," Hamilton Burger said. "The prosecution is dealing with a resourceful, tricky trial attorney who is accustomed to capitalise upon the dramatic in order to upset the conventions of courtroom precedent. The prosecution, therefore, insists that it have the right to put on its case as it sees fit and that the Court does not restrain the prosecution from calling witnesses."

"Very well," Judge Alvord said, his manner indicating that he was becoming progressively more angry, "the Court is not going to restrain the rights of the prosecution to put on witnesses. On the other hand, this is a court of justice and the Court does not intend to be used as a grand jury, nor does it intend to see any defendant deprived of his or her rights."

"Now then, Mr. District Attorney, you want to call Glamis Barlow to the stand. It is quite apparent that before this case is finished there is every possibility Glamis Barlow will be joined as a co-defendant in a trial in the Superior Court. The Court does not propose to have Miss Barlow called as a witness simply in order to entrap her into a situation where she may have forfeited any of her constitutional rights."

"You want to call Miss Barlow as a witness. Go ahead and call her."

"Glamis Barlow," Hamilton Burger said in an unnecessarily loud voice.

An officer opened the door of the witness room and escorted Glamis Barlow to the stand.

"Now, just a moment," Judge Alvord said, after the witness had taken the oath. "The Court advises you you are not called upon to answer any question which, in your opinion, may tend to incriminate you. The prosecution does not have any right to call you as a witness in a case in which you are the

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**LOXENE** MEDICATED SHAMPOO WITH **IOLAN**

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—July 12, 1961





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derendant, while you are not formally a defendant in this case you may later on become one.

"The Court wants you to understand your situation and the Court further advises you that if you wish to confer with counsel at any time the Court is going to give you the opportunity to do so. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Your Honor," Glamis Barlow said.

"And," Judge Alvord went on, "anything you may say now, any answer you may give to questions now asked you can be used against you at any time. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Your Honor." "The Court has committed one witness for contempt for failing to answer a question. This Court will, however, be far more charitable with a witness who is obviously being called in an attempt to lay the foundation for a later prosecution, and where the idea seems to be to surprise her into making a statement before she has the advice of counsel."

"I resent the Court's remarks," Hamilton Burger said. "I feel they are uncalled for."

Judge Alvord said, "I do not agree. I advise this witness that if she wishes to refuse to answer any question there will be no contempt until after she has been given an opportunity to confer with counsel of her own choosing in order to see if she cares to answer such question."

"You may proceed, Mr. District Attorney."

Hamilton Burger turned to the witness savagely. "Are you acquainted with the deceased, Vera M. Martel, or were you acquainted with her during her lifetime?"

"I did not know Vera M. Martel," Glamis Barlow said.

"I will direct your attention to the morning of the thirteenth of this month and ask you if, between the hour of eight and eight-thirty, you were at your residence at 6231 Vauxman Avenue?"

"I was."

"Between those times, or at any other time during the morning, did you have occasion to go to the workshop

## Continuing . . . THE CASE OF THE DUPLICATE DAUGHTER

from page 56

of the defendant, Carter Gilman? Now, by that workshop I am referring to this workshop indicated on the diagram, People's Exhibit B. I want to be sure there is no misunderstanding. I am indicating on the diagram the workshop in question. Can you orient yourself according to this diagram, Miss Barlow?"

"I can."

"Did you go to that workshop?"

"Just a minute," Perry Mason said. "That is objected to as incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial. It is further objected to on the ground that the question is leading and suggestive, that it is an attempt on the part of counsel to cross-examine his own witness, that very apparently this question is designed for the purpose of trapping the witness into a position where she will be forced to be a witness against herself by the time the case comes to trial in the Superior Court; that the constitutional rights of the witness are being detoured by a technique which is not a legitimate part of the preliminary hearing in this case."

HAMILTON BURGER said angrily, "If the Court please, this witness has been advised of her constitutional rights. I am asking her now if she went to that particular room on that particular date at that particular time, and I have a right to an answer to that question. The witness is not charged with any crime as yet."

"Will you state that it is not your intention to charge her with a crime as soon as this preliminary hearing is finished?" Judge Alvord asked.

"I will make no statement whatever to Court or counsel in regard to the intentions of the prosecution. I'm at the moment calling a witness who, I believe, is familiar with cer-

tain facts in this case. I want to have her testimony made a part of this record. I am within my rights, I am not abusing the process of the Court, and I insist that the witness answer that question."

"I want to answer that question," Glamis Barlow shouted. "I wasn't anywhere near that room."

Hamilton Burger's face twisted into a triumphant grin. "Let's not misunderstand each other, Miss Barlow," he said suavely. "This diagram, People's Exhibit B, shows the ground-floor plan of the house at 6231 Vauxman Avenue in this city as it existed on the thirteenth day of this month, and in the question that I asked you I indicated the workshop shown on that diagram—and so that there can be no misunderstanding about it I will now ask you to write your name on the diagram indicating the room in question which you said you did not visit on the morning of the thirteenth between the hours of eight and eight-thirty a.m."

"Just a minute, Miss Barlow," Judge Alvord said, "do you understand that question?"

"I certainly do."

"Do you wish to write your name upon the portion of the diagram which is indicated in the question?"

"I do."

"Do you realise that by so doing you are giving testimony under oath as a witness in a case wherein it is quite possible you may be a co-defendant by the time the case comes to trial in the Superior Court?"

"I don't care where it is tried," Glamis Barlow said. "I wasn't anywhere near that room any time during the morning of the thirteenth. I slept until nearly ten o'clock and outside of leaving my room to go in the hallway and talk with Muriel Gilman I didn't go anywhere before at least

nine-thirty. Then I dressed and had breakfast and left the house and didn't go anywhere near that workshop."

"Very well," Judge Alvord said. "The Court is satisfied that you have been advised as to your constitutional rights. The Court doesn't particularly approve of this procedure but I am satisfied there is no law against it."

"I will state to the witness, however, that even if she did not claim the constitutional privilege of refusing to incriminate herself the Court would be inclined to sustain this objection, were it not for the attitude of the witness. Go ahead and write your name on that diagram if that is what you wish to do."

Glamis Barlow wrote her name in a firm hand on the diagram.

Hamilton Burger said gloatingly, "Now you have written your name on a section of the diagram which is labelled 'Workroom of Defendant' and is indicated by a rectangle with measurements to scale included in a larger rectangle labelled 'Garage, Darkroom, and Workshop.' Is that correct?"

"That is correct."

"When you say that you did not go into that room you mean the workroom maintained by the defendant as a wood-working room in the southern portion of a house which is in the back of the building at 6231 Vauxman Avenue, and which house or structure includes a woodworking shop on the south, a darkroom maintained by your mother, Nancy Gilman, immediately adjacent thereto, and is, in turn, adjoined on the north by a garage having room for three cars. Is that correct?"

"That is correct."

"Cross-examine," Hamilton Burger said triumphantly to Perry Mason.

"No questions," Mason said. "Call your next witness," Judge Alvord announced.

"Call Mrs. Lamay C. Kirk," Hamilton Burger said.

The door of the witness room was opened and a rather plump, pleasant-faced woman in the early forties was escorted into the courtroom. She was sworn, and took the witness stand.

"Where do you reside, Mrs. Kirk?" Hamilton Burger asked.

"6227 Vauxman Avenue."

"Now, that is where, with reference to the house occupied by the defendant, Carter Gilman?"

"It is directly south."

"Are there any houses between you and the Gilman house?"

"No, sir."

"Is there a driveway?"

"No, sir. There is a hedge which extends partway between the two houses, but the driveway to the Gilman house is on the north of their house and the driveway of our house is to the south."

"I will ask you if you have occasion to remember the thirteenth of this month at an hour between eight and eight-thirty in the morning."

"I do. I was sitting in a breakfast nook."

"Where is that breakfast nook?"

"It is on the north-west corner of the house."

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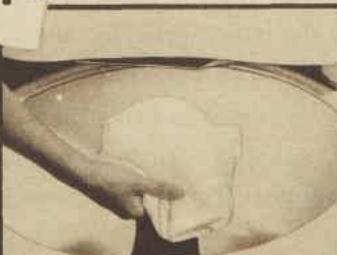
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# Continuing . . . THE CASE OF THE DUPLICATE DAUGHTER

from page 58

"And looking to the north from the windows of that house what do you see?"

"Well, we see a portion of the yard, a portion of the back of the Gilman house, part of the back of the Gilman house; that is, the screened porch on the back of the Gilman house, and we see the house which is used by the Gilmans as a garage and combination workshop and darkroom."

"Are you acquainted with Glamis Barlow?"

"I am."

"How long have you known her?"

"Ever since we lived on Vanuxem Avenue. About two years."

"Did you see Glamis Barlow on the morning of the thirteenth, between the hours of eight and eight-thirty a.m.?"

inference, that Glamis Barlow met Vera Martel on the morning of the thirteenth and that this defendant, seated in the dining-room of his home, hurriedly excusing himself, went to the workshop in order to talk with Vera Martel.

"Also that while the defendant was in that workshop and while Glamis Barlow was also present, the defendant strangled Vera Martel, loaded her body in the trunk of his automobile and hurriedly left the house, leaving unfinished a portion of his breakfast; that defendant thereupon located the automobile of Vera Martel and, with the assistance of Glamis Barlow as his accomplice, drove the Martel car to the point where the body was disposed of. The

at those times, unless the district attorney can positively show first that Vera Martel was there at that time, that the defendant was there at that time and that the murder took place at that time and place."

"We intend to show it by inference," Burger said.

"Until the proper foundation can be laid, the question of the movements of Glamis Barlow becomes incompetent, irrelevant, and immaterial," Perry Mason said, "at least as far as the present question is concerned. It can now only be construed as an attempt to impeach the veracity of Glamis Barlow who was the prosecution's own witness."

Judge Alvord said, "I am inclined to agree with the defence, Mr. Burger. At this time, at any rate, the movements of Glamis Barlow would seem to

Judge Alvord said, "Well, it seems to me counsel is entitled to lay the foundation for his testimony but this is certainly going far afield. The defendant isn't bound by any conversation which may have taken place between this witness and her daughter."

"There is no objection to the defence," Mason said. "As a matter of fact, we welcome the situation, because once the prosecution has opened the door by showing a part of this conversation we are entitled to show it all on cross-examination."

Hamilton Burger made no attempt to conceal his exasperation. He said, "May I have a moment, Your Honor?" and walked over to engage in a whispered consultation with Edwardo Deering.

Deering seemed to have a very positive idea in regard to an approach, and after a few moments Hamilton Burger nodded.

"Very well," he said, "I will temporarily withdraw this witness from the stand, with the idea, if the Court please, that I am going to lay a proper foundation so that the question I want her to answer will be relevant."

"I hope you know what you're doing," Judge Alvord commented drily. "The Court wishes to state, however, that Carter Gilman is the defendant in this case. But quite apparently your more recent witnesses have been called for the purpose of involving Glamis Barlow, who is not the defendant. The Court feels that if witnesses are to be called with the idea of involving Glamis Barlow, she should be a defendant and, as such, should have counsel who could subject the witnesses to searching cross-examination."

"I think I understand the Court's position," Hamilton Burger said, "and I'm quite

● Wit is the salt of conversation, not the food. —W. Hazlitt

certain I understand what I have in mind.

"I am now wish to call Glenn Beaumont McCoy."

The door of the witness room opened and McCoy, a tall, slightly stooped individual in the early fifties, walked to the stand, raised his hand, took the oath, and then seated himself on the witness chair.

"Where do you reside, Mr. McCoy?" Deering asked, while Hamilton Burger, seated at the table, was busily engaged in scribbling notes.

"Nevada."

"Where were you residing on the thirteenth of this month?"

"Las Vegas, Nevada."

"What is your occupation?"

"I am a card dealer."

"Are you acquainted with Glamis Barlow?"

"I know her by sight."

"How many times have you seen her?"

"I can't recall offhand. Several times."

"Where have you seen her?"

"At the place where I am employed."

"Did you see her on the evening of the thirteenth of this month?"

"I did."

"Where?"

"Now, just a moment, if the Court please," Mason said. "I wish to interpose an objection on the ground that all of this is incompetent, irrelevant, and immaterial."

"I propose to connect it up," Deering said.

"That isn't sufficient," Mason said. "An attempt is now being made to try Glamis Barlow as a co-defendant with Carter

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## AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning July 10



### ARIES The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20  
★ Lucky number this week, 1.  
★ Lucky color for love, yellow.  
★ Gambling colors, yellow, black.  
★ Lucky days, Mon., Wednesday.  
★ Luck through an elder.

★ An older person, possibly a relative, may do you a favor, use influence on your behalf, help with money or advice in a business matter. If quite young, parents may agree to a plan on which you have set your heart. You might get an unexpected gift, attend an outstanding party, be introduced to a fascinating stranger by an older friend.



### TAURUS The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20  
★ Lucky number this week, 3.  
★ Lucky color for love, grey.  
★ Gambling colors, grey, red.  
★ Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.  
★ Luck in increasing skill.

★ Whether you are making lampshades, your first frock or hat, upholstering furniture, painting the kitchen, acting as a hostess, playing golf or some other game, interested in puzzles, your chances of hitting the target are bright. In some directions you may even learn to cut corners safely by efficiency. You'll receive the admiration of your beloved.



### GEMINI The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21  
★ Lucky number this week, 2.  
★ Lucky color for love, white.  
★ Gambling colors, white, black.  
★ Lucky days, Monday, Friday.  
★ Luck in a budget.

★ Your best friend in finances just now is a sound budget. Long-term goals are more important to you than immediate gratification of minor wishes. If you can adhere to a savings campaign you'll be able to attain that secret wish close to your heart. Allow for essentials, then watch your hoard grow to a respectable size with your aim in sight.



### CANCER The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22  
★ Lucky number this week, 9.  
★ Lucky color for love, rose.  
★ Gambling colors, rose, olive.  
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.  
★ Luck in love.

★ For a few, a most wonderful love may come into your life. It could break on you dramatically or it could creep into your heart softly. Your age may have little to do with it. The object of your romance may be a stranger or one you have long known only as a friend. The ending may be sad, but the experience won't have hurt you.



### LEO The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 22  
★ Lucky number this week, 4.  
★ Lucky color for love, orange.  
★ Gambling colors, orange, brown.  
★ Lucky days, Monday, Thursday.  
★ Luck in escaping trouble.

★ You may have snapped an answer to one in authority too busy to notice your remark. You might stop just in time from becoming involved in gossip or similar unpleasantness. Some of you come very close to a traffic accident. Don't attempt to make amateur repairs to electrical equipment. In most cases you escape the consequences.



### VIRGO The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23  
★ Lucky number this week, 6.  
★ Lucky color for love, blue.  
★ Gambling colors, blue, gold.  
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.  
★ Luck through an organization.

★ You might become a foundation member of a new group for a purpose which has a special appeal for you. Otherwise a club to which you belong holds an important social function and, if eligible, you could meet there your future life mate. An organization may sponsor you in a special role which brings you before the public.



### LIBRA The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23  
★ Lucky number this week, 3.  
★ Lucky color for love, black.  
★ Gambling colors, black, blue.  
★ Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.  
★ Luck in the limelight.

★ Don't stay in the background. A judicious mixture of aloofness and willingness can earn gratitude and a lively desire to help you to what you are seeking. Don't hesitate to ask favors when you feel the moment is opportune. Memories are short and you could soon be forgotten. A confident approach is most impressive.



### SCORPIO The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 23  
★ Lucky number this week, 7.  
★ Lucky color for love, silver.  
★ Gambling colors, silver, rose.  
★ Lucky days, Monday, Saturday.  
★ Luck in a new venture.

★ It may need all your courage, resourcefulness, know-how to launch a scheme which you have been pondering, although a few of you perceive the possibilities in a flash of inspiration. Doubts and hesitations will beset you on many points, but it is worth while to stick to your guns since the rewards will be great. You will tend to neglect all else.



### SAGITTARIUS The Archer

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 20  
★ Lucky number this week, 8.  
★ Lucky color for love, navy.  
★ Gambling colors, navy, white.  
★ Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.  
★ Luck in a windfall.

★ This could take the form of being promoted to another post because a workmate has resigned, the present from a neighbor of an object you have admired, such as a plant or cuttings, a family heirloom from a great-aunt, or a sum of money from your nearest and dearest. It could also be tickets to the theatre from a friend who is unable to attend.



### CAPRICORN The Goat

DECEMBER 21-JANUARY 19  
★ Lucky number this week, 7.  
★ Lucky color for love, pastel.  
★ Gambling colors, pastels, rose.  
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday.  
★ Luck in managing people.

★ Working through others may be harder than doing things yourself, but this week you are required to persuade others, handle them tactfully, soothe ruffled feelings. Assert your authority only as a last-ditch measure. Whether dealing with family, workmates, friends, success depends on using a sly thread.



### AQUARIUS The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19  
★ Lucky number this week, 1.  
★ Lucky color for love, brown.  
★ Gambling colors, brown, green.  
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.  
★ Luck in health.

★ Vitality should now be at a high level and any recent health problems are likely to vanish. With renewed energy you can deal with matters previously postponed. All this means an increase in good looks and attractiveness which should be evaluated so that it remains a permanent asset. Active physical exercise leads to new friendships.



### PISCES The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20  
★ Lucky number this week, 3.  
★ Lucky color for love, violet.  
★ Gambling colors, violet, grey.  
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.  
★ Luck through chance.

★ Should you have had a quarrel with your best-beloved, you run into each other and make it up, perhaps falling more deeply to love than ever. Should you have lost something, you find it accidentally. For some, a disappointment leads to a delightful surprise. Your fairy godmother seems to have a finger in the pie and it turns out well.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

## RIVETS



"I object, if the Court please," Mason said, "on the ground that the question is leading and suggestive, on the further ground that it is immaterial, irrelevant, and immaterial, and that, at most, it is an attempt on the part of the prosecution to impeach its own witness, Glamis Barlow."

"We're not trying to impeach anyone," Hamilton Burger said, "we're trying to establish the facts in this case."

"I would like to ask what possible connection the appearance of Glamis Barlow in this case might have with the guilt or innocence of the defendant, Carter Gilman," Mason said.

"I'll be glad to answer that question," Hamilton Burger snapped. "Vera Martel was engaged in a business transaction which directly affected Glamis Barlow. We don't know the exact nature of that business but we can prove, at least by

defendant to make the death of Vera Martel seem to be the result of an automobile accident."

"Then it is your contention that both Carter Gilman and Glamis Barlow are responsible for the death of Vera Martel? That Glamis Barlow at least became his accessory after the fact?"

"That is a correct statement of my position," Hamilton Burger snapped.

"Now, Your Honor," Perry Mason said, "the voice of this sort of an examination becomes apparent. The prosecution is trying to use this Court as a means by which he can entrap the person whom he intends to name as a co-defendant in the case just as soon as this hearing has been concluded."

"We insist that it is incompetent, irrelevant, and immaterial whether or not Glamis Barlow was in that building

have no possible bearing on the guilt or innocence of this defendant, unless you first show the presence of Vera Martel in that room at that time."

Hamilton Burger said, "Very well. I am forced to accept the ruling of the Court, but before I do so I am going to lay a broader foundation. Mrs. Kirk, were you alone in your breakfast nook at the time you mention?"

"No, sir. My daughter, Madeline, was with me."

"Do you know of your own knowledge whether your daughter Madeline and Glamis Barlow are friendly?"

"They are quite friendly in a casual sort of way."

"Were you both on the same side of the table?"

"Yes, sir. She was seated beside me."

"Did you comment to your daughter on anything unusual that you saw at that time?"

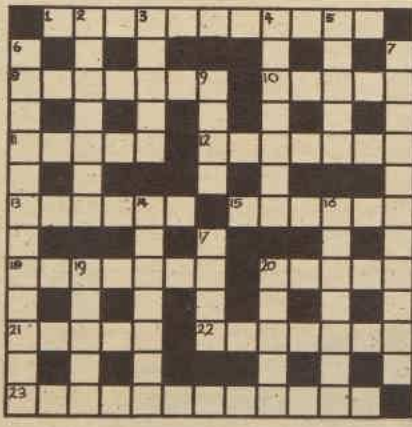
## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Determined beforehand when a nip ordered (11).
- A snore's causes (7).
- Sounding lead (5).
- Prospects in which I and we turn (5).
- At which (7).
- Canopy over a four-post bedstead (6).
- Lightening of stress standing out from the general surface (6).
- Engine to be found in each "m" (7).
- Support of a picture in the making (5).
- It represents the beginning as omega represents the end (5).
- Libra at the form of a table (7).
- Persons of standing on a tram (5-7).



Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.



Solution of last week's crossword.



## Continuing . . . THE CASE OF THE DUPLICATE DAUGHTER

Gilman. While I am representing Carter Gilman as his attorney I am not representing Glamis Barlow and I am not prepared to cross-examine witnesses who may testify to things that would involve Glamis Barlow in the commission of this crime, I think she is entitled to her own counsel."

"I think so, too," Judge Alvord said.

"Just a minute," Hamilton Burger announced, getting to his feet. "Before the Court rules on this objection I should like to state that it is the contention of the prosecution that Carter Gilman killed Vera Martel, that he took wax impressions of the keys in her key container, that he had keys made from those impressions, that he delivered those keys to Glamis Barlow and that she, in

from page 59

accordance with a common purpose, went to Las Vegas, Nevada, on the evening of the thirteenth and, using the keys given her by the defendant, entered the Las Vegas office of Vera Martel for the purpose of searching through papers in order to find some incriminating document."

"Incriminating to whom?" Judge Alvord said.

"Incriminating to both Glamis Barlow and Carter Gilman," Burger said.

"If the Court please," Mason said, "I think that is the wildest conjecture on the part of the district attorney. If Glamis Barlow entered that office for the purpose of getting a

document which incriminated her in some way that is an entirely different case."

"Not if she got the key which opened the office from Carter Gilman," Hamilton Burger said. "And, furthermore, in order to show a joint purpose and a collaboration, we propose to show that fingerprints of the defendant, Carter Gilman, were found in the Las Vegas office of Vera Martel, and that this office, as well as the Los Angeles office, had literally been wrecked by someone who had pulled papers from the files and strewn them over the floor in a frantic search for some documents."

Judge Alvord pursed his lips, then slowly nodded. "In a public office, Mr. Prosecutor, an office where the public is invited by implication,

fingerprints are not necessarily incriminating evidence unless it can be shown those prints were made at a time when the public was supposed to be excluded or because of a direct connection with some crime."

"Not when the man who made those prints is shown to have transported the body of his victim in his automobile," Hamilton Burger protested.

Judge Alvord frowned. "This is a very close question, gentlemen," he said. "I have been somewhat impatient with the district attorney's methods here, but in view of this latest statement and the possible testimony of this witness I am beginning to see an overall pattern which may be well within the permissible strategy of counsel for the People."

"I still insist that it's incompetent, irrelevant, and immaterial," Mason said, "until the district attorney first proves that the keys came from this defendant and that the document which Glamis Barlow was seeking was jointly incriminating."

"I am inclined to think, in view of the manner in which the evidence is now developing," Judge Alvord said, "that this may be permissible as tending to prove motivation. However, I will state to the prosecution, as I have stated several times before, that the prosecution has already made out a prima facie case. If it intends to go ahead and try to prove a lot of details, such as motivation, it is going to open the door to a showing by the defence on those same matters."

"I would also like to point out that if these matters which would properly be a part of the case in the Superior Court are brought into the case at this time, and if it should then appear that the defendant is able to undermine the theory of the prosecution of any one of these matters, that weakens the case of the prosecution."

"Attempting to prove too much and failing in part of it may be just as fatal as attempting to prove too little."

"I think I know what I am doing," Hamilton Burger said. "I want to get this matter before the Court. I want to get these witnesses on the stand. I want to get their testimony in this case. I am willing to take my chances in the event of any one of these factors in the case being discredited."

"Very well," Judge Alvord said. "I think, however, I would like to have a statement from you first as to what you expect to prove by this witness."

**H**AMILTON BURGER answered, "We expect to prove that this witness is acquainted with Glamis Barlow, that he has seen her several times in Las Vegas, that he has positively identified Glamis Barlow as the young woman he saw surreptitiously leaving the office of Vera Martel."

"The office of Vera Martel in Las Vegas is not in an office building, but is on the second floor of a building which has a gambling establishment on the lower floor. Some of the upstairs rooms are devoted to apartments and there are a few offices. It happens that the office of Vera Martel is directly opposite the apartment occupied by this witness, an apartment which is given to him as part of his compensation as a card dealer in the casino downstairs."

"We expect to show that this witness saw Glamis Barlow surreptitiously leave the office of Vera Martel. We expect to show that the next morning the office of Vera Martel was found to have been burglarised and that the files had been looted, papers strewn over the floor, and that there was every evidence of a hasty search for some document, a search which presumably was successful."

"May I ask the precise time that this took place?" Mason asked.

"The time was precisely nine-fifteen in the evening," Hamilton Burger said. "The witness can fix the time by reason of a radio programme that had just given the time. And, if the Court please, we also expect to show the fingerprints of the defendant, Carter Gilman, were found in that office."

To page 62

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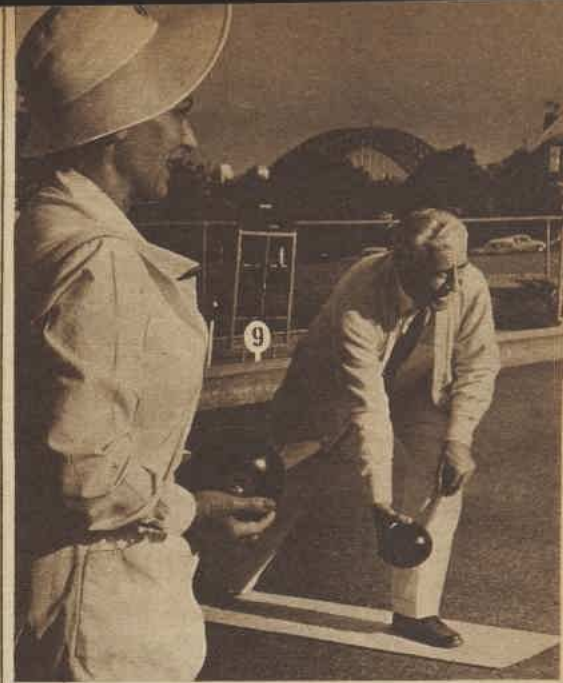
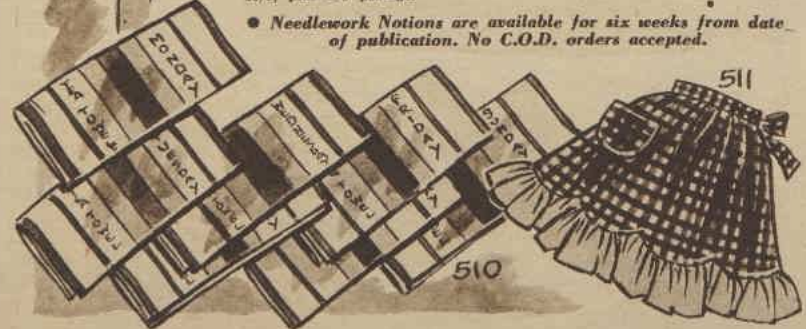
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## Continuing . . . THE CASE OF THE DUPLICATE DAUGHTER

from page 60

"We renew our objection," Mason said. "This is all by way of inference. Let the prosecution first prove that the defendant in this case turned over a key to Glamis Barlow."

"I think we can sufficiently establish that fact by inference at this stage of the case," Hamilton Burger said.

"Moreover," Mason said, "a witness can't testify as to a person's manner in leaving a room as to that manner being surreptitious. That is sheer conclusion."

"Not in this case," Hamilton Burger snapped. "There are a dozen things that show a consciousness of guilt: the tiptoe exit, the look up and down the corridor, the glance back over the shoulder, the quiet closing of the door."

"Then let him testify to those dozen things," Mason said, "and I'll cross-examine him on each one. But he can't give his conclusion."

Judge Alvord thought for a few moments, then reached a sudden decision.

"The Court will take its ruling under advisement and announce its decision on this point at ten o'clock tomorrow morning. In the meantime, the defendant is remanded to the custody of the sheriff. Court is adjourned until 10 a.m. tomorrow."

As soon as the court had adjourned, Mason, his eyes tense with concentration, said to Paul Drake, "All right, Paul, I want some action

and I want it fast. Who's the best polygraph operator in this area? I want to give some of my people a lie-detector test."

"For my money, Cartman Jasper is about the best—but who's going to take a lie-detector test?"

"Primarily I'm thinking of Nancy Gilman," Mason said. "There's a woman who is something of an enigma."

"All right, what do you want me to do?"

"Get Cartman Jasper in one of your offices. Get him to set up his equipment all ready for a lie-detector test."

He turned to Della Street. "Della, will you get Nancy Gilman and tell her that I want her in my

office, that I want to talk with her?"

Della Street nodded. "Stay with her," Mason said. "Take her right up to the office and wait for me."

As Della left, Mason turned to Paul Drake and said, "You get on the telephone and get Cartman Jasper up there and I may want to give you a lie-detector test, too."

"Me?" Drake exclaimed in surprise.

"Exactly," Mason said. "You might become a key witness in this case."

"How come?"

"This man McCoy may be the key to the whole thing. He'll swear that he saw Glamis Barlow leaving the office of Vera Martel at nine-fifteen."

Now, your notes show that Glamis Barlow was playing the slot machines in a casino up to nine-eleven. She wouldn't have had time to get to Vera's place, have gone in, ransacked it and left by nine-fifteen."

"Remember," Drake said, "that after she broke away and dashed out into a taxi, I don't know where she went."

"But," Mason said, "you called me and I sent you out to see Steve Barlow and you found her there."

"That, of course, was some time later."

"How much later?"

"Well, that was . . . well, she'd been gone three-quarters of an hour."

"Any chance you could be wrong on the time?"

"None whatever. I was watching her play slot machines from forty minutes past eight until nine-eleven," Drake said, "and then I didn't lose sight of the cab she was in until nine-twelve."

"That's good," Mason said. "Get positive about it. Now then, you go get on the phone and get Cartman Jasper all set up in your office. I'm going to keep Della Street and Nancy Gilman waiting until I know that you're all ready to give a lie-detector test. Then I'm going to go to my office, try to cross-examine Nancy into telling me the truth, and then we're going to spring a lie-detector on her."

"What's the truth?" Drake asked. "The truth," Mason said, "is that she must have known Vera Martel."

"And Vera Martel was blackmailing her over something in her past?" Drake asked.

"It must have been some sort of a new angle on blackmail," Mason said. "Burger is manoeuvring for position, trying to get us out on a limb. However, as Judge Alvord has pointed out, they've made a prima facie case against Carter Gilman long ago and he is going to get bound over for murder unless we can do this thing out within the next few hours, find out exactly what did happen, and prove that he's innocent."

**D**RAKE said, "You can never prove he's innocent in the face of this evidence. Hell's bells, the minute he went up to that locksmith with the impression of keys to Vera Martel's apartment and offices he was licked. The evidence of the sawdust is bad enough, but that key business has him so far behind even you can't get him out."

"I know," Mason said, "but there's one person who can get him out."

"Who?"

"Hamilton Burger."

"Are you crazy?" Drake asked. "Mason shook his head. "Hamilton Burger is so eager to get a case built up where he'll have two of my clients so firmly enmeshed in a fabric of falsehood that they can never get clear that he's losing sight of the fact Judge Alvord is going to upset his appellate if he falls down on any element of the case."

"What element is he going to fall down on?"

"Glamis Barlow breaking into Vera Martel's office."

"Oh, look, Perry," Drake said. "That's simply a question of a mistake in the time element. Either McCoy or I was mistaken on the time."

"You don't sound too positive," Mason said.

"I'm positive all right," Drake said, "but it's easy to make a mistake in the time. You put too much stress on this time element, and McCoy will weaken on the witness-stand and say, 'Well, I thought it was nine-fifteen, but I might have heard wrong. I guess it could have been ten-fifteen.'"

Mason said, "You be certain that you don't weaken on the time element, because I think we're on the trail of something."

"On the trail of what?"

"I wish I knew," Mason said. "Get busy and get Cartman Jasper up there in your office."

"O.K.," Drake said. "I'll get Jasper."

Mason looked at his watch. "I'm going to give Della Street about a fifteen-minute head start," he said. "I think she can hold Nancy there that long, and by that time Nancy is going to be just a little apprehensive."

"And then you come in?" Drake asked.

"Then I come in," Mason said.

"O.K.," Drake told him. "I'll get hold of Jasper. I'm quite certain I can reach him. We'll be ready whenever you come in."

To be concluded

**A**LL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.



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# MANDRAKE the MAGICIAN



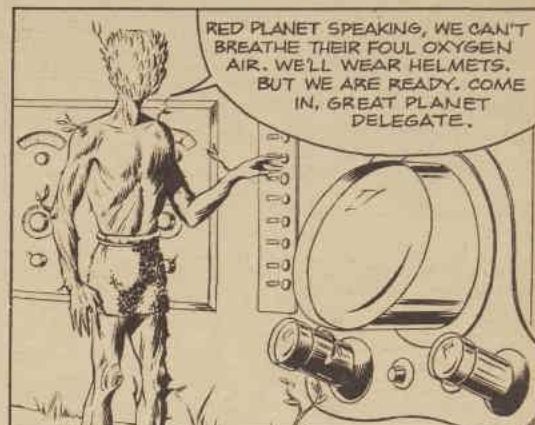
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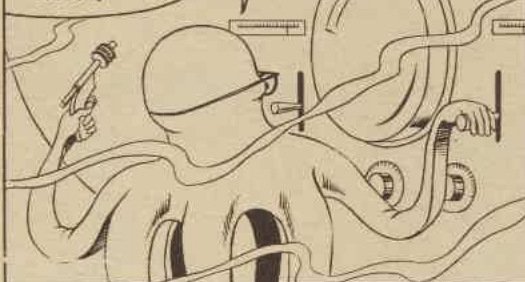
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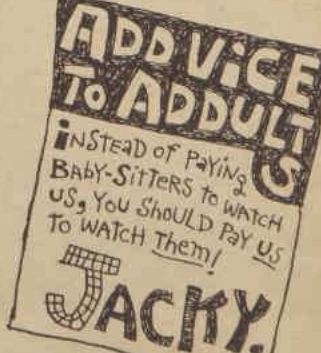
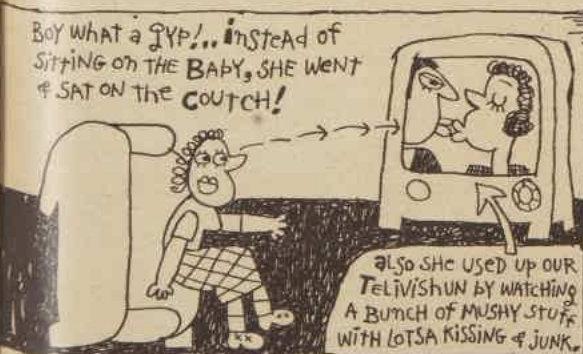
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CONTINUED-

## JACKY'S DIARY

By JACKY MENDELSON  
Age 33 1/2







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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

July 12, 1961

# Teenagers' WEEKLY

**TEENAGER HELPS  
TRADE MISSION**

— page 4



Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly  
Not to be sold separately



# LETTERS

## All work and no pay-off

IT'S the little extras that count, a little extra overtime, a little extra care, and a little extra work. All the success stories say that. I had read them all before taking my first nine-to-five job. I wanted to become an executive secretary.

I followed my career very carefully. It paid at first, but soon I ruined my boss with "little extras." It happened like this. I was sauntering off on a shopping spree, when my boss casually asked me: "Miss, if you happen to see a good scarf my daughter might like for her birthday, would you pick it up for me?" Seeing me agree so affably, he added, "A card, too," this time with a cunning smile.

A few days later it was something for his wife. Then he saw me going off to the library to change my books and asked if I would select three mystery novels for him while I was there.

I booked airline tickets for his mother-in-law and drove her to the airport. In no time I had no lunch-hour to call my own.

Each time I wanted to turn him down, but did not dare. Especially as he kept hinting about the nice job I would have when the office was enlarged and a new department added. There would be so many opportunities for me, or "the girl," as I was referred to in front of his clients.

Every time free theatre tickets came his way or an invitation to a fashion preview, he passed them on to his friends—never a one to me.

The day came when the department was enlarged and with it my golden opportunity as an executive secretary. Where did I find myself? I was suffering from nervous exhaustion, overwork, and worry, and his niece was given the position. — "Always a Bridemaid," Apsley, Vic.

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Page 2 — Teenagers' Weekly

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Contributions of short stories and articles are also invited, but only those accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes will be returned. Send them to Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

## X + Y = boys

I CORRESPOND with a Finnish girl, and the following is just a small part of one of her letters that I found very amusing: "It's so sad here in Finland; you see, you have to take all subjects and you can't choose anything, except in the three last classes. You can say if you want more Math (Math-line) or more German (Language-line). I took the Math-line, not because of my being any cleverer in Maths, but because of the boys. You see, in language-class there are 20 girls and 8 boys. In my class there are 16 girls and 21 boys. So can you understand?" — Miss Terry Trotter, Garden St., Maroubra, N.S.W.

## More history

IT seems incredible to me that Australian history, especially constitutional and economic history, is not taught more in high schools. Until third year Australian schoolchildren receive a sketchy picture of the history of their country until the year of Federation, 1900.

However, after this the story of Australia is left pretty well alone. The voters of tomorrow are left to rely on the fairytale version they received in primary school or find out for themselves the reasons governing Australian policies and attitudes.

In an age when everything is served up on a silver platter it seems peculiar that matters affecting our future should be left to the zeal of a minority of inquiring minds. — Erica Knight, Mosman, N.S.W.

## Stolen fruit . . .

CHILDREN should be allowed to try smoking, drinking, and betting in the open. All the fun of it is managing to do it behind parents' backs. If children were allowed to try these vices for themselves they would not want to waste their pocket-money again on them.

At a problem-children's school at East Suffolk, England, run by Dr. Summer-Hill, the children can smoke, drink, bet, leave their rooms untidy, not attend school if they don't want to. The children realise that vices are better left alone and that the lessons are interesting to attend. The experiment turned out well in England, so why can't it work here? — Mary Langley, Toorak College, Frankston, Vic.

## International club

AN International Teenagers' Club should be formed in all parts of the world, where teenagers travelling or settling in a new country can meet new friends and learn the local customs and habits without feeling out of place. The formation of this club would help international relationships and help prevent racial discrimination in the world today. The opinions of teenagers could help influence the ideas of older people. — Sue Naphthali, Shaftesbury Rd., West Ryde, N.S.W.

## If there's a will . . .

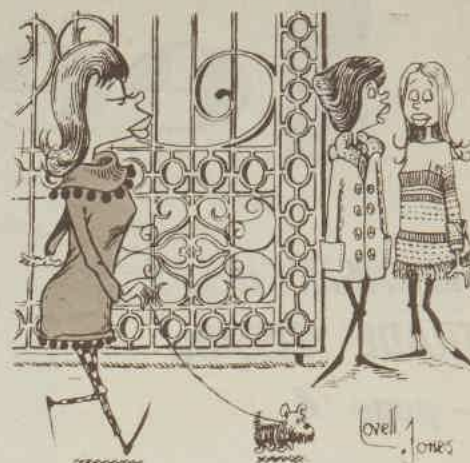
MARYKE TROMP, of Adelaide, asked if anyone had any practical suggestions on how to stop sucking her thumb (T.W., 14/6/61). I stopped by wearing an old pair of gloves to bed. During the day I smeared them with bitter aloes (bought at the chemist's)—but it takes willpower, too. You won't be able to do it unless you use plenty of willpower. — "Betwixt," Darling St., Bronte, N.S.W.

HAVE a good manicure—by a qualified manicurist if possible; if not, give yourself one. — Mrs. J. Cleggett, Meningie, S.A.

## 5/- blackmail

MY complaint is about my brother. He earns £13 a week, and as part of his board he is expected to pay me 5/- a fortnight pocket-money. However, I have only to disagree with him or upset his ego in

## BEATNIK



"Mabel's taste in sweaters is improving. I wonder who she's borrowing them from?"

any way and my allowance is immediately cut off. As he is such an egotistical soul, I have received no pocket-money this year. — Marce Delofski, Blenheim Rd., North Ryde, N.S.W.

## Fundamental five

MANNERS, we all know, are important, but I cannot help feeling that there is such a thing as the "fundamental five"; standing up for ladies in public transport; walking on the outside of a girl in the street; opening car doors for girls; attending to a girl's chair, and, finally, lighting her cigarette first. If boys observe these, apart from the obvious everyday courtesies, they cannot go wrong in company. — R. L. Kremnitzer, Edinburgh Rd., Castlecrag, N.S.W.

## Next week

TWO local boys who are reaching for the top in show business will be featured in our next issue — Bryan Davies, who's just starting, and Johnny Devlin, who came from New Zealand two years ago and is already a veteran rock singer. We have a pin-up of Bryan and a story and color pictures of how Johnny and his bride, Carol, are making a success of their marriage. ALSO . . . our cover-girl is a champion show rider, who tells how she learned to ride.

## Paying board at home

● "Teacher's Dad," of Carlton, N.S.W., asked readers (T.W., 14/6/61) if a working girl should help with the cost of running her home. His daughter earns £1000 a year, buys her own clothes, and helps toward the cost of her food. But she doesn't pay toward the TV set, the phone, or the car (all of which she uses). Most readers felt she should pay a set sum each week toward helping out a bit with everything.

IT won't do a daughter any harm to learn to appreciate how money is used in a home. Don't make her pay for each item separately the way a boarder would. She is part of the family and should be allowed to enjoy its facilities—but out of her wages the young miss surely could see her way to give Mum and Dad a hand every payday. It's silly to say it's not her responsibility. It's not a matter of selfishness and ordinary kindness—and just a bit of gratitude. — "Brown Eyes," Adelaide.

YOU are being very unfair to your daughter and your daughter is being unfair to you. She shouldn't pay for the food she eats, but she should pay about £5 for her board if she doesn't do her

own washing and ironing. If you are in financial difficulties she should help you out. But, after all, the family is to be enjoyed—and she did not ask to be brought into this world. I do not agree that she should share in the cost of running her home. — "Blondie," Burleigh Heads, N.S.W.

YOUR daughter is a very lucky young woman to be getting such a high wage, and she is old enough to be more thoughtful and helpful in her home. She should be pleased to share in household expenses. — (Mrs.) T. Roache, Hall Ave., Norman Park, Qld.

FIVE pounds a week, or even £4, would cover her share of food and put a bit toward electricity and the telephone. This system has always worked in our home. — H. D. Kemp, William St., Roma, Qld.

SHE should definitely help pay for the facilities she uses. She should pay for the petrol when she takes the car and should help toward the phone bill if she rings up a lot. — Kerry Mountford, Lamond St., Alfred Cove, W.A.

IN helping out at home your daughter will get to know just what it is like to run a home financially—and she will need to when she has a home of her own. I am the eldest of nine and earn about £700 a year. I pay £6 a fortnight board as well as some of the gas bill, TV, etc. My sister and myself have also bought Mum a few things for the house. I'm glad to do it because it teaches me not to waste money. — Margaret White, Simpson St., Telopea, N.S.W.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — July 12, 1961



## PIN-UP

# WYNTER HAS COME ...UP, UP, UP

● Mark Wynter, the gay 18-year-old British boy "pin-upped" on this page, has reason to look happy. He has just completed a rip-rocking four-week singing engagement in Melbourne.

It was more than luck and good looks that brought Mark Wynter to the top. It was a year of solid work, a year of singing lessons, presentation lessons, and deportment and acting lessons.

But luck and good looks played their part, too. It began two years ago. "I was working as a grocer near my home in Woking, Surrey," Mark said. "I'd formed a rock group with some friends and we used to sing at dance halls in the evenings. Ray MacKender, my manager, told me to leave the group and develop on my own. That gruelling year followed, but it was well worth it in the long run. I didn't take a girl out and never had much time for fun, but Ray assured me we'd make the grade."

Mark has made the grade, all right. Television appearances, one-night dance-hall stands all over Britain, and recordings have kept him very busy in the past year. Four of his recordings ("Image of a Girl," "Kicking up the Leaves," "Dream Girl," and "Exclusively Yours") have been hits. "Dream Girl" is also sung by local boy Bryan Davies.

Mark will play "Buttons" in the pantomime "Cinderella" in London later this year. Tommy Steele also played "Buttons," and the part is accepted as a true test for young show-business personalities.

Within hours of Mark's first TV appearance on Melbourne's Channel 9, the station switchboard was flooded with requests for autographs and pictures of this English boy, and girls rang up to ask if they could form fan clubs.

Mark estimates that he has earned about £6000 since he started singing.

Mark is modest and a bit embarrassed about his success. He hates to be recognised in the street and likes his family to call him by his real name, Terry Lewis. He has the same friends he had when he was just a grocer and hasn't a steady girl-friend.

"Most of the girls I've been out with seem to have been more impressed with my background than with me. When I find the right girl I want her to love me for being Terry Lewis, not Mark Wynter."





# MODEL WENT PLACES

● Slim, blonde Melbourne teenager Helen Bicknell, who became a model because she thought it might give her a chance to travel, didn't have to wait long for her chance.

**H**ELEN, a fashion-conscious 18-year-old, had only been working as a model for four months when she was chosen by the Commonwealth Department of Trade from 44 girls to travel in the Australian trade mission ship, *Straat Banka*, to Singapore and Malayan ports.

She was the youngest person with the mission, which included 48 men and two other women. On this, her first trip abroad, Helen was away from Australia for three weeks.

"Such a wonderful trip," she said when she returned.

Helen's job involved taking part in fashion parades in *Straat Banka* and in hotels during the two weeks in Singapore and the week spent at the Malayan cities of Kuala Lumpur, Port Swettenham, and Penang.

With the other models, two English girls and two Chinese residents of Singapore, she modelled the £20,000 collection of Australian furs and the 40 Australian-made garments (from swimsuits to evening gowns) the mission showed off.

Helen said the European, Chinese, Malay, and Indian women who attended the par-

ades were very interested in the Australian fashions, particularly in the day clothes and less formal wear.

As a member of the mission, Helen attended all the glamorous functions associated with the visit, and was particularly thrilled to meet the Prime Minister of Malaya (Tunku Abdul Rahman).

Helen was disappointed that she didn't meet any young people of her own age. Most sons and daughters of the people she met were abroad at school or university.

Helen lives with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Bicknell, in the Melbourne suburb of Glen Iris.



OUR COVER GIRL, Melbourne model Helen Bicknell, 18, models a houndstooth-check utility frock beside the wheel of *Straat Banka*.

"I was always keen on modelling, even at school, but when I left school my parents persuaded me to do a business course first, and then I worked for the Australian Broadcast-

ing Commission for a year," Helen said.

"Then my parents said: 'You have done what we wanted you to do, so now, if you still want to, you can start modelling.'"



## SUCCESSFUL DAYS BEGIN WITH LISTERINE

She's lovely and he is confident . . . because they know LISTERINE will keep their breath clean and fresh all day . . . all evening. For LISTERINE is the true oral antiseptic . . . a "must" for everyone who wants to be successful at work, at play. In 15 taste-tingling seconds, two table-spoons of LISTERINE, used as a gargle, eliminate germs that multiply in the hidden cavities of the throat and mouth that tooth-paste cannot reach. REMEMBER, TOOTHPASTE IS FOR TEETH—LISTERINE IS FOR BREATH! Despite every claim, LISTERINE is the one sure way to keep your breath fresh and inviting all day long.



LISTERINE—the true oral antiseptic . . . a part of successful living!

Page 4—Teenagers' Weekly

## THE LIFETIME READING PLAN

Adapted from the book by Clifton Fadiman.

### ● HONORE DE BALZAC (1799-1850): "Pere Goriot," "Eugenie Grandet."

UNLIKE Stendhal, Balzac is not widely read today. Does he rank among the greatest of novelists? The answer is not clear. Certain faults stand out—faults that were not apparent during his century. He had a weakness for melodrama, a certain rigidity in portraying character.

Another trouble is that he never wrote a masterpiece. The two recommended titles do not represent him properly. To get to understand him fully you need to read 50 or 60 of his novels, and that is not possible.

Balzac lived his life at a tremendous pace, and he died, exhausted, at 51—the result, it has been said, of drinking 50,000 cups of coffee!

The number of books Balzac wrote is not really known. Perhaps 350 in all, and perhaps 100 of these make up what he called his "Human Comedy." Here is his description of the design of this work: "The immeasurable scope of a plan, which embraces not only a history and a criticism of society, but also an analysis of its evils, and an exposition of its principles . . ."

Balzac did not live to complete his picture of the French society of his day. "Pere Goriot" and "Eugenie Grandet" are merely two bricks of his unfinished edifice.

The first is a study of the unrequited love of a father for his two daughters, a kind of middle-class King Lear. The second is a study in greed.

These two novels have what is found in all Balzac's novels—force, emphasis, vitality. They display all his grip of fact, of raw, vivid detail, a talent that makes him the father of a certain school of modern realism. Finally, they reveal Balzac's major obsession—money. Thus he may be considered the father of all our contemporary novelists of business and finance.

### ● GUSTAVE FLAUBERT (1821-1880): "Madame Bovary."

WHEN "Madame Bovary" was first published as a serial, Flaubert had to defend himself against charges that it was offensive

to morality and religion. He won the case, but the novel has continued to upset many readers.

Unlike Balzac, Flaubert is the classic type of the pure and dedicated artist. He was not, by nature, a happy man.

"The idea," he wrote, "exists only by virtue of its form." To Flaubert, form was a complex affair, and he spent five years writing "Madame Bovary."

He believed that the artist should be somewhere above the moral universe, that he should not judge, explain, or teach, but merely understand and perfectly record.

"Madame Bovary" is devoid of sentimentality and pity, yet it conveys a message, if only a negative one. Flaubert did not love the human race, and "Madame Bovary," for all its supposed detachment, seems almost a confession of someone who did not love his fellow man.

Whether or not this is true, no one can deny the novel's influence. Most of our novels that turn on the difference between our ideal lives and the actual ones we live owe much to Flaubert and his "Madame Bovary."

### ● MARCEL PROUST (1871-1922): "Remembrance of Things Past."

THIS is the longest first-rate novel ever written. Its difficulties, like its rewards, are vast. If you respond to it at all you may feel justified in spending a lot of time over the next five years in making it a part of your world.

Though it shares some features with James Joyce's "Ulysses," it is basically unlike any novel we have so far discussed. It has a story and characters and a clear setting in time and place, but Proust is less concerned with these than in dramatising a metaphysical system.

Proust devoted his life to answering the question "What is it to be?" in the form of a work of art. He answered only part of the question "What it is to be Proust"—but the answer has enormous range and scope.

NEXT WEEK: Poe, Melville, Mark Twain, Henry James.



# Girl bandleader ...

● Two years ago we told the success story of Faye Hillard, a then 19-year-old musician who started the Dapto (N.S.W. South Coast) Hat Band. Here, in a letter to us from England, Faye continues her story . . .



Dear Teenagers' Weekly,

My fiance, Neville Beverley-Mansell, of Somerset, south-west England, and I will marry in London on July 17. Here's how it all came about:

I LEFT Australia 18 months ago. I had spent a strenuous year in Sydney and N.S.W. South Coast nightclubs, hotels, concert halls, broadcasts, and charity shows with my group, The Dapto Hat Band (see top picture).

So I was really ready for a holiday when I stepped aboard the liner Stratheden (at right) heading for Europe and England.

Because of my interest in bands and music I, naturally, soon got to know the boys in the Stratheden orchestra.

One of them, the drummer and percussionist, was exceptionally nice to me. His name, Neville Beverley-Mansell (with me in bottom picture).

Our first date off the ship was in Ceylon and it was followed by others at Aden, Athens, and Marseilles.

We became engaged eight months after I left Australia—fancy-free—and we will have been engaged 10 months when we marry.

Lord Harold Stuckey, of Bristol, Neville's close friend, will give me away in place of my father. Pamela Webster, of Bowen, North Queensland, will be my bridesmaid.

I first met Pam on the ship, too. We were in the same cabin. At the moment we are sharing a flat in London.

Before that we went touring together. Armed with hiking boots, sleeping bags, rucksacks, a tent, we hitch-hiked through England, Scotland, France, Monaco, Italy, Switzerland, Austria, Germany, Holland, Luxembourg, and Belgium.

We had baked-bean sandwiches on top of the Eiffel Tower in Paris, missed about 25 miles of French scenery because we hitched a ride in a furniture van—and the driver locked us in the back!

We had a gondola ride in Venice, visited St. Peter's Basilica in Rome, saw the Oberammergau Passion Play in Germany, and lived and worked in a Swiss stable for two long rainy days.

For the past six months Pam and I have been living and working in London, and during that time we have seen the Queen, Prince Philip, Princess Margaret, Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones, the Queen Mother, and the Prime Minister, Mr. Macmillan.

We have seen shows at Piccadilly, Leicester Square, Sadler's Wells, Royal Festival Hall, the Old Vic, and Covent Garden.

At the moment I'm busy preparing for my wedding. My future home will be in Somerset, where Neville and I will form a band of our own.

In about 18 months we will come to Australia. It seems funny for me to be a British migrant!

Yours sincerely,

*Faye Hillard*

## ... met boy on ship



## ...and they'll marry







# YOU'LL HAVE A BALL IN THESE PARTY DRESSES

FILMY dress with drifting skirt is nylon with lace trim on bodice and low waistline.



PRETTY for a party is a short, young-girl evening gown of fine white lace over pink taffeta with stiff net underneath. There's a wisp of sleeveless bodice atop the rounded skirt. The look is very fetching.



A BELLE'S DRESS of gold-and-white brocade is thoroughly feminine from fitted bodice-top to snug waist and bountiful, shapely skirt. The whole effect is "young sophisticate" if you wear it with great poise.



● Part of every girl's dream of being a pretty deb is a vision of a wonderful dress. The five glamor frocks shown here are all pretty enough to turn heads any time. Worn by a girl who's light and leadable on the dance floor, any one of them could make her the belle of the ball.

Fashions from Mark Foy's Ltd., Sydney.



FLATTERING stem of a dress, utterly simple, focusing all attention on the crispness of its lines and its pretty color. The material is glamorous satin, the color fashionable lilac.

FORMAL BALL GOWN—published in response to many requests. In heavy, milk-white Duchess satin with bareness at the back and a row of little self-bows for decor, this beauty has a gently flowing skirt (it bells in front) that makes the most of a tiny waistline.



Louise  
Hunter

Here's

your answer

### Young hostess

"I WILL soon be 14, and my mother says I should invite a boy-friend of mine to my house because he invited me to his last year. My main problem is that I don't know what to do when he gets here. Would you please give me a few ideas?"

M.B., Vic.

At 13 you are far, far too young to have a boy-friend. Girls of 13 should act as girls of 13, and that does not include being a hostess to a boy-friend. But, of course, your mother means you to invite him as one of the party of friends.

### Judge yourself

"WHERE I work there is a boy who is not very well spoken of by his mates (behind his back, that is). There is one particular fellow who dislikes him, and whenever he sees me talking to this boy he lectures me. He has it in his head that I should ignore the boy. I refuse to do this as I think he is quite a nice fellow and is always very respectful towards me. What do you think I should do? I am quite fed up of everyone running him down."

C.W., Vic.

Let your conscience be your guide. Take no notice of the other people, find out for yourself what this boy is like. He might turn out to be a very good friend, he might be as they say. But find out for yourself.

### Coffee question

"IF a girl meets a boy she knows in the street and he says, 'Come and have a cup of coffee,' does he pay for her coffee without question, or should she offer to pay?"

"Teen," N.S.W.

Without question, he pays.

### Height and heels

"WE are two girls nearly 15. We are both very tall, and very self-conscious of our height (5' 6" and 5' 7"). Do you think we're too tall to wear high-heeled shoes? If not, what size would you suggest for us?"

"Tall Girls," Vic.

I don't think you are too tall at all—tallness is wonderful in girls, although you are too young yet to appreciate it.

A tall girl has a great advantage over her shorter sisters. Clothes are specially designed for her. She always naturally looks more elegant in them than her shorter sisters do, who, no matter how they are proportioned, never get exactly the original line.

As well as clothes, she stands out in a crowd, is always noticed, and, if she stands well, is always looked at twice.

When it comes to heels, she has to

watch out if she is really tall. (I call really tall in a woman anything from 5' 10" upwards.) Under that height the little heel so fashionable these days is best for most occasions, with anything up to 3" for really formal affairs.

At your age, I should think flatties would be most suitable for weekend wear with casuals; but for parties you should have a pair of shoes with those funny little heels like question-marks, or cotton-reels.

### Just smile

"I AM a 14-year-old boy and I like a girl in my class. I know that this girl likes me, as every time we meet she smiles. I only see her at school or on Saturday afternoon. Could you please tell me how I could go about letting her know I like her?"

J.S., Qld.

It's easy. You know she likes you because every time she sees you she smiles. Smile at her and she'll know you like her.

By the way, leave it at that. Boys of 14 should act like boys of 14, not like junior Romeos. At 14, your main concern should be school and sport, not romance.

### Always tired

"I AM an 18-year-old girl with so many problems that no girl of my age should have. I work in an office where I sit all day long, doing easy work; I sleep nine hours every night, and to my surprise I am always tired and exhausted. Even though I sleep so many hours, I have two awful bags under my eyes and a face that looks as if it didn't get a wash for months. Also I am very thin and people have told me that is the cause of all the problems which I have mentioned. I have a very pale complexion so I started to use powder, but Mum told me that if I keep on using it my face will be full of wrinkles by the time I reach 30. Is that true? Also, a lot of people tell me that my eyes look tired all the time. How can I make them look bright and shiny?"

"Dreary," N.S.W.

You should go and see your doctor immediately. No girl of 18 should be continually tired and exhausted. Something must be making you tired and listless. It may simply be that you do not eat enough food, or you may eat the wrong type of food. Bad eating habits can make you very tired, and certainly can make your eyes dull and lack lustre. But you must see your

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

doctor. He can tell quickly and expertly what you need and set you on the right road.

The only thing I can help you with is your complexion. Cosmetics don't give you wrinkles; age does. At 18 you should use a good make-up, not just powder; a suitable foundation lotion or cream, powder of a flattering color, lipstick that matches the varnish you put on your well-manicured nails.

To look your best you should go to the counter of the big stores where they sell brands of cosmetics, and ask their advice about the cosmetics you should buy.

Just as important as wearing cosmetics is the care of your skin, and the most important skin care at your age is to keep it clean — clean it before you apply your make-up and clean it before you go to bed.

But your first step is to the doctor. Make an appointment with him, and after you've been have a consultation with the cosmetics expert. You'll be a new girl in no time.

### Call it experience

"I AM 18, and six months ago I started going out with a boy. After I had been going with him a while I found out that he had been in love with another girl for four years. Now that he has left me and gone back to her, I find I'm very much in love with him. I've tried to forget him, but it is impossible. Do you think I stand any chance of getting him back, and if I did would he get this other girl out of his mind?"

"Broken-hearted," N.S.W.

I don't think you have a chance of getting him back. And what would be the use? Obviously this boy was using you to get his old girl back.

This is a romance that you must just write off, painfully, to experience. A girl gains something from every romance, happy or unhappy. She learns to recognise her own mistakes; she has a greater knowledge of men and how to handle them.

This knowledge, added to by the romances of the adolescent years, adds up to romantic wisdom. A girl who has romantic wisdom is much more interesting and is more likely to choose a worthwhile husband—when she gets to that stage—than the inexperienced,

## A WORD FROM DEBBIE

"MARY, Mary, quite contrary, how does your garden grow?" Remember that nursery rhyme? Well, start your own indoor garden and cheer up your room.

Paint a medium-sized pot your favorite basic color. Let it dry. Add a design: animals, symbols, bright smears of color in an original "abstract," and let that dry, too. Add the final touch with a coat of clear lacquer to keep it glossy, and you're ready.

Cover the bottom with pebbles for drainage and fill it with the best soil you can find in the garden. Ask your parents or neighbors if you can have something to plant in your pot.

Try growing some pansies or primulas, they're gay and pretty. Look after them, keep them well watered and in a sunny position. On your window-sill is a good place.

If you're in funds you could buy a potted ivy and train it to climb around your room.

If you're not sure what will be best, ask the local nursery or the man with green fingers up the street.

It's fun to watch plants grow and blossom into cheerfulness as winter fades away.

romantic creature who has gone steady in a dull way ever since she left school.

I know this is cold comfort when your poor heart is still bruised, but wait around and you'll feel better.

## Points of etiquette WHO GOES FIRST?

### IN PUBLIC TRANSPORT?

WHEN you're travelling on a bus or train, the girl always gets on first, her escort holding her elbow to help her. When you arrive at your stop, the boy gets off first and helps the girl off. If you're upstairs in the bus, the boy always goes down the stairs first, and once again helps the girl down.

### IN A CAR?

THE boy always helps the girl into the car, and when arrived at the destination gets out of the car first and opens the door for his girl. It's very bad manners for a girl to wrench open a car door and leap out before the boy has had a chance to do the right thing.

### AT A RESTAURANT?

THE girl goes first if there is an attendant to open the door for her and lead the couple to a table. If not, the boy holds the door for his girl to pass through, then leads her to the table of their choice. Leaving the restaurant the boy leads the girl to the door.

### AT THE THEATRE?

IF there is an usherette to lead you down the aisle, the girl goes first and moves straight into her seat. If there is no usherette, the boy goes down the aisle first and steps back to let the girl through to her seat first.

● NEXT WEEK: Restaurant manners





## Your winter skin

- *This is the season for skin to react to cold weather, dry indoor heat, and—never let it be said — night-time neglect, by drying out.*

**E**VEN if you feel you give your young skin better-than-average care, these are tips which will help you avoid a dry, flaking skin during the next couple of months.

The most practical way to pamper your skin a bit more than usual is to keep soap-and-water cleansing to a minimum. Don't, of course, stop it altogether, but a once-daily soap-and-water wash should fill the bill quite nicely for the time being.

Use bland soap sparingly, the water lavishly — water that's lukewarm, never hot — and finish off with a tepid rinse. Pat your skin dry, don't scrub at it.

In general, though, you can safely rely more on cream or lotion cleansers, whichever suits you best.

At this time a daily facial with a thin-textured cleansing cream to smooth and soothe cold-ruffled skin surfaces is quite a good reviver. Just smooth your cream over face and throat in the usual

way, stroking it in an upward direction, leave it on for 10 minutes or so, then remove it with several tissues.

Give a second application and clean the skin in the same fashion.

Add to this the well-known stimulating action of a weekly steam-bath to get rid of dry skin tissue and allow deep cleansing of your pores, and you'll be fairly well armed against winter.

As you must know, the drill is to cover your head with a bath-towel and hold your face and throat over a bowl of steam vapor a few seconds at a time for four or five minutes.

When the pores are open and the skin in a glow, massage quickly with some cleansing cream, clean off with tissue, and there you are.

The girl who takes her woolies out of moth-balls when the temperature drops does well to wear an extra coat of protection on her face, too.

By day, a small amount of moisture cream (or lotion), used alone or under foundation, will protect the skin's natural supply of oil and fortify you against the elements.

*By Carolyn Earle.*

## SHIPSHAPES MAKE GIRLS DREAMBOATS

- *The Chilean barquentine Esmeralda has won so many hearts during her visits to Australia and New Zealand that I reckon girls could learn a lot from her.*

**Y**ES, maybe being really shipshape like the stately sailer would help a lass make a boy (buoy?) go overboard — maybe even make him take the plunge!

So, to offer help to those of you girls who are mizzen out on romance, here are some tips which might, considering Esmeralda's success, give you the maritime of your life...

First, forget the landish (and, of course, outlandish) dress fabrics you have been wearing. All the world, the Chilean ship has suggested, loves a lover, but no one lubs a lubber.

Canvas, therefore, is the rig in which to get a man in your yardarms. Why, doesn't the old saying go: "There's no fool like an old fool"?

And why, truly, spoil a shipshape for a ha'porth of tar?

Yes, girls, toss away your old powder, nail-polish, and other cosmetics, and start using paint, putty, and red lead.

You'll find you have a really caulking time!

Yes, in those and other ways the same course, as a matter of course, as Esmeralda, and you'll find that where there's a wheel there's a way!

One habit of Esmeralda's, of course, is not suggested. I mean her drinking.

It's a sad thing with her. She's always thinking of schooners, being three sheets to the wind, taking any port in a storm, and about how many "middles" she can carry.

There's another bad habit, too—Esmeralda's a rover. She's as free as the breeze, literally. In truth, when she has no ties, except when she's docked.

But, of course, no hawser-ing around for you—until you know the ropes. Remember, there's no splice like home.

I'm not a log; all this is the truth, the hull truth. Follow my suggestions and you'll have a superstructure.

(If you doubt that there's a bearing on lad-itude in my longwinditude, think of that famous love-songster, with a strong nautical background, Paul Anchor!)

Well, I must bow out of my talk, leaving you with one stern reminder:

Dress as the rudder half lives and maybe you'll cause such a storm that a boy will take you home to meet his old fockle at home.

After that, marriage is plain sailing.

At any rate, even if you don't tug at the heartstrings of a human, you'll make a fine ketch for some man—o'-war!

*—Robin Adair*



# TEENA® *by Linda Terry*

YOU MUST ADMIT THERE'S NOT A DOG IN THE WORLD THAT CAN COME UP TO ANY CAT FOR *SHEER BEAUTY*.



WELL, MAYBE — BUT NOT FOR ME... CATS ARE TOO SELFISH!

TAKE 'EM AWAY! THEY'RE NOT FOOLING ME! A CAT WILL *NEVER* GIVE YOU THE *LOVE, LOYALTY* AND *DEVOTION* THAT YOU GET FROM A *DOG*...



OH, COME ON... IT'S ONLY HIS *MEAL TICKET* THE *DOG* IS DEVOTED TO... NOW, A *CAT* HAS *TOO MUCH DIGNITY* TO BE BOUGHT WITH *FOOD*!

DON'T KID YOURSELF! IT'S NOT THE *FOOD* AT ALL! IF A *DOG* KNOWS YOU DON'T WANT HIM TO EAT, HE'LL SIT IN FRONT OF A *STEAK* AND HOLD OFF UNTIL YOU SAY "OKAY," EVEN IF HE *STARVES TO DEATH* FIRST... A *DOG* WILL *GIVE HIS LIFE* JUST TO PLEASE YOU...



...SO WHAT GOOD IS A *CAT*?

HEY, PIPSY! YOUR MAMA CAT'S UP IN THE *TREE* AGAIN!!



OH, MY GOODNESS! THAT'S THE *FOURTH* TIME IN *TWO WEEKS*!!!



—BUT *SIX* CATS! WHAT ON EARTH DO YOU WANT WITH *SIX* CATS!!!? YOU ALREADY HAVE A *DOG*!!



## Sandra

DETECTIVE Mike Rogers is working on the mystery of Paula Schley's valuable bangle, which was switched for a worthless one during modelling rehearsals. Meanwhile Gerald Radnace proposes to Sandra, but asks her to keep their engagement secret. **NOW READ ON...**

by Bill Sawyer



IT'S NO USE TRYING TO TALK ME INTO IT, GERALD... I STICK TO WHAT I SAID AT FIRST, UNLESS YOU CAN GIVE ME *ONE* GOOD REASON.



WHY OUR ENGAGEMENT SHOULD BE KEPT SECRET...



AND NOW I'M BEGINNING TO SEE WHY CAROL TOLD ME NOT TO GET TOO SERIOUS ABOUT YOU!



SO IT'S CAROL WHO'S SET YOU AGAINST ME?



SANDRA... LISTEN TO ME... I LOVE YOU AND I WANT YOU TO BE MY WIFE... BUT JUST LET'S WAIT A WHILE BEFORE WE TELL PEOPLE WE'RE ENGAGED...



NO, GERALD... I WANT IT MY WAY... LET'S WAIT UNTIL EVERYBODY CAN BE TOLD... THEN GET ENGAGED.



BUT SANDRA... YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND... IF I'M SO DUMB AS ALL THAT I'M SURPRISED YOU WANT TO MARRY ME ANYWAY... GOOD-NIGHT!



LATER... I WONDER IF I'VE DONE THE RIGHT THING... I SUPPOSE HIS FAMILY DON'T APPROVE OF ME... OR HE MAY BE TANGLED UP WITH SOME OTHER GIRL.



WHAT DID CAROL MEAN?



TELL ME, MISS SCHLEY, DID MR RUFFNER EVER TAKE THE BRACELET AWAY... TO GET THE CLASP MENDED... OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT?



SO THE PHONY DOUBLE-CROSSING TREE-SWINGING APE HAS HUNG ON TO MY \$20,000 WORTH BANGLE... I'LL FIX HIM...



LATER... AND AFTER ALL I'VE DONE FOR THAT RATTLE-SNAKE... THE TWO-TIMING SCORILLA! YOU'VE GOT TO LET ME HANDLE THIS, MISS SCHLEY...



AT THE ZANTAR PREMIERE... YIPPEE! MY WONDER-MAN!



HE'S DIVINE! OOO-OO! DON'T THEY SEND YUH... OOO!!



MY GOSH! SANDRA... SHE CERTAINLY IS SOMETHING! GET OFF MY TRAIN, YOU BIG BOSS!!



BUT, MIKE... DIDN'T YOU SEE WHAT I SAW? HER BRACELET WAS EXACTLY LIKE...

CONTINUED



# LISTEN HERE

—with Ainslie Baker

● Though 18-year-old Lee Sellers, of Adelaide, is modest about her first recording, "Chapel In The Moonlight"—"Oh, Dear, What Can The Matter Be?", most people consider it a promising start.

LEE'S the bright little (5ft. 2in.) girl with curly auburn hair and blue eyes who recently was flown from Adelaide to Sydney to make an appearance on Brian Henderson's "Bandstand."

Released by Festival, the disc was cut in Adelaide and features the Penny Rockets and the Four Tones, two groups with whom Lee really likes to rock.

"I am always nervous before I go on," Lee said. "I think that's why I really move around and rock when I'm singing—in fact I sometimes go quite mad."

Lee used to live at Broken Hill. After she left school at 15 she went to work as a switchboard operator, but talking all day and singing at night strained her voice, so she left the job.

TV appearances on Adelaide's "Light Show" gave her a good start, and her career got a real boost when she won last year's South Australian Hi-Fi talent quest.



LEE SELLERS

She keeps up her natural "little girl" look on stage by wearing frilly cotton dresses with lots of petticoats and flaties.

**Local talent:** When a two-brothers-and-a-sister team calling themselves **The Fauns** made their first disc just over a year ago, few people had ever heard of them. Television ("Six

O'Clock Rock," and "Revue 61") has changed all that, and a host of fans were waiting to hear their latest Leeton 45, "While Susan Sleeps."

The Fauns' (they wear fawn clothes) family name is Flanagan, and all have had serious musical training. They are Peter (20), a former pharmacy student, Paul (23), a former school-teacher, and Margaret (25), who's married and has a baby boy named Kieran John.

**FORMER** agricultural college student and station worker **Lionel Long** is a young man with a mission. It's to make the ballads and folk-songs of this country more widely known. "Waltzing Matilda" (Columbia LP), with the Noel Gilmour Sextet and The Delltones, should do just that.

Traditionals such as "The Drover's Dream" and "Click Go The Shears" are in the company of the jolly "Wallaby Stew," the moody "Reedy Lagoon," and the more recent "Ballad Of Cobb And Co."

Judging by the glossary of terms on the jacket, it looks as though the record's going overseas.

**Pops:** Four of 26-year-old **Johnny Mathis'** 12 previous albums have been million-sellers, and his new one, "I'll Buy You A Star" (Coronet), is already well up in the U.S. charts. He seems to have more drive than he used to have ("Ring The Bell," "The Best Is Yet To Come," "When My Sugar Walks Down The Street"), but the old romantic mood is there with "Sudden Love" and some others.

Instead of Nelson Riddle, who backed him on disc, Johnny will be heard with the big Ted Heath band during his first English tour this month. Riddle, who's in England, too, working on a film score, turned down the offer. He's going to give all his time to film work in future and has left the recording field.

**NEWS** from America tells of **Bobby Rydell** dashing across the continent to tape a Jack Benny TV show, then dashing back to New York to open a season at the Copacabana nightclub. Bobby's latest single release is a swinging revival of "That Old Black Magic" (Columbia).

**CAN** you have too much of **Connie Francis?** For those who can't there's still another Connie album, "More Italian Favorites" (M.G.M.), a follow-up to her previous Italian I.P. Along with a few tracks that aren't so Italian there's "Senza Mamma" (with English lyrics she wrote herself), "Summertime In Venice," and "Roman Guitars."

—Martin Long



**BROTHERS-AND-SISTER** singing team **The Fauns** (Paul, Peter, and Margaret) are well known on TV and are out with their second disc.

## WORTH HEARING

### Beethoven: Seventh String Quartet

**BEETHOVEN'S** 16 string quartets are among the most astonishing achievements in all music. There is not one faltering work among them, and they give a complete but concentrated "coverage," one might say, of his composing career.

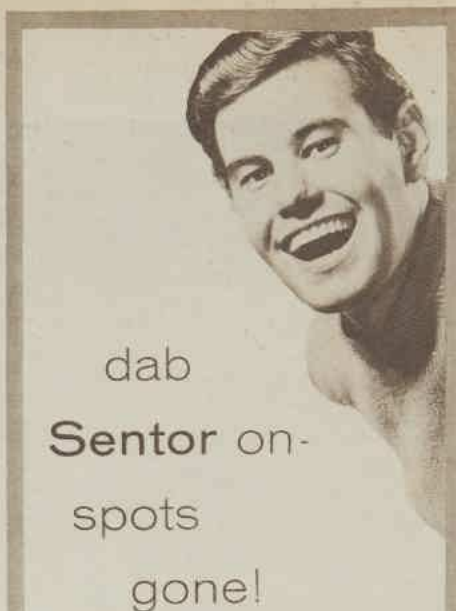
With the exception of two isolated quartets, they belong in three distinct groups: the early set of six (written before 1801); the three "Rasoumovsky" quartets (Opus 59, written in 1806), and the final set of five (1824-1826).

Although musicians at the time they were written found the "Rasoumovsky" quartets too revolutionary to be taken seriously, today they probably have the widest appeal of all the Beethoven quartets. They are richer and more characteristic than the early set, yet not so complex and "difficult" (from the listener's point of view) as the great "last five."

The first (and perhaps the finest) of them contains one of the most beautiful single movements Beethoven ever wrote: the long, impassioned third (Adagio) movement.

The famous Budapest String Quartet gives the work a brilliant and intense performance on a new Coronet release.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — July 12, 1961



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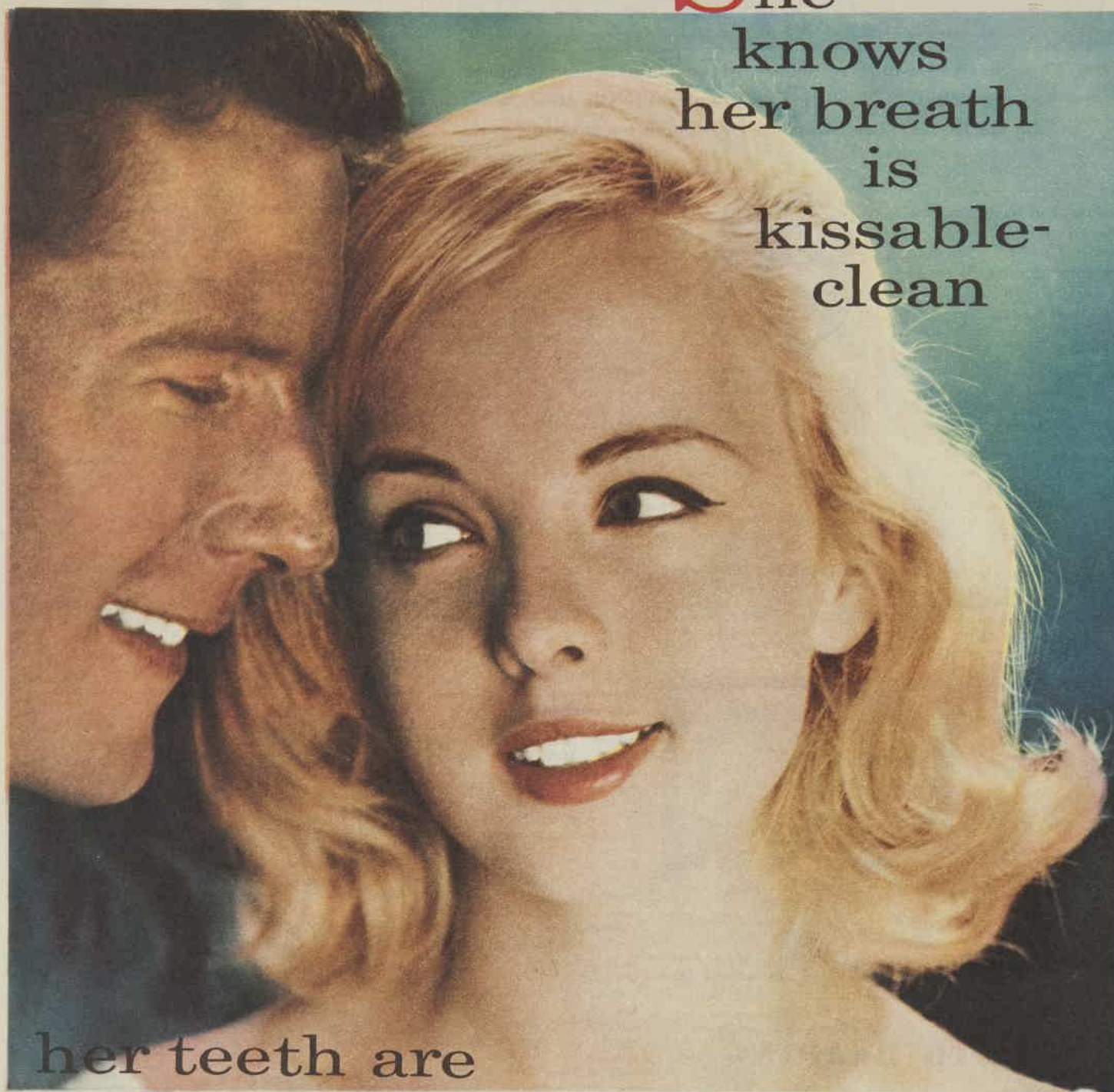
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Teenagers' Weekly — Page 11



She  
knows  
her breath  
is  
kissable-  
clean



her teeth are

**"ipana  
pearls"**

*Your breath is inviting, kissable-clean always, when your teeth are Ipana pearls.*

Pure white Ipana, with the wonder antiseptic Hexachlorophene, penetrates hard-to-reach areas in the mouth, kills the germs that cause bad breath and tooth decay — and leaves germ-killing properties in the mouth long after brushing.

Pure white Ipana has been proved better than any mouth wash in killing bad-breath germs ... Better than any other toothpaste in killing decay germs.

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